PLEASANT HOURS WITH ILLUSTRIOUS MEN AND WOMEN

ILLUSTRATED

PLEASANT HOURS

WITH

ILLUSTRIOUS MEN AND WOMEN

WITH MANY

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY

THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time."

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.....*Frontispiece.*
GEORGE WASHINGTON..... 19
ABRAHAM LINCOLN..... 91
ULYSSES S. GRANT..... 101
GROVER CLEVELAND..... 119
LORD BYRON..... 179
ROBERT BURNS..... 191
ALFRED TENNYSON..... 233
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW..... 263
CHARLES DICKENS..... 288
HENRY WARD BEECHER..... 336
THEODORE THOMAS..... 347
MOZART..... 349
ADELINA PATTI..... 353
CHRISTINE NILSSON..... 358
LEVY, THE CORNETIST..... 360
HENRY IRVING..... 371
EDWIN BOOTH..... 381
MRS. LANGTRY..... 384
MARY ANDERSON..... 386
ROBERT E. LEE..... 391
CHINESE GORDON..... 395
EL MAHDI..... 399
DAVID LIVINGSTONE..... 406

CONTENTS.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PAGE.

George Washington..... 19
John Adams..... 26
Thomas Jefferson..... 31
James Madison..... 38
James Monroe..... 45
John Quincy Adams..... 49
Andrew Jackson..... 56
Martin Van Buren..... 62
William H. Harrison..... 66
John Tyler..... 71
James K. Polk..... 74
Zachary Taylor..... 78
Millard Fillmore..... 82
Franklin Pierce..... 85
James Buchanan..... 88
Abraham Lincoln..... 91
Andrew Johnson..... 97
Ulysses S. Grant..... 101
Rutherford B. Hayes..... 106
James A. Garfield..... 109
Chester A. Arthur..... 114
Grover Cleveland..... 119

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks..... 124

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State..... 129
William C. Endicott, Secretary of War..... 130
Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury..... 130
William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy..... 131
L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior..... 132

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General 133
A. H. Garland, Attorney-General 133

STATESMEN.

Hon. Elihu Washburne 137
Hon. Robert C. Winthrop 140
Hon. George F. Edmunds 145
Hon. Schuyler Colfax 147
Hon. George Hoadley 150
Hon. James G. Blaine 154
Hon. Robert Todd Lincoln 158
Right-Hon. W. E. Gladstone 160
Right-Hon. John Bright 166
Prince Von Bismarck 170
Leon Gambetta 173

POETS.

Lord Byron 179
James Russell Lowell 185
Robert Burns 191
William Shakspeare 201
William S. Carleton 214
J. T. Trowbridge 219
Bayard Taylor 225
Alfred Tennyson 233
Ella Wheeler 242
Edgar Allan Poe 250
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 263
Thomas Moore 273

MEN OF LETTERS.

Thomas Babington Macaulay 281
James Fenimore Cooper 285
Charles Dickens 288
Victor Hugo 297
"Mark Twain" 309
Thomas Carlyle 312
Josiah Gilbert Holland 316

DIVINES.

Dr. A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster 321
Charles H. Spurgeon 327
Henry Ward Beecher 336
His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey 342

CONTENTS.

MUSICIANS.

PAGE.

Theodore Thomas 347
Mozart 349
Adelina Patti 353
Italo Campanini 356
Christine Nilsson 358
Levy, the Cornetist 360

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

David Garrick 363
Edmund Kean 367
Henry Irving 371
Ellen Terry 375
Lotta 378
Edwin Booth 381
Mrs. Langtry 384
Mary Anderson 385

MISCELLANEOUS.

Robert E. Lee 391
Chinese Gordon 395
El Mahdi 398
Chas. S. Parnell 400
Robert Emmet 403
David Livingstone 407

PREFACE.

There are few studies more interesting, and none more instructive, than the study of biography. Horace Mann says: "Biography, especially the biography of the great and good, who have risen by their own exertions from poverty and obscurity to eminence and usefulness, is an inspiring and ennobling study. Its direct tendency is to reproduce the excellence it records." A greater thinker still—Thomas Carlyle—says: "Biography is the most universally pleasant, and the most universally profitable of all reading." In the study of a man's life we find principles in action, and great truths translated into character. The drama of a man's life—the tragic, the comic and the pathetic, playing their parts in the shifting scenes—is not only an enchanting study, but it is by this study alone that we can become well informed in the philosophy of life. If we would understand what heroism is, we must study the lives of heroic men and women. A living patriot will teach us more of patriotism than a thousand books. Men are growing wise enough to know that the only way to get a good understanding of Christianity is to study the life of Jesus Christ.

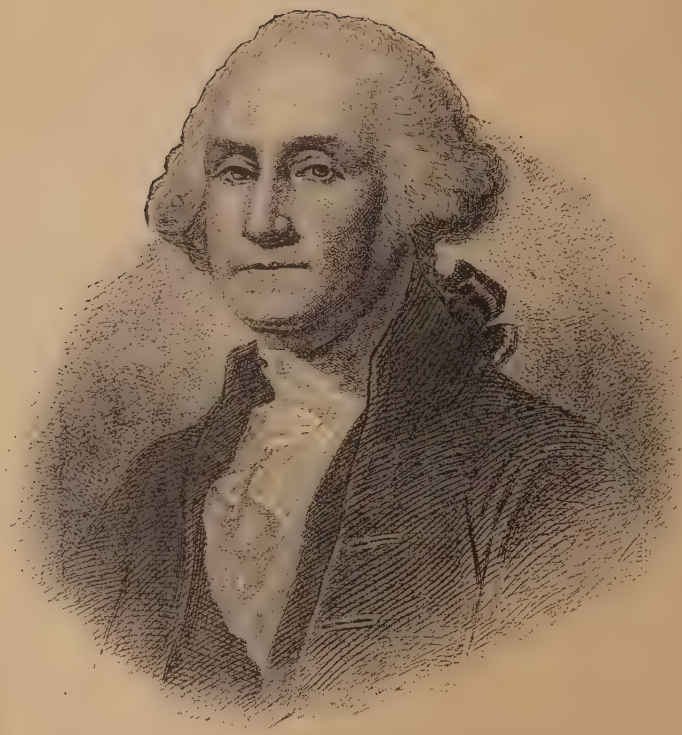
In the preparation of this work the chief difficulty has been in selection and repression. There are many illustrious men and women with whom it would have been exceedingly delightful to have spent a pleasant hour whose names do not appear in these pages, and much that was interesting in the lives of those referred to had to be repressed for want of

space. The limits of a volume are very narrow, and the chief purpose in the author's mind was to present a gallery of portraits of representative men and women. In the search for material he drew mainly from well known authorities and from many anonymous writers to whom he would be glad to tender his grateful acknowledgements. One of the chief points of this work is that it abounds in personal remembrances of many of the subjects sketched. It was the good fortune of the writer to be brought into more or less of personal intercourse with many of these great men and woman; and hence many aspects and side lights of character and disposition are portrayed that depend wholly on personal knowledge for presence in these pages.

It is not wholly an idle curiosity that treasures even scraps of information concerning notable people. It is both natural and admirable that our children and our children's children, should want to know what manner of men and women they were, who made the early and middle years of this eventful century so great. The men and women whose names are recorded in this book have set the fashion of a noble life. They have served their day and generation nobly, royally. And the study of their eventful careers—their triumphs and their defeats—cannot but make us wiser, and should inspire us with hope and courage.

Maywood, June 26, 1885.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES



G. Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1732; DIED 1799. PRESIDENT 1789–1797.

First President of the United States.

THE name of George Washington, the first President of the American Republic, is undoubtedly "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." The greatest living statesman of Europe has recently declared that Washington was "the noblest and purest product of modern years." He has been called "the Father of his Country," and many other names of which a man might well be proud; but there is one comprehensive sentence concerning him which fell from the lips of his foster-son—George Washington Park Custis—more than half a century ago, which expresses in language as profound as it is brief, the main characteristics of this great American. Speaking of his noble foster-father, Mr. Custis says: "He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." A nobler epitaph than that was never engraved on marble shrine. It was said of David, King of Israel, centuries after he had gone to his rest: "He served his day and generation according to the will of God, and fell on sleep." Washington is as worthy of that epitaph as Israel's Shepherd King. But the phrase of Custis already quoted, is worth a moment's consideration, from the fact that in a few brief words it covers pretty much the whole area of Washington's life. It is not more than once or twice in a century that a man is born with so many elements of great-

ness blending in his character. A great soldier, bearing himself bravely in his country's battles, facing the foe with dauntless front, and never resting until victory sat upon the banners of his land; Washington might have rested his claim to his country's homage on the record of his military exploits, and that claim would not have been disregarded. It is not often that a great soldier makes a great statesman. The Duke of Wellington, who was the hero of a hundred fights on the tented field, was the victim of about as many defeats in the legislature of his nation. First in war; but when the grander victories of peace were to be won, Wellington fell to the rear. Not so George Washington. The brave soldier, first in war, became the skillful and incorruptible statesman, and proved himself, to the astonishment of the world, to be as great in the building up of a great country in times of peace, as he had been valiant in his country's cause in the dark days of war. First in war, first in peace, and then comes that larger and more enviable word—first in the hearts of his countrymen. It is something to be the subject of a nation's praise, it is something to have a place in the admiration and esteem of men, but to be shrined in the sanctuary of a nation's heart is worth a life of noblest service. This place George Washington won, and as long as the waters of the Mississippi flow, as long as Lake Erie hurls her waters over Niagara's wild leap, as long as America remains, the name of George Washington will be treasured in the memory and the hearts of her sons and daughters.

The Washington family was of old descent. Some inquiring minds have traced the lineage of our first President as far back as the mystic days of William the Conqueror. The family originally bore the name of De Wessyngton. In 1416 John De Wessyngton was a distinguished dignitary of the Church. Later the "De" was dropped, and the name stood plain Washington. The family from which George descended was a Lancashire family. In 1657 two brothers of the Washington family, John and Andrew, migrated from the Old World to the New, and while the Pilgrim Fathers were struggling with the hard-

ships of life in the forests of New England they were breaking up land in what is now known as Westmoreland county, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, in Virginia. John Washington, who married Miss Amy Pope, was the great-grandfather of our hero. The home on Bridge's Creek became the family homestead for many generations, and here on the 22d of February, 1732, George Washington was born. George's father, Augustine Washington, was married in 1715 to Jane Butler, by whom he had four children; only Lawrence, however, married. Their mother died on the 24th of November, 1728. In March, 1730, Augustine married Mary Ball, a young and beautiful Virginian maiden, by whom he had six children, four sons and two daughters, of whom George was the eldest. Augustine Washington was a God-fearing man, and sought to impress upon his children the claims of piety and the love of virtue. No doubt these paternal counsels had full weight with young George, but, as is almost always the case, the mother's influence was supreme. How much the nation owes to its mothers can never be revealed. George was his mother's first-born and her pride, and in the struggles of after years Washington often referred, and never without the deepest gratitude, to the kindly influences of his mother, declaring that if there was anything noble and worthy in him he received it from his mother. The early youth of George was passed pleasantly at the new home, in Stafford county, near Fredericksburg, on the banks of the Rappahannock. He was exceedingly fond of outdoor sports. A tall, robust boy, fond of running, jumping and climbing; and fond enough of horses to make personal friends of them. He was an out-and-out boy, full of noble purposes, and his love of truth has become a world-wide proverb. A passionate love of truth, and a deep sense of justice were the cardinal virtues of his character. The cherry tree story is not exceptional, but runs in line with his well known absolute truthfulness. This deeply marked element of character helps to explain much of the greatness of after years. You can make very little out of a liar, but the world sets a very high value on men who are great

lovers of truth. George received a common English education. To this he added much knowledge of nature, of which he was a diligent student in his happy youthful rambles through the forests of Virginia. He spent a good deal of time in 1848 in a surveying expedition, the purpose of which was to locate the boundaries of Lord Fairfax's grant of Virginia land. In this surveying expedition he made himself acquainted with the mountains, and rivers, and forests of the Valley of the Shenandoah; and he also became thoroughly acquainted by close personal observations with the life and characteristics of the Indians.

When but nineteen years of age George Washington was appointed Adjutant General of the State of Virginia; but this office he resigned that he might accompany his half-brother, Lawrence (who was an invalid) to the West Indies. Two years later George returned—his brother Lawrence had died of consumption. On returning home a somewhat perilous mission awaited him. The French began to encroach on Western territory with most ominous strides. Governor Dinwiddie looked about him for a man to send, whose business it should be to demand the cessation of these hostile movements. George Washington was chosen for the task, and set out from Williamsburg on the 30th of October, 1753. It was his business not only to demand the end of these aggressions, but to keep his eyes open and take note of the country, its condition, and the resources of the French. So well did this young soldier discharge the duties intrusted to him that he was publicly thanked in a unanimous resolution by the Legislature of Virginia. In Braddock's campaign Washington was of inestimable service, and but for the zeal of Colonel Washington, the whole army would have been destroyed. At the age of twenty-seven, George married the beautiful and accomplished Martha Custis, the widow of a wealthy Virginian planter. They made their home at Mount Vernon, a beautiful house on the banks of the Potomac, and here, for some years, George and Martha lived a peaceful, happy life, entertaining their friends, and fitting them-

selves by the quietude and simplicity of their home life for the larger duties that were in store for them. This brief interregnum of the farmer gentleman's career was destined only to be brief, and in 1774 Washington was summoned to a place in the Legislature of Virginia. But darkness was brooding over all the land, storms were gathering everywhere, but they were storms that would clear the atmosphere of the New World, and give America the brightness of a new and beautiful day. Washington, up to this point, was a loyal Englishman, and he would have laughed to scorn the thought of taking arms against the King's most gracious majesty, and the last wild dream that ever could have disturbed his peace was that he should be the first President of a new Republic. In September, 1774, the first Continental Congress was held in Philadelphia, of which Washington was a delegate. At last the lightning flashed from Lexington, and the storm burst over Bunker Hill; and as Cromwell had been summoned from the quiet fields of Huntingdon and St. Ives to take arms against the tyranny of Charles I., so Washington was summoned from the peaceful home at Mount Vernon to beard the crowned tyranny of a later king.

For eight long dark years Washington was, as Custis said, "the first in war." From Lexington to the defeat of Cornwallis, from the gloom of night till the day-star shot its beams of promis over Yorktown on that eventful November morning, the orriflamme of George Washington was to be seen. The records of modern warfare do not contain anything more brave and true and heroic than the annals of those eight years. One scene—Washington crossing the Delaware—has been sung by poet, and painted by artist. The scene has been thus described:

"On the night of the 25th of December, 1776, Washington had arranged to recross the Delaware and attack the enemy at three points. The plan was to cross in three places, some miles apart, and make the attack in three places simultaneously. Washington led the left and uppermost division. The night was fearfully cold

and stormy. The river was running with heavy ice-floes. The lower divisions of the army both failed to cross. Washington and his forces, after almost superhuman efforts, got across; marched down several miles to Trenton, attacked the British army a little after daylight, won a brilliant victory, and sent its scattered remains flying backward toward New York. Now the tide was turned. The best skill of the enemy was needed to save an utter defeat. He was punished in many a skirmish and soon learned that the colonies were not conquered. So inspiring was Washington's success at Trenton and in the movements following, that the colonies were soon making ready for another campaign."

If Washington had died at the close of the War of the Revolution, he would have been immortal; he would have been remembered forever as "the Deliverer of his Country." But there were still greater things in store for him. Good work well done is often rewarded by larger tasks. The faithful servant of the New Testament who guarded one city well, was made ruler over ten. And the faithful soldier of the Delaware was summoned to the head of the nation, and charged to guide the affairs of this new State for the glory of God and the well-being of the people.

For eight years Washington occupied the Presidential chair, and we may be sure that it was no child's task to guide the affairs of this new empire. Surrounded by able comrades, whose fidelity and wisdom stood him good service, Washington was still the leading, inspiring spirit of the land and time. There is no period of American history that deserves more careful study than these eight formative years of the republic. Mistakes then would have been mistakes forever. There is no part of a building more important than the foundation, and George Washington laid well and carefully the foundation stones of the great American Constitution.

The last three years of his life were spent in calm and quietude at Mount Vernon. He died in peace on the 14th of December, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He did not live to reach the threescore years and ten, but he crowded

more good work into his years than most men would do in as many centuries. America has had few men to compare with George Washington; she will have none greater, for he filled the chalice of his life full to the brim with noble thoughts and lofty deeds.

On the 23d of February this present year, 1885, the 153d anniversary of Washington's birth was signalized by the dedication of the grand national monument at Washington. This stupendous pile reaches the altitude of 555 feet. President Arthur and his Cabinet were present. The oration for the occasion was prepared by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and was read by Mr. Long, of Massachusetts. Senator Edmunds, the Hon. John A. Daniel and Senator Sherman also took part in the inauguration.

JOHN ADAMS.

OF MASSACHUSETTS. BORN 1732; DIED 1826. PRESIDENT 1797—1809.

Second President of the United States.

IT has often been said concerning John Adams, the second President of the United States, that he was a man who had the happy faculty of making the most out of common talents. His biographers have been a little disposed to go out of their way, to show that he was not a man of transcendant ability, and certainly not a man of genius. He was a representative New Englander. One writer says: "The name of John Adams stands for the average man—the hardy, strong, middle class." As a matter of historic fact, the world's best workers—the patriots, the philanthropists, the statesmen—have sprung from the middle class of society. If John Adams stands for the average American man, then happy is the country that can boast of such good sense, such fidelity to duty, as the average of its manhood. The face of John Adams as presented to us by his portraits is eminently suggestive of firmness and benevolence, guided by strong manly sense.

The ancestors of John Adams were amongst the noblest men of the earth. The poet Cowper, though trained and nurtured in a land that thought much of ancestral claims, says in that charming poem suggested by the gift of his mother's portrait:

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies."

The ancestors of John Adams were amongst the noblest men Europe contained at the dawn of the seventeenth century. That was a time that tried men's souls, and rather than submit to the thralldom of such men as Archbishop Land, they left the homes and the graves of their fathers, and sought in this new world for freedom to worship God. These godly men and women did not live in palaces, they sailed in the "Mayflower;" they did not sit on thrones, but they consecrated America into a temple of religious liberty. The sons and daughters of such men and women were sure to be a noble race. From such a stock as this came our second President. John Alden of the Mayflower, whose name Longfellow has immortalized, was one of his ancestors on the maternal side.

John Adams, a Puritan by birth, a gentleman by instinct, and a patriot at heart, was born at Quincy, near Boston, Massachusetts, on the 30th of October, 1735. John's father was a farmer, and a man of good common sense. He was anxious that his son should have the advantages of such education as the young colony afforded. But John did not yearn for the drudgery of study. The boy did not relish the thought of exchanging the free and cheery life of the farm, with the woods and brooks and not-far-off ocean, for the confinement and rigid rules and close study of the college, and told his father that he wanted to be a farmer. "Well, then," his father said, "if you want to be a farmer it is time you were at it in earnest. It will take all your time from now till you are twenty-one to learn it well. So you can give up play and go to work." John went to the field and plied the heavy implements in thoughtful meditation till weariness overmastered him. A little steady toil, a little serious thoughtfulness of life and its use and outcome, led him to conclude that he would like to try his father's plan after all, at least so far as a college course of study was concerned. His father was pleased, and put him at once upon his preparatory studies. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard, and graduated when he was twenty, esteemed for his integrity, energy and ability.

For a time he taught in the grammar school of Worcester, where the salary was exceedingly small. Adams was an effective teacher, and a firm, fast friend. Heart and intellect went hand in hand. In a letter to a friend he expresses himself on the subject of friendship in words that are well worth quoting here:

"Friendship, I take it, is one of the distinguishing glories of man; and the creature that is insensible to its charms, though he may wear the shape of man, is unworthy of the character. In this, perhaps, we bear a nearer resemblance to unembodied intelligence than in anything else. From this I expect to receive the chief happiness of my future life."

In the year 1756 Mr. Adams entered on the study of the law. It did not appear as if he was ever to be a very brilliant legal luminary; for the next three or four years his days were dull and dreary. In May, 1761, his father died, and now the care of his widowed mother filled his life with serious interest. In the year 1764 he married Abigail, daughter of the Rev. William Smith, a Congregational minister of Weymouth. The days grew brighter; John Adams soon formed warm friendships amongst gentlemen of the legal profession. He was particularly happy in having free access to the celebrated library of Mr. Gridley, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts. Already the storm that was about to change the destinies of America was gathering, and there were few men who watched more carefully the aspect of affairs than John Adams. He soon became one of the most enthusiastic leaders of the people. Adams believed that good would eventually come out of this evil, and yet at times he was exceedingly despondent. Nothing better shows the circumstances of the times, or reveals the spirit of the man than a letter which he wrote to his wife, who was then in Braintree. For the sake of the light it throws on affairs in 1774, we quote it fully:

"Boston, 12 May, 1774.

"My own infirmities, the account of the return of yours, and the

public news, coming all together, have put my philosophy to the trial.

"We live, my dear soul, in an age of trial. What will be the consequence I know not; the town of Boston, for aught I can see, must suffer martyrdom. It must expire, and our principal consolation is, that it dies in a noble cause—the cause of truth, of virtue, of liberty and of humanity, and that it will probably have glorious resurrection to greater wealth, splendor and power than ever.

"Let me know what it is best for us to do. It is expensive keeping a family here, and there is no prospect of any business in my way in this town this whole summer. I don't receive a shilling a week. We must contrive as many ways as we can to save expenses, for we may have calls to contribute very largely, in proportion to our circumstances, to prevent other very honest worthy people from suffering for want, besides our own loss in point of business and profit.

"Don't imagine from all this that I am in the dumps. Far otherwise. I can truly say that I have felt more spirits and activity since the arrival of this news than I have done for years. I look upon this as the last effort of Lord North's despair, and he will as surely be defeated in it as he was in the project of the tea."

John Adams was almost in the prime of his life when he entered on his public career. In 1770 he was elected to a seat in the Massachusetts Assembly, and in 1774 he was chosen one of the five to represent the province in the First Continental Congress. The storm that had long threatened broke at last, and in April, 1775, the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought. In the stress of this storm John Adams went to Philadelphia to the Second Continental Congress. It was John Adams, who in these trying days had the good sense to see that George Washington was the man to lead the country through the blinding storm to the shining heights of Freedom.

Mr. Adams saw that after the battle of Bunker Hill the die was really cast; all further talk of reconciliation was only wasted breath. Many faint hearts hung back, but the firm stand taken by John Adams did much toward settling the spirit of the people.

On the 13th of February, 1778, Mr. Adams sailed for Paris to represent his country in the gay capital. Here he staid nearly two years doing good service. He took part on his return in the important work of forming the Constitution of Massachusetts.

In 1784 we find John Adams again in Paris in company with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, who were hard at work seeking to institute fraternal relations of commerce with the nations of Europe. The foreign toils of John Adams were enormous, he holding at one time as many as six foreign missions, every one of which bear the impress of his manly hand to this very day.

In 1789 John Adams was elected to serve as first Vice-President of the United States under the Federal Constitution.

At the close of Washington's second term of office, 1796, John Adams was elected President, with Thomas Jefferson as Vice-President. His term of office gave ample opportunity for the exercise of all that strong good sense which had marked all his former years. He had to take the best men he could get, and they were not all marked by great strength. There were, moreover, growing foreign entanglements which gave certain theorists a chance for airing their war-like tendencies. But Mr. Adams was at heart a man of peace. The administration of the second President was pure and peaceful, and in those four years much good solid work was done in laying broad and deep and strong the foundations of the new America.

In 1824 John Adams was chosen President of the Massachusetts Convention for revising the State Constitution, which he assisted in forming forty-five years before, but he declined the honor. He spent the last years of a laborious life in peace at his old home in Braintree, where, on the 4th of July, 1826, and in the ninety-second year of his age, he died. The last words he ever uttered were: "Independence forever!"

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1743; DIED 1826. PRESIDENT 1801–1809.

Third President of the United States.

TO Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, belongs the distinguished honor of the authorship of the Declaration of Independence. Whatever other laurels may gather about his brow, they all fade in the presence of this fact: "He wrote the Declaration of Independence." One of Jefferson's biographers, speaking in a sorrowful mood, says: "The only material memorials of the author of the Declaration of Independence in our country, are a dilapidated granite obelisk over his neglected grave at Monticello; a bronze statue in front of the President's house at Washington City, erected by private munificence; a fine statue upon a monument to Washington, erected by the State of Virginia, at Richmond, and a few busts." It may be replied that America has been too busy in the performance of pressing practical duties to erect many monuments to her illustrious sons and daughters, and as a matter of fact, some men are too great for monuments. There is not marble enough in all her quarries to memorialize suitably the brave souls whose zeal and patriotism have changed the wilderness of two centuries ago into a garden, and upon the foundation stones of equal rights, have built the fair temple of liberty. Thomas Jefferson, as author of the Declaration of Independence, has become a part of American history, and that grand document—the charter of

the freedom of this New World—will be his true monument, enduring to "the last syllable of recorded time."

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, on the 13th of April, 1743; he was of Welsh descent; his ancestors were amongst the first pioneers of the West. The colony of Virginia was settled about the year 1607, four years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, and was named in honor of her, "Virginia." This was thirteen years before the "May Flower" sailed out from Delft Haven, bearing its cargo of noble souls.

Peter Jefferson, the father of our third President, was a brave, independent, warm-hearted man. He was just on the threshold of manhood when the newly settled State of Virginia rose into prominence, and gave promise of being prosperous and peaceful. He threw his whole soul into the tasks before him, patented a thousand acres of land on the James River—so named after the reigning King of England—and set to work in downright earnest. In 1738 he was married to Jane, the eldest daughter of Isham Randolph. Though not a man of extensive education, he was a man of marked literary tastes.

Thomas Jefferson was the third child and the first son of these settlers of Virginia. At an early age he was sent to school, where he received the rudiments of an English education. Later on he became the pupil of the Rev. Mr. Douglas, a Scotch divine, who drilled him thoroughly in Latin, Greek and French. He was about two years a student in the William and Mary College, Williamsburg, after which he commenced the study of the law under George Wythe, who afterward became Chancellor of Virginia. The relations of Jefferson and Wythe were of the most pleasant character.

George Wythe was one of the most erudite and accomplished lawyers of his day, and young Jefferson felt himself happy in enjoying his instruction and companionship. Jefferson's extensive reading of the best authors, his fine manners and cheerful, social enthusiasm, won many friends for him. And there can be no doubt but the bright promise of his coming

career was suggested to these men, in his unusual wisdom and brilliancy.

It was during this period, about the year 1765, that Jefferson's patriotic ambition was set aflame. It was his good fortune to hear that famous speech of Patrick Henry's against the Stamp Act, in which he closed with the memorable sentence: "As for me, give me liberty or give me death." This clarion cry for freedom found a hearty response in the soul of the young lawyer, and kindled the fires of that ambition that burned so brightly in after years. In 1767 Jefferson commenced the practice of law. Two years later he began his public career, being elected in 1769 a member of the House of Burgesses. He was never a great public speaker, but he was an indomitable worker. If to some extent slow of speech, he had the pen of a ready writer, and whatever might the sword was destined to have in the coming revolution, the pen of Thomas Jefferson was destined, also, to play a noble part. One instance of its power may be recorded here. When the question of the relation of British America to England was fast becoming the burning question of the hour, Jefferson wrote a pamphlet entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." This pamphlet was admitted on all hands to be one of the most valuable contributions that had yet appeared to the discussion of the grave questions at issue. It was thorough, and exhaustive and intelligible. It dealt with that most unanswerable of all logic, the logic of facts. So much did Edmund Brooke admire it, that he had it reprinted in London, and scattered far and wide. Young Jefferson was moved by a noble ambition to serve his country; he foresaw the perilous times ahead, and he felt that his country had claims upon him that it would be unmanly to resist. His view of his duty is best told in his own words. In a letter to a friend he says:

"I was often thrown into the society of horse-racers, card-players, fox-hunters, scientific and professional men, and of dignified men; and many a time have I asked myself, in the enthusiastic moment of the

death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse, the issue of a question eloquently argued at the bar, or in the great council of the nation: Well, which of these kinds of reputation shall I prefer? That of a horse-jockey, a fox-hunter, an orator, or the honest advocate of my country's rights?"

On January 1, 1772, Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, the young widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, one of the most eminent lawyers of the time. The next four years of Jefferson's life were crowded with many anxieties. There were few busier men in all America than Thomas Jefferson; his own private affairs, and the public duties that were pressing upon him, filled his hands with toil and his heart with care. When the crisis had come, and Richard Henry Lee had offered his resolution in favor of independence early in the spring of 1776, a committee of five was appointed to draft a preamble in the form of a Declaration; Thomas Jefferson was the youngest of that committee, and yet such was his reputation for clear and incisive writing, that his confreres left the whole task to him. At his lodgings, in the house of Mrs. Clymer, in Philadelphia, the famous document was written, which after a few changes was adopted and signed on the 4th of July, 1776. In June, 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia, to succeed the immortal Patrick Henry, and now came troublous times. The edict had gone forth; there was nothing for it but to fight, and the new Governor did everything in his power for the defense of his State and the safety of his country. His property and lands were wasted, but he pushed on with unwearied endeavor. In 1782 his wife died, after a lingering illness, in the thirty-fifth year of her age. This was a terrible blow to him. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Randolph, thus describes this sad event:

"For the four months that she lingered, he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside, he was writing in a small room which opened immediately at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene, he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility, by

his sister, Mrs. Carr, who, with great difficulty, got him into his library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he would never revive. The scene that followed I did not witness; but the violence of his emotion—when almost by stealth I entered his room at night—to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly night and day, only lying down occasionally when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was almost incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods."

On the 10th of March, 1785, Jefferson succeeded Dr. Benjamin Franklin as Minister at the Court of France. In February, 1797, he was elected Vice-President under John Adams, the second President. On the 4th of March, 1801, he was inaugurated President of the United States, with Aaron Burr as Vice-President. The population of the United States at this date was 5,305,925, having grown from about 3,000,000, which was the estimated population in 1776. Mr. Jefferson's theory of civil service could not but meet with the indorsement of all sensible men. He did not propose to remove men from office simply because the representatives of new ideas were called to power. He thought all civil servants should be submitted to these three tests: 1st. Is he honest? 2d. Is he capable? 3d. Is he faithful to the Constitution? Nothing could be wiser than this. A nation served by honest, capable, patriotic men, has everything to hope, and nothing to fear.

On the 30th of April, 1803, Louisiana was purchased at a cost of 60,000,000 frances. Some denounced this purchase as a reckless waste of money. But the years that have passed since then have shown the great wisdom of the course. One of Thomas Jefferson's biographers speaks in the following judicious terms of his administration:

"Mr. Jefferson grew in popularity and influence during his whole

administration. He served as President in stormy times, but carried the ship of state into peaceful waters. Even a hasty study of his, and the earlier administrations, shows how much the people had to learn to be self-governing. They felt their way blindly—even those who governed for the most part. The people were sensitive, critical, suspicious, excitable. Little evils portended destruction; trifles were likely to upset the government; a new idea startled many; the faces of many were always turned backward for examples, and if any took a forward look it frightened them. Mr. Jefferson looked forward, and hoped for better things in the future than the past had known. He was constitutionally a reformer. He tried experiments and took new ways of doing things. He was no worshiper of the past. When he looked back he saw so many horrible things in the oppressions and sufferings of humanity, that he shuddered. He was humane, and believed in humanity; in the equal rights of men; in fair dealing, and the helpfulness of governments and the higher classes of men. He honored human nature, and believed the natural order of things was good. He wanted to abolish slavery, and caste, and titles, and official dignities, and recognize plain worth and true merit only as conferring the dignity worth knowing."

Thomas Jefferson was one of the finest looking men of his day. The following description of him and of his habits when a young man, will be read with interest.

"He was tall and slender in comparison, standing six feet two inches in height. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy and fair; his hair was chestnut, of a reddish tinge, fine and soft; his eyes of a hazel gray. He was lithe, active, graceful. His manners were simple and cordial. In conversation he was peculiarly agreeable, so much so, that in later years his enemies attributed to him a seductive influence through his art and charm of speech. Possessing these accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day. He did not gamble, or drink, or use tobacco, or swear. He had an aversion to strong drink, and was temperate at the table. With frankness, heartiness, humane sympathies and sanguine hopeful-

ness, he had strong personal influence over those who came near him. This was Thomas Jefferson at twenty-four."

On the 4th of July, 1826, half a century after the Declaration of Independence had rung out its clear message to the world and to the ages yet to come, Thomas Jefferson, at the good old age of eighty-three, bade farewell to earth. His last words were: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." On this same day—as is elsewhere recorded—John Adams died. So in one hour, the second and third Presidents of the United States passed from toil and care to rest and peace.

JAMES MADISON.

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1751; DIED 1836. PRESIDENT 1809–1817.

Fourth President of the United States.

THE public life of James Madison extended over one of the most important periods of American history. The times were great, and great men were needed, and James Madison was equal to, and worthy of the times. Not long ago a young student being asked to point out some of the chief characteristics of James Madison, humorously replied, that two would suffice. "First of all," said he, "Madison could not make a speech, and next, he would not treat, and so he lost his seat in the legislature of Virginia." This was rather a strange way of setting forth the character of our fourth president, but there was truth and suggestiveness in the delineation. James Madison was not gifted with great oratorical powers, and if his success had depended on his power to make "the worse appear the better reason," he would most assuredly have failed. He could not cajole the people with eloquent speech, and he was too upright and had too much respect for himself to buy them with whiskey. If that was the price he had to pay for the confidence of the people, then the confidence of the people was altogether too dear.

James Madison, son of James and Eleanor Madison, was born at King George, Virginia, on the 16th of March, 1751. He was descended from a good English family who emigrated to this country shortly after the crew of the "Mayflower" had landed on Plymouth Rock. His father's home was at Mont-

pelier, in Orange county. James was born at the house of his maternal grandmother, but the young life of the future president was spent, for the most part, at Montpelier. He was happily placed where the advantages of a good liberal education were close at hand; and his father had the necessary means, and further still, the ardent desire to give his son the best education the times afforded. For some reason his parents thought that there were greater advantages at Princeton College, New Jersey, than at Williamsburg for their studious son, and so to Princeton he went in the year 1769, and in the eighteenth year of his age. Not unfrequently a young pupil in the first enthusiasm of college life forms an estimate of college professors bordering on reverence; he thinks they know everything, and certainly if most professors were only half as wise as they look, they would be very wise indeed. Dr. Witherspoon, the President of Princeton College, soon won the reverence of his young pupil, and it is to be very much questioned if James Madison ever believed as fully in any man throughout his long life, as he did in Dr. Witherspoon. He absorbed and accepted his teachings as though they were the *ne plus ultra* of all scholarship. He quoted his sayings as though he were an oracle never to be disputed. If Dr. Witherspoon said so, that was enough, there was an end of all controversy. In 1772 he graduated, taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the age of twenty-one. He remained at Princeton for the best part of another year and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and the higher branches of scholarship.

In 1773 Madison returned to his Virginian home and began the study of the law. In this, as in all his previous studies, he was most thorough and painstaking. Of all the Presidents of the United States, James Madison was beyond all question the most cultured and scholarly. His was a master mind, and his vast and varied powers, cultivated to the uttermost, gave him an influence in public life that many might envy, but few could equal. The following estimate of our fourth President from

the pen of Thomas Jefferson, will prove that we have not been using the language of flattery.

"Trained in these successive schools, he acquired a habit of self-possession which placed, at ready command, the rich resources of his luminous and discriminating mind and of his extensive information, and rendered him the first of every assembly of which he afterward became a member. Never wandering from his subject into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely in language pure, classic, and copious; soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities, and softness of expression, he rose to the eminent station which he held in the great national convention of 1787; and in Virginia, which followed, he sustained the new constitution in all its parts, bearing off the palm against the logic of George Mason and the fervid declamation of Patrick Henry. With these consummate powers were united a pure and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully. Of the power and polish of his pen, and of the wisdom of his administration in the highest office of the nation, I need say nothing. They have spoken, and will forever speak for themselves."

James Madison began his public career in the spring of 1776—the year made forever memorable in American annals by the Declaration of Independence—when he was but twenty-five years of age. He was then elected to serve in the convention whose chief work was to form a Constitution for the State of Virginia. In 1777 he was a candidate for the State Assembly, but as he would not treat the voters to an unlimited supply of whiskey and as he could not make ringing stump orations, he was defeated. But James Madison was too good a man to be spared from the public service, so he was appointed member of the Executive Council, and in this capacity he did the State good service. In 1780 he was made a member of the Continental Congress, and in 1784 he was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature. There was now before all earnest statesmen a large number of living questions demanding careful solution. The nation was increasing with rapid strides and the tone and character of her future depended very much upon

the wisdom and sagacity of her leaders. The question of religious freedom came up, and though Madison was an Episcopalian at heart, he was first and always for the widest and fullest religious freedom. The controversy that has not yet been settled in England, came up for settlement a century ago in Virginia, and James Madison aided in its solution. The Baptists, who were the dissenters of that day, as they are amongst the most pronounced of the dissenters of England to-day, supported their own churches by voluntary contributions, but were compelled to pay taxes for the support of the Episcopal Church, in whose tenets they did not believe, and in whose worship they did not participate. They asked to be relieved from this tax which they regarded as an intolerant religious oppression unworthy of free America. Young Madison threw himself into this conflict on the side of the Baptists, and though he lost some old friends, he made many new ones; and even his old friends were compelled to admire his spirit though they had no sympathy with the course he felt it to be his duty to take.

It was about this period that Mr. Madison did one of the most effective pieces of service that marked his useful and honorable life. In May, 1787, that memorable convention met in Philadelphia, of which George Washington was president, the business of which was to form a Constitution. This convention was proposed by Madison, who was sent there as delegate from Virginia. What America wanted was a system of orderly government. For two whole years Madison had made this subject the burden of his thought and study. The following is the outline of that Constitution, as conceived by his patriotic brain. This outline was found among Washington's papers after his death, transcribed by his own hand, and runs as follows:

"Mr. Madison thinks an individual independence of the States utterly irreconcilable with their aggregate sovereignty, and that a consolidation of the whole into one simple republic would be as inexpedient as it is unattainable. He therefore proposes a middle ground,

which may at once support a due supremacy of the national authority and not exclude the local authorities whenever they can be subordinately useful.

"As the groundwork, he proposes that a change be made in the principle of representation, and thinks there would be no great difficulty in effecting it.

"Next, that in addition to the present federal powers, the national government should be armed with positive and complete authority in all cases which require uniformity; such as regulation of trade, including the right of taxing both exports and imports, the fixing the terms and forms of naturalization, etc.

"Over and above this positive power, a negative, *in all cases* whatever, on the legislative acts of the States, as heretofore exercised by the kingly prerogative, appears to him absolutely necessary, and to be the least possible encroachment on the State jurisdictions. Without this defensive power, he conceives that every positive law which can be given on paper will be evaded.

"This control over the laws would prevent the internal vicissitudes of State policy and the aggressions of interested majorities.

"The national supremacy ought also to be extended, he thinks, to the judiciary departments; the oaths of the judges should at least include a fidelity to the general as well as local constitution; and that an appeal should be to some national tribunal in all cases to which foreigners or inhabitants of other States may be parties. The admiralty jurisdictions to fall entirely within the purview of the national government.

"The national supremacy in the executive departments is liable to some difficulty, unless the officers administering them could be made appointable by the supreme government. The militia ought entirely to be placed, in some form or other, under the authority which is intrusted with the general defense.

"A government composed of such extensive powers should be well organized and balanced.

"The legislative departments might be divided into two branches, one of them chosen every ——— years by the people at large, or by the legislatures; the other to consist of fewer members, and to hold

their places for a longer term, and to go out in such rotation as always to leave in office a large majority of old members.

"Perhaps the negative on the laws might be most conveniently exercised by this branch.

"As a further check, a council of revision, including the great ministerial officers, might be superadded.

"A national executive must also be provided. He has scarcely ventured as yet to form his own opinion, either of the manner in which it ought to be constituted, or of the authorities with which it ought to be clothed.

"An article, especially guaranteeing the tranquility of the States against internal as well as external dangers.

"In like manner the right of coercion should be expressly declared. With the resources of commerce in hand, the national administration might always find means of exerting it either by sea or land; but the difficulty and awkwardness of operating by force on the collective will of a State, render it particularly desirable that the necessity of it might be precluded. Perhaps the negative on the laws might create such a mutual dependence between the general and particular authorities as to answer; or perhaps some defined objects of taxation might be submitted along with commerce, to the general authority.

"To give a new system its proper validity and energy, a ratification must be obtained from the people, and not merely from the ordinary authority of the legislatures. This will be more essential, as inroads on the existing constitutions of the States will be unavoidable."

This famous document deserves the careful study of every American. He was a member of the Virginia Assembly from 1784 to 1786; he was the champion of every wise and liberal policy brought before that august body. He was especially the advocate of religious freedom. He favored the separation of Kentucky from Virginia, he was strongly opposed to the introduction of paper money, and supported most vigorously the laws codified by Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton.

Madison, in conjunction with Alexander Hamilton and John

Jay, produced "The Federalist," the most remarkble compilation of State papers America had ever seen.

James Madison was Secretary of State during the eight years of the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson, and in 1809 he was himself inaugurated President of the United States. He served his country in that high capacity through two terms, from 1809—1817. These eight years were stormy years, not because of internal strife, but because of the dissatisfaction and unrest of England. The rights of American vessels were disregarded and whenever she chose, England would board American merchant vessels and take off such of the crew as she thought would make good soldiers. Two years of patience passed, and then the cry rose, supported by such men as Clay and Calhoun: "We must fight the old oppressor, she will never do right till we compel her."

In June, 1812, war was declared against England. The war lasted for three years, but Madison lived to see the olive branch of peace waving over land and sea. At the close of his second term a National Bank was established with a capital of $35,000,000.

In 1817 Mr. Madison retired from active service and sought the quietude of Montpelier, where he spent the beautiful Indian summer of a noble life; he died on the 28th of June, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-five, full of years and noble service.

JAMES MONROE.

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1758; DIED 1831. PRESIDENT 1817—1825.

Fifth President of the United States.

A GOOD half of the troubles of life are of our own creating. The quarrels of life are in nine cases out of ten the result of unwise and impertinent interference. If we could always be content to mind our own business, and neither interfere with the business of other people nor allow other people to interfere with ours, we might live and die at peace with all men. What is true of individuals is true of communities, and what is true of communities is true of States and nations. And the fact that America very early in her history determined not to meddle with the business of other nations, and not to allow other nations to meddle with her affairs, has proved a very great blessing. Meddling almost always means muddling. The determination not to meddle and not to be meddled with, took formal shape in the message of our fifth President, James Monroe, presented on the 2d of December, 1823. In that message Mr. Monroe very distinctly set forth the principle of non-interference. He said America would not entangle herself in foreign alliances, nor would she permit European interference in American affairs. "The American continent," he said, "by the free and independent condition which it has assumed and maintains, is henceforth not to be considered as a place for future colonization by any European powers. * * * We owe it therefore to candor,

and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety."

This is what is known as the "Monroe Doctrine," a statement of principles which was the clear and intelligible expression of the universal sentiment of all patriotic Americans. Mr. Monroe did not create these sentiments, but he was fortunate enough to give such definite utterance to them that they will go down to the latest American as "The Monroe Doctrine," and to have one's name forever associated with the cardinal principles of the nation's life is surely fame enough for one man.

James Monroe, as his name indicates, was of Scotch descent. He belongs to the aristocracy of Scottish chivalry; one of his ancestors, Hector Monroe, was one of the officers in the army of Charles I. of England, who followed the fortunes of that ill-starred monarch to their tragic end. James Monroe, son of Spence and Eliza Monroe, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers. The region was one of exceeding beauty. Moreover, the settlers in Westmoreland county were of a very desirable order. Speaking of this period, Dr. Weaver says:

"This county and vicinity were settled by some of the best comers from England. Lord Fairfax and his brother and fine family made their wilderness home here. Lawrence and George Washington and the other Washingtons grew up here. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Patrick Henry, Peyton and John Randolph, Richard Henry Lee and Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry, as he was called), John Marshall, Pendleton, Wythe, Nicolas, Dabney, Carr, and many more worthy to be their associates, were the products of this vicinity. So numerous were its great and patriotic men, that some of their biographers have called it 'The Athens of America.' It is not without reason that Virginians of this region, so fruitful of historic men, have had a pride in Virginia society. In this society, in its best days, James Monroe was born and reared. So, as to society, he was well born."

James Monroe was educated at the William and Mary College, Williamsburg. Those were stirring times, times when at any moment the diligent student might be called to lay aside his books and shoulder his gun. The tea had already been thrown into Boston harbor, the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill were matters of history. There was still stern work to be done, and James Monroe was summoned from college to the defence of his country. He was appointed a lieutenant in the third Virginia Regiment, under Col. Hugh Mercer. This was in that year of grace—the year of the Declaration of Independence—1776. Monroe was only eighteen years of age when he was marched to the front. He was engaged in the battle at Harlem, on September the 16th, then followed the battle of White Plains, on the 28th of October, and the long and dreary march through New Jersey, ending with the battle of Trenton. At this latter battle Monroe did good service. Capt. William Washington and Lieut. Monroe led the left wing of the army, and completely routed the British. Monroe was shot in the shoulder. The wound was severe but not dangerous. The young student-soldier was proving himself worthy of his heroic ancestors. After recovering from the wound received at Trenton, he became a major and took part in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth.

At the early age of 23, in the year 1782, Mr. Monroe became a member of the Assembly of Virginia. In 1783 he was elected to Congress, and served three years. He was present when Washington resigned his commission. He was then elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and was a member of the Virginia convention which accepted the United States Constitution. In 1790 he became a member of the Senate. In 1794 he was United States Minister to France, afterward he was minister to England. On his return Virginia elected him to the office of Governor of the State. In 1811 President Madison made him Secretary of State. So, step by step, he climbed, till at last, on the 4th of March, 1817, James Monroe

was elected fifth President of the United States. He chose John Quincy Adams as his Secretary of State, and John C. Calhoun as Secretary of War. During his term of office the Seminole war was conducted by Gen. Andrew Jackson. Florida was ceded by Spain for $5,000,000. Illinois, Alabama and Maine were admitted as States. A controversy then arose about the admission of Missouri. This was settled by the celebrated "Missouri Compromise," which prohibited slavery north of latitude 36½.

He was elected a second time to the office of President. The closing years of his life were spent in the hospitable home of his daughter, Mrs. Governeur, in New York. He died on the 4th of July, 1831, making the third President who had died on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Superstitious people began to think that the 4th of July was an unlucky day for Presidents. Mr. Monroe was buried in New York, but grateful Virginia, on the centenary of his birth, removed his bones to Richmond, where they now rest beneath a marble monument in the capital of his native State.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

OF MASSACHUSETTS. BORN 1767; DIED 1848. PRESIDENT 1825—1829.

Sixth President of the United States.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was a boy nine years of age, when the famous Bell of Liberty boomed out from Philadelphia the birth of a new empire, founded on the equal rights of man. This boy, "the worthy son of a worthy sire," drank in the inspiration of freedom from his earliest years, and if ever a man was trained to patriotism and patriotic service from his youth up, it was John Quincy Adams, and if ever a man proved himself worthy of his training, it was this sixth President of the United States.

John Quincy Adams was born at the family mansion at Quincy, Massachusetts, on the 11th of July, 1767. He spent some little time in his very juvenile years at the village school at Braintree, where he was fortunate enough to have for his preceptor a wise old dame, who believed in gentle and winning methods of training. In after years Mr. Adams makes pleasant reference to the old dame's persuasive methods, indicating that she really flattered him into learning by telling him he was sure to prove a great scholar. The old dame was as wise in her day as Solomon was in his, and set an example in her treatment of her young pupil that might be wisely imitated by the teachers of the young.

Young Adams seems to have known very little of the free, unfettered delights of youth. He was surrounded by an at-

mosphere that would have made a vain and foolish boy precocious, but it only served in his case to develop in early years a manhood of which his country had sufficient occasion to be proud. We cannot resist the temptation of presenting here a letter young Adams wrote to his father a few weeks before his tenth birthday, for the letter like the dress, often shows the man. The senior Adams was then in Congress, and he might well be proud of such a son. The letter is as follows:

BRAINTREE, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SIR:—I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have just entered the third volume of Rollins' History, but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at court. I have set myself a stint this week, to read the third volume half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I may again, at the end of the week, give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me, in writing, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them. With the present determination of growing better, I am, dear sir, your son, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P. S.—Sir, if you will please be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.

In the year 1778 young Adams accompanied his father to Europe, whither he was sent as the minister of the newly-declared independent United States. In Paris, though not yet twelve years old, he became by reason of his intercourse with Dr. Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and other celebrated men, quite a young diplomat. The education he had received from the old dame at Braintree was now supplemented by more advanced tutors in Paris and Amsterdam, and afterward at the

University of Leyden. In 1781, when only fourteen years old, he accompanied Mr. Dana, United States Minister to St. Petersburg, in the capacity of private secretary. In the winter of 1782–3, he made a tour of Denmark and Sweden, after which he returned home and entered Harvard University as a student, where he graduated in July, 1787, his twentieth year. From Harvard he went to Newburyport and studied law in the office of Theophilus Parsons, who was afterward Chief-Justice of Massachusetts. During these years of study, Washington visited New England, and Judge Parsons asked each of his students to write an address of welcome. It is hardly necessary to say that the address of John Quincy Adams was the one accepted. In 1790 he was called to the bar. He now opened an office at Boston. But his heart was never in his profession. All his instincts pointed to the service of his country, and it was impossible that he should long continue in the lawyer's office in Boston. But he shall speak for himself. Referring to his law practice, he says:

"I can hardly call it practice, because for the space of one year it would be difficult for me to name any practice which I had to do. For two years, indeed, I can recall nothing in which I was engaged that may be termed practice, though during the second year, there were some symptoms that, by persevering patience, practice might come in time. The third year I continued this patience and perseverance, and having little to do, occupied my time as well as I could in the study of those laws and institutions which I have since been called to administer. At the end of the third year I had obtained something which might be called practice. The fourth year I found it swelling to such an extent that I felt no longer any concern as to my future destiny as a member of that profession. But in the midst of the fourth year, by the will of the first president of the United States, with which the Senate was pleased to concur, I was selected for a station, not, perhaps, of more usefulness, but of greater consequence in the estimation of mankind, and sent from home on a mission to foreign parts."

The travels of those early years were of unspeakable value to young Adams; they served not only to interest the traveler for the time being, but by deepening and widening his knowledge of the world at large, they fitted him eminently for those services which now his country asked at his hands. In 1794 he was appointed resident minister in the Netherlands. He was afterward sent to Portugal, but before he received his credentials, he was appointed by his father who was then President of the United States, to the more important office of minister at Berlin. Before entering on the duties of his important mission, he was united in marriage, on the 26th of July, 1797, to Miss Louisa Catharine Johnson, daughter of Joshua Johnson, American consul at London. From London, where the ceremony was performed with considerable splendor, the happy pair journeyed to Berlin, where Mr. Adams, with the grace and dignity of a scholar and a gentleman, represented his native land till the year 1801, when he returned to the United States. He came back to Boston and to the old law office, but he was not destined to be long a private citizen. In 1802 he was elected to the United States Senate. In discharging his obligations he followed the banner of Thomas Jefferson, the old political foe of his father. This independent course, which ought to have raised the Senator in the esteem of his constituency, gave great offence in certain quarters, and some excitable politicians managed to carry a vote of censure against Mr. Adams. This was enough. He resigned his seat. He was a free man, and nothing in the United States, or the whole world, would be bribe large enough for him to change for freedom.

In 1809 Mr. Madison appointed him as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. He became a great favorite with the Emperor Alexander; and when in 1812 war was declared between the United States and Great Britain, Alexander offered his mediation, but he offered it in vain. In 1814 Mr. Adams was placed at the head of the American Commission appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain. In 1815 he was appointed Minister of Great Britain, and was

in London and offered his honest congratulations when all the world went mad over the battle of Waterloo. When James Madison assumed the responsibilities of the presidential office in March, 1817, he appointed John Quincy Adams as his Secretary of State. Mr. Adams immediately left England and landed in New York in August, 1817. He was welcomed by a banquet in Tammany Hall; he was also banqueted in Boston, and every proof his countrymen could give, was given, of the universal respect and confidence in which he was held. For eight years he filled the office of Secretary of State with marked ability, and proved himself worthy of being trusted with the gravest responsibilities his country had to offer. He was one of those men of whom it may be justly said: "He was older than his years, and wiser than his time." He had that rare gift of foresight which was close akin to prescience. The question of slavery was even now agitating thoughtful minds, and while, perhaps, no man was quite prepared to ask for the abolition of this "institution," as it was called, yet most thoughtful men were anxious that the institution should not spread to new States and Territories. Of this desire the memorable debate on the "Missouri Compromise," gave abundant evidence, in the burning words of John Quincy Adams on this subject:

"Time will only show," he said, "whether the contest may ever be renewed with equal advantage. Oh, if but one man could arise with a genius capable of comprehending, and a heart capable of supporting, and an utterance capable of communicating those eternal truths which belong to the question—to lay bare in all its nakedness that outrage upon the goodness of God, human slavery,—now is the time, and this is the occasion, upon which such a man would perform the duties of an angel upon earth."

Again he wrote: "Slavery is the great and foul stain on the American Union, and it is a contemplation worthy of the most exalted soul, whether its total abolition is not practicable. This object is vast in its compass, awful in its prospects, sublime and beautiful in its issue. A life devoted to it would be nobly spent and sacrificed."

Alas! how little he dreamed how many brave and noble lives would be sacrificed before this troubled question should be fully and finally settled.

On the 4th of July, 1817, John Quincy Adams was inaugurated President. His administration was calm and peaceful. The country was blessed with general prosperity. Through his years of office there were the most peaceful relations with foreign powers. After his term in office he retired to private life. But he was again summoned to a place in Congress. He took his seat in Congress in December, 1831, and literally died in harness.

The eminent Dr. Weaver, in his "Lives and Graves of the Presidents," presents the following exhaustive summary of the great man's career and tragic end:

He was often pained and mortified by the sectionalism, venality and brutality of members of Congress and higher officers of government, and never hesitated in his place to censure those whose conduct disgraced his country. He was such a living encyclopædia of learning, history, law, moral principle, and religious devotion, that he was a standing rebuke to the selfish, sectional and party spirit that controlled many of the officials and politicians about him. He was profoundly anxious lest these evil spirits should degenerate and destroy his country which, to him, was the hope of the world. He had lived through its whole existence, been honored by all its presidents, held high offices under them all, been president himself; had a history of every important transaction and of the attitude and conduct of every leading individual connected with the government from the beginning; had a record also of the action and politics of all foreign governments and our relations to them; of the progress of our legislation, of the tariff, internal improvements, the development of our manufactures, the extension of our territory; of the extension of slavery and the artifices by which it had been accomplished; in a word, he had a record of our national life, in his and his father's diary, and his active and capacious memory supplied all the details; so that he was authority—the nation himself, all the later years of his life; the patriarch of America, having been instrumental in developing and preserving this grand national estate.

"He had great interest in the temperance cause, which in his later years was commanding the attention of his countrymen. He understood its necessity and usefulness, and gave it the powerful support of his voice and example.

"Mr. Adams was a man of great physical vigor, which sustained him in active health through the intense labors of his long life. He was an early riser, an abstemious liver, temperate, prudent, regular in all his habits; an excellent walker, often walking a number of miles before breakfast; a good swimmer; fond of good company; an excellent talker; a lover of home; simple and republican in dress and manners; plain, honest, genuine; too fair and square and positive to be popular; yet so thorough and manly and grand as to command almost universal respect. He was a genuine Puritan, deeply and consistently religious; a great student of the Bible, a Unitarian in theology, yet in hearty sympathy with all Christian people. He was a reformer—a maker anew of life's ways, so vigorous and persistent as to seem to be an iconoclast. In his opposition to wrong he used solid shot—words that wounded, that smelt of passion and power. He was no milk-and-water man, was mighty in fire and storm—a granite tower in the whirlwind defying its assaults. All in all, he was one of America's grandest products, honored at last in all the world as one of its greatest and best men. On the 20th of November, 1846, he was stricken with paralysis at his son's house in Boston. This confined him for several weeks; but at the opening of Congress he returned to his post, and was prompt and active as he had always been, until the 21st of February, 1848, at half-past 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he was stricken again. He was caught and held from falling by members near him. He was unconscious till near 3 o'clock, when consciousness returned and he said, faintly: '*This is the end of earth.* I AM CONTENT.' These were his last words. He lived until 7 o'clock in the evening of the 23d, when the spirit of John Quincy Adams left the scenes of earth for those in the immortal realm of its Father, in the 81st year of his age. Thus closed a life which will ever be worthy of the profoundest study and emulation of mankind."

ANDREW JACKSON.

OF TENNESSEE. BORN 1767; DIED 1845. PRESIDENT 1829—1837.

Seventh President of the United States.

WITH the advent of Andrew Jackson to the presidential office in 1829, America saw a new kind of ruler. He was in almost all respects a contrast to his predecessors. He was indeed a strange compound, containing in himself many elements of strength and weakness. His early ancestors lived in Scotland. They then migrated to the north of Ireland, afterward to America, and it would seem as if the peculiar characteristics of all three countries had found illustration in this strangely complex man. He was as rough and rugged as the granite hills of old "Caledonia stern and wild;" he was as irritable and quick-tempered as the most genial of Irishmen. The spirit of Donnybrook Fair was strong within him: he was always trailing his coat, and daring the world to tread upon the tail of it. To all this he added the unconquerable push and energy that have made America the wonder of the world. To his military successes, and to these alone, he owes the fact that he ever became President of the United States.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxham, about a hundred and sixty-five miles northwest of Charleston, S. C., on the 15th of March, 1767. It was his misfortune never to know the value of a father's counsel and care. His widowed mother thought and spoke of him as the child of her sorrow and grief. It was

the one hope of her sad heart to see him a minister of the Gospel. Brought up a strict and thorough Presbyterian, she, like all such mothers, would sooner have seen her son in a pulpit than on a throne. He was not destined to enter a pulpit, but by the wonderful changes wrought by the whirligig of Time, he did mount to the highest throne America had to offer. Andrew's mother placed her orphan boy in the care of Mr. Humphreys, of the Waxham Meeting-house, that he might be trained in those branches of education necessary for the ministerial office. It is said that in this Waxham Academy Mr. Humphreys taught classics and mathematics. We have no doubt of Mr. Humphrey's aptitude to teach; but his pupil was not given to the love of learning. Indeed, it is said that to the end of his life he was not able to spell with accuracy. As a boy he was wild, turbulent, ungainly. There was nothing prepossessing about him, and his coarse features seemed to be but the index of a rougher temper that made for him more foes than friends, even in his youthful days. Young Jackson was a born Ishmaelite, his hand was against every man on the very smallest provocation. It may be that the spirit and temper of the times had something to do with this. It was a turbulent age. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill were fought when he was only nine years old. When he was thirteen, the war came to his very door. On the 29th of May, 1780, Col. Buford, who held command of the small American force at Waxham, was attacked by Colonel Tarleton. The whole settlement became a terrible scene of blood; one hundred and fifteen of Buford's men were killed and a hundred and fifty wounded. The Waxham meeting-house was turned into an hospital for the sick and wounded. This was Andrew Jackson's baptism of blood. He was an eye-witness of this terrific encounter in which the fiery Tarleton carried everything before him, and the sight roused the lion in him, and though he was only fourteen he was eager to join the fray. In 1781 one of his brothers was killed, and another brother and himself were taken captive. Soon the widowed mother was left bereaved of all her brave

sons save Andrew; and the story of her end would furnish a chapter in a most pathetic romance. That fell disease, the small-pox, attacked her sons Robert and Andrew. Robert died, but Andrew, after going through all the horrors of a raging delirium, survived. Mrs. Jackson now turned her face toward Charleston, where many of the prisoners of the army lay sick and wounded, amongst whom were some of her sister's sons. On this journey she sickened and died, and was buried in an unknown grave. "And the place of her sepulchre is not known unto this day."

"She healed sad hearts till hers was broken,
She dried sad eyes till hers lost light;
We shall know her again by a certain token,
How she fought and fell in the fight;
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
And passionate cries unchronicled,
And solemn strifes for the right."

For a time young Jackson taught school at Waxham, but this quiet kind of life was altogether too tame for the restless spirit of the young soldier, and falling in with congenial companions, he commenced a career that unchecked must have ended, and that soon, in the utter destruction of his prospects for the future. In good time he turned round and devoted himself with all earnestness to the study of the law, and was licensed to practice in 1786. But he was for awhile briefless and clientless, and so for one year at least he worked as clerk in a store.

In 1790 he took up his residence in Nashville, where he married the divorced wife of Lewis Robards, concerning whom and himself there had been considerable scandal. The union, however, proved to be much happier than the peculiar circumstances promised. The circumstances connected with this marriage were not forgotten, especially by Jackson's foes, many of whom believed and said that Jackson had broken up a

happy family. His friends, however, were just as earnest in his defence.

In January, 1796, Tennessee became the sixteenth State of the Union. Andrew Jackson was one of five delegates appointed by the Knoxville Convention to frame the Constitution of the young State. He was also elected to Congress as the first representative of the State of Tennessee. He took his seat in December, 1796, and rode all the way from Nashville to Philadelphia, a distance of eight hundred miles. Much amusement was caused in the English House of Commons when Oliver Cromwell's ungainly figure, clad in coarse country attire, appeared on the scene, but that rough farmer of Huntingdon soon became the mightiest man in England. When Jackson took his seat in Congress that December, he was, as an eye-witness describes him: "A tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with locks of hair hanging over his face, and a cue down his back, tied with an eel-skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman." His characteristics of mind and thought are thus described:

"Jackson was an intense Democrat—a disciple of Jefferson, an admirer of Bonaparte, a lover of France, a hater of England, a slaveholder who saw no wrong in slavery—nothing undemocratic in buying and selling men and women and working them for their pretended owner's profit; yet he could vote in censure of Washington's administration."

In 1797 Jackson was elected to the United States Senate, and was a conspicuous supporter of the Democratic party. He was subsequently appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. This office he resigned in 1804, and retired to Nashville. For many years Jackson had been the chief military commander in his own section of country. When the war with England broke out in 1812, Jackson called for a meeting of troops at Nashville, and soon formed a body of over two thousand men answering to his call. He was a great favorite amongst the soldiers, and on account of his toughness, they

called their General "Hickory." In later years everybody called him "Old Hickory," and the sign of the hickory pole was the sign of Jackson—his coat of arms through all his campaigns for the presidency, and for the celebration of his victory at New Orleans. The symbol of the hickory tree brought the lumbermen of the country over to his side, and helped him to victory.

"On the thirtieth of August, 1813, the massacre of Fort Mimms by the Creek Indians, created a great excitement throughout the Southwest. Jackson, from his bed, addressed circulars to all who would arm themselves to punish the Indians, to meet at Fort Stephens. On the twenty-fifth of September the legislature of Tennessee called for three thousand five hundred volunteers, besides the one thousand five hundred that were in the national service. Still suffering from his wound, Jackson met and took command of this force Oct. 7. On the 11th he moved rapidly toward the Indians' center of operation. After two or three severe battles with the Indians, which severely punished them, the half-fed army became mutinous, and many went home. Some new recruits came in, some friendly Indians joined him, and with such an army as he had, he plunged into the midst of the Indian Territory. After two or three successful battles in January, troops began to come to him. In February he had five thousand men. He followed and attacked the Indians in their own strongholds in such rapid succession that by midsummer they were completely conquered, their chief surrendered, and he made a treaty with them by which the most of them left the country and went North. A few fled to Florida. So thorough was his work, that it is said to have broken the power of the Indians in North America."

In 1814 Jackson was made a Major-General. On the 8th of January, 1815, he won the crowning victory of New Orleans, and from that day his name was associated with every military exploit in the South. The hostile Indians, the Britons, the Spaniards, the Seminoles and other Southern Indians, all knew and dreaded his power. In 1821 President Monroe appointed him Governor of Florida; in 1823 he was offered the

post of resident minister in Mexico, which he respectfully declined. He was one of four candidates for the Presidency of the United States in 1824, but was not successful. His time, however, came at last, and in 1828 he was elected President of the United States. His advent to office was looked upon with dread by many, and there is no doubt that he owed it to his military successes that he climbed to the highest place in power.

Thomas Jefferson in conversation with Daniel Webster, said:

"I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has very little respect for law or constitutions; and is in fact, an able military chief. His passions are terrible. When I was President of the Senate he was Senator; and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are no doubt cooler now. He has been much tried since I knew him; but he is a dangerous man."

And James Parton, who certainly cannot be charged with want of appreciation of Jackson, says:

"His ignorance of law, history, politics, science—of everything which he who governs a country ought to know—was extreme. Mr. Trist remembers hearing a member of the General's family say that General Jackson did not believe the world was round. His ignorance was a wall round about him, high and impenetrable. He was imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes raged around his little dim inclosure like a tiger in his den."

Notwithstanding all this he was twice elected to the office of President, and he certainly did good service to his country. He is credited with the authorship of that well-known phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils;" and with that much nobler epigram, "Ask nothing but what is right—submit to nothing wrong."

After seventy-eight turbulent years, he died peacefully in his home, the "Hermitage," Nashville, on Sunday, the 8th of June, 1845.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

OF NEW YORK. BORN 1782; DIED 1862. PRESIDENT 1837—1841.

Eighth President of the United States.

"TO WHAT base uses may we return?" is the question Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Hamlet, as he stands contemplating Yorick's skull in the graveyard of Elsinore.

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
> O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expell the winter's flaw."

But there is another side to this question. It is not only wonderful to think to what base and common uses we may return; but it is equally wonderful to think to what noble uses the lowliest may be summoned. Even the beggar-maid was deemed a worthy bride for good King Cophetua; and from a German tavern, in the old-fashioned town of Kinderhook, a few miles east of the river Hudson, America was to get her eighth President of the United States.

Martin Van Buren, son of Abraham Van Buren, farmer and tavern-keeper of the old town of Kinderhook, was born on the 5th of December, 1782, just as the war was closing. For the first time Germany was to find its way to the highest point of power. Every student of American history must admit, that of all those who from various reasons, have left their

native land and sought these hospitable shores—some for an asylum of freedom, some for an easier way of earning the necessaries of life—none have proved to be more industrious, more thrifty, or more reliable than the sons and daughters of the land of the Rhine and the Danube. The German element has always been a source of strength to America; and Martin Van Buren was a fair representative of the Teutonic race. Young Martin was the eldest son of the family. The war that had swept all through the Hudson Valley had not only left those deep, sad scars that war always makes, but the after effects of the war, in the wasted means and broken fortunes of those who survived, tried the souls of men. The eldest boy of the farmer of Kinderhook had to face a young life that meant much work and little play. He was happily placed for purposes of careful observation. He was brought face to face with nature, in her various moods, on the farm; and face to face with human nature in its more various and fickle moods in the tavern. And it is said to his great credit that while he was shrewd and observant, he evinced great courtesy and blandness, he was always kind and obliging, ever ready to please at whatever disadvantage to himself. Indeed, the dwellers along the Hudson Valley said that young Van Buren was every inch a gentleman.

By the time he was fourteen Martin Van Buren had exhausted all the educational resources of the village of Kinderhook. For six years he devoted himself to the study of the law, and then went to New York and there took advantage of the help of the celebrated William P. Van Ness. The young lawyer was as handsome and as courteous a young man at this time as could have been seen on Broadway. In 1803 he was admitted to the bar, when he was but twenty years of age. He now entered into partnership with his half-brother James F. Van Allen and commenced practice in Kinderhook. In 1808 he was appointed Surrogate of Columbia county; in 1812 he was elected to a seat in the State Senate. In 1815 he was appointed Attorney-general of the State, and the following year he was for the second time elected State Senator.

In 1806 he married Miss Hannah Hoes, to whom he had been sincerely attached for many years. The union was a most happy one, consummating all the fairy promises of love's young dream. Four sons were born of this marriage; but after twelve happy years darkness fell upon the life of the lawyer of Kinderhook. Mrs. Van Buren sickened and died. This was a great blow to Mr. Van Buren; he was but thirty years of age when his dear companion was taken from him. Henceforth he trod the world alone; he never took another wife.

In 1821 Mr. Van Buren was chosen by the State Legislature to a place in the National Senate. He had long made politics a diligent study. He was one of those who believed that if a man was to serve his country well, he must thoroughly acquaint himself with its interests and affairs. He was a man of decided views.

"When he was twenty years old Mr. Jefferson was elected to the presidency. He was young Van Buren's ideal statesman. By this event his enthusiasm for his ideal teacher of political truth was all that an ardent young soul could give. Jefferson's messages, addresses, statements of policy, were his study. He gave his ardent support to all the president's men and measures. The eight years of Jefferson's administration fixed Mr. Van Buren deeply in the grooves of the Democratic party. He was too ardent a follower of his great master to raise any doubts or queries about any of his teachings, with too little breadth of intellectual culture to be an original thinker concerning them. He was educated to the level of partisanship, and not to that of leadership in political thought. He took his doctrines ready formed from his teacher. He was a second and reduced edition of Jefferson. And it was the misfortune of his education, or lack of it, that he was so."

In 1829 he was called to the Cabinet of President Jackson as Secretary of State. He went afterward to England as American Minister to the Court of St. James, and there won golden opinions on every hand. He was stately and dignified, and it was said, that at a grand gathering of notable people he

was peerless, and when side by side with duke or lord, it was hard to tell which was the duke and which was the Dutchman's son. His stay was brief in England, but it was long enough to endear him to many hearts.

In 1832, when Andrew Jackson was elected President, Martin Van Buren was elected Vice-President, and in the year 1836 he was elected President of the United States. His term of office was marked by considerable excitement on account of financial difficulties. In the pressure of these cares, he summoned an extraordinary session of Congress, and urged the acceptance of a measure known as the Independent Treasury System. The measure was cordially accepted without delay. But the long continuance of these financial cares made the people dissatisfied, and they did not hesitate to put much of the blame at the door of Van Buren. The temper of the people was clearly manifested in the fact that when in 1840 he again ran for the office he was overwhelmingly defeated by General Harrison. In 1844 he tried again, but in vain; the slaveholders fought against him, and Mr. Polk was elected.

Four years later he was nominated by the "Free-soil Democracy," but he was beaten by General Taylor, the Whig candidate.

Mr. Van Buren retired now to private life, spending the sunset of his years at the quiet home of his childhood. In 1853, 1854, and 1855, he made a tour of Europe. The fires of the Civil war were being kindled when the aged Statesman passed away. He died in his fine mansion, Kinderhook, on the 24th July, 1862, at the advanced age of eighty years.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

OF OHIO. BORN 1773; DIED 1841. PRESIDENT, 1841.

Ninth President of the United States.

IT WOULD hardly be an exaggeration of the facts to describe the ninth President of the United States as the first martyr of the Republic. The burdens of office were too heavy for him to bear. Before he had worn the dignities of his high position a month, he passed away to that land where

"Beyond these voices there is peace."

The last words spoken by William Henry Harrison, and addressed, as he supposed, in the half delirium of his fatal sickness, to some statesman standing by, are worthy to be recorded amongst the noblest utterances of patriotic souls, and will be handed down from generation to generation, to the very last hour of American history: "Sir," said the dying President, "I wish you to understand the principles of the government; I wish them carried out; I ask nothing more." Such words as these make us feel that if the life of Harrison had been spared, he would have been in all respects a worthy successor of those who had preceded him at the helm of the State.

William Henry, third and youngest son of Benjamin Harrison—one of the noblest patriots Virginia ever gave to the Republic—was born at Berkeley, on the banks of the James River, in Charles City county, Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. Of the father of our ninth president, one of the oldest biographical historians of our day, says:

"The father of William Henry was Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, associate of the great patriots of the Revolution. He was in comparatively opulent circumstances; was an intimate friend of Washington; was among the first in Virginia to resist the oppressions of England; was a member of the Continental Congress, and was three times Governor of Virginia. When in Congress he was chosen to preside over that body, but in deference to Massachusetts and John Hancock, from that State, he declined; and seeing that Mr. Hancock, who was a small man, while Harrison was very large, strong and full of fun, modestly hesitated, he caught him in his arms, carried him to the speaker's chair and placed him in it, amid roars of laughter from the members; then turning round, his honest, ruddy face beaming with merriment, he said: 'Gentlemen, we will show Mother Britain how little we care for her by making a Massachusetts man our president, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation.'

"Mr. Harrison always saw the ludicrous side of things, and often had his joke over serious matters. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was solemn work, in the face of British power, for the colonists to put their names to their own death-warrant, if they failed to maintain their independence. They realized it all, and opened that solemn work with prayer. While the signing was going on, Mr. Harrison turned to Elbridge Gerry, who was a small, fragile man, and said: 'Gerry, when the *hanging comes* I shall have the advantage. You'll kick in the air half an hour after it is all over with me.'

"This was the father of the ninth president, a brave, hearty, magnificent man, loyal, loving, and overflowing with good humor."

To have such a man for a father is surely aristocracy enough for any man. A man so born is well born in the highest and noblest sense. Young Harrison was only three years old when his father and his brave compeers signed the Declaration of Independence. All the early days of William Henry were surrounded by those influences and circumstances that tended to make a patriot of him. He was taught from his childhood to "speak plain the word 'country,'" as Mrs. Browning would say. He had all the advantages of such edu-

cation as the schools of Virginia afforded; but the education he received at home, the great lessons of life and duty he drank in from the daily talk in the Berkeley Mansion, made that home the best of colleges, as all well conducted homes should be.

On the death of his father in 1791—and in his eighteenth year—he became a student in Hampden Sidney College. He resolved to follow the practice of medicine, and to this end he studied for a time with Dr. Rush of Philadelphia. But the star of his destiny led him to other fields. There was soon trouble in the Northwest with the hostile Indians, and young Harrison burned with an eager desire to join in the defense of the Western border against the encroachments of the murderous red-skins. General Washington approved his zeal, and secured him a commission as ensign; and so on the very threshold of his life he devoted himself to the profession of arms. He was not robust enough to inspire awe amongst his foes. He was by no means the born soldier. Tall and slender, with a most delicate and juvenile appearance, his friends thought his venture most unwise, but if Harrison was fragile in body, he was robust in mind, and of a dauntless courage. The old, tough veterans looked on the young soldier with a smile, and one of them is reported to have said:

"I would as soon have thought of putting my wife into the service as this boy; but I have been out with him, and find those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weather-beaten carcass."

The young Ensign soon became a Lieutenant, and following the banner of General Wayne, found plenty of hard work to do. General Wayne was not a soldier for parade and review only, but for vigorous, active service. He had won for himself by his impetuous zeal the significant name of "Mad Anthony." The General's army consisting of about three thousand men, and known as "The Legion," encamped about twenty-two miles below Pittsburg in the fall of 1792. In the maintenance of Fort Recovery, the famous battle ground of

General St. Clair, Lieutenant Harrison did good service. In August, 1794, a terrific battle took place near the junction of the Maumee and Anglaize Rivers; there were two thousand Indian warriors red with their war-paint waiting in ambush for the famous "Legion" of "Mad Anthony," and they did not wait in vain. General Wayne fought to win every time, and before that summer day had closed the Indians were utterly routed, and such as survived were glad to seek the shelter of the woods. The young Lieutenant was an enthusiastic follower of the doughty General, and proved himself to be every inch a soldier. He was promoted to a Captaincy and shortly afterward he was given the command of Fort Washington. This position was one of considerable responsibility which he filled with great credit to himself. About this time he married Miss Symmes, the daughter of John Cleaves Symmes, the founder of the Miami settlement.

In 1798 Captain Harrison became Secretary of the Northwestern territory in succession to Winthrop Sargent. In 1799 he was chosen as a delegate to represent the Northwestern territory in Congress.

In 1800 the division of those vast tracts of land including the Indian Territory, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, took place. Harrison was made the first Governor of the Indian Territory, and in this capacity he had full charge of Indian affairs. He was also governor of Upper Louisiana, which gave him almost unlimited authority; and it is to his lasting honor that he used this power wisely and well. He held this important post through three administrations; he made thirteen distinct treaties with the Indians, and secured to the United States no less than sixty millions of acres of land. The celebrated battle fought on the banks of the Tippecanoe on the 7th of November, 1811, added greatly to Harrison's fame as a judicious commander and leader. His caution was quite a match for the subtlety of Tecumseh and his braves, and his courage, and the courage and discipline of his followers, taught the Indians a lesson never to be forgotten. From this

time Harrison was known as "Old Tippecanoe;" and when afterward he was a candidate for the Presidency in conjunction with Tyler, the refrain of the campaign songs was

"Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

In 1812 Governor Harrison was made Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in the Northwest, and the estimate his country had of his services may be gathered from the following resolution of Congress, and which runs thus:

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the thanks of Congress be and they are hereby presented to Major-General William Henry Harrison and Isaac Shelby, late Governor of Kentucky, and through them to the officers and men of their command, for their gallant and good conduct in defeating the combined British and Indian forces under Major-General Proctor, on the Thames in Upper Canada, on the 5th day of October, 1813, capturing the British army, with their baggage, camp equipage and artillery; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause two gold medals to be struck, emblematical of this triumph, and presented to General Harrison and Isaac Shelby, late Governor of Kentucky."

In 1819 Mr. Harrison was elected to the Senate of Ohio; in 1829 he was appointed Minister to the Republic of Colombia.

On the 4th of March, 1841, he was inaugurated President of the United States, with John Tyler, of Virginia, Vice-President. He called Daniel Webster to his Cabinet and made him Secretary of State. What the issues of that administration might have been can never be known. The overstrained strength broke down, and in a month after the inauguration the golden bowl was shattered, and the pitcher returned no more to the fountain. All the nation mourned this sudden death; the character, the courage, and the patriotism of William Henry Harrison had endeared him to the nation. His bones rest in a plain brick grave at North Bend, about fifteen miles from Cincinnati. His memory is one of America's most treasured inheritances.

JOHN TYLER.

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1789; DIED 1862. PRESIDENT, 1841–1845.

Tenth President of the United States.

IT is remarkable how often history repeats itself. More than three centuries ago England was deploring the death of the illustrious Queen Elizabeth. All the world felt that the departure of that sagacious monarch was a calamity to the land over which she had ruled so long. But the extent of that calamity was not known till her successor came to the throne. It was disaster enough for England to lose Queen Elizabeth, but to have her place occupied by James I., was doubly calamitous. So with America half a century ago. The sudden death of William Henry Harrison was a very sad thing, but the saddest part of the story was that John Tyler had to take his place.

The ancestors of the tenth President of the United States were of an aristocratic order; indeed it is said, that John Tyler was a direct descendant from Wat Tyler, the English insurrectionist of the fourteenth century. The grandfather of Mr. Tyler was marshal of the Colony under the British crown for many years. His father took an active part in presenting the grievances of the colonists before the king and parliament. He was a man of mark, Speaker of the House of Delegates, Governor of the State of Virginia, and Judge of one of the high Courts of Justice. During the presidency of James Madison he was appointed to the judgeship of the Court of Admiralty.

John Tyler, the second son of this worthy statesman, was born in Charles City County, Virginia, on the 20th of March, 1790. He was a precocious child, quick and active, and observant. At the age of twelve he became a student in the William and Mary College. He graduated at seventeen. At nineteen years of age he was admitted to the bar. He was a young man of remarkable power, but his progress was too rapid to be really of permanent value. He was a prodigy of his time. He was proud of being called "The Boy Lawyer;" but boy lawyers, and boy preachers too, often exhaust themselves in their youth, and their mature years are dull and uninteresting. In the year 1811, when but twenty-one years of age, he was elected to the Legislature of Virginia; he continued in that position for five years. He was elected to fill a vacancy in Congress in 1816. He was re-elected and continued in that position till 1819.

In Congress he was a strict partisan of the Southern Democratic style; he maintained the high States rights doctrines; the federative notion of the Union; the pro-slavery doctrines of the South, which sought to extend the slave territory and power. He took an active part in the debate on the Missouri question, maintaining with great zeal the Southern side, as though it had been the side of patriotism, of right and humanity. He voted to censure General Jackson for his abuse of his authority in the Seminole war; opposed a protective tariff, internal improvements by the general government, and a National Bank. He was over-zealous in his promulgation of the doctrines of his party and section of the country, and overwork broke down his health.

In 1825 John Tyler was elected Governor of Virginia, and in 1827 he was called to represent his State in the National Senate. He continued in this office till 1836. In 1840 he was elected Vice-President, with William Henry Harrison as President. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841. On the 7th of April, 1841, he was inaugurated President. He was not a man to gather and retain the confidence of his

compeers. He was just as likely to disappoint his friends as his enemies. During his administration Congress repealed the sub-treasury law, and established a uniform system of bankruptcy.

Innumerable debtors took advantage of this act and began life anew. But the law was so abused in order to defraud creditors, that Congress was compelled to repeal it. Texas was admitted to the Union in February, 1845. Tyler was twice married, first to Miss Letitia Christian, of Kent County, Virginia, in 1813; who died in Washington, in 1842, leaving three sons and three daughters. He was afterward married to Miss Julia Gardner, of New York. On the close of his term of office Mr. Tyler retired to Sherwood Forest, Charles County, Virginia.

In 1861, when the great rebellion broke out, Mr. Tyler was in sympathy with it. He was president of the so-called "Peace Convention" held in Washington, and was one of the committee, who in the following April transferred the control of all the military forces of Virginia to the so-called Confederate Government at Montgomery, of which Jefferson Davis was chief. He became an active Confederate, and when he died at Richmond, on the 18th January, 1862, he was a "Senator" of the "Confederate Congress" at Richmond. Confederates bore him to his grave, but America did not assume a sorrow she did not feel.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

OF TENNESSEE. BORN 1795; DIED 1849. PRESIDENT, 1845–1849.

Eleventh President of the United States.

THE inhabitants of Mecklenburg County, in North Carolina, were chiefly Irishmen, and Scotchmen who had settled in the North of Ireland. They brought with them from the Emerald Isle the sturdiness and enthusiasm for which those two races are celebrated the world over; and when the War of Independence broke out they pressed to the front and manifested such patriotic zeal, that Mecklenburg County was known as "the Hornets' Nest," and woe betide any who dared to stir up the wrath of these Mecklenburgers of North Carolina. From this Hornets' Nest, and from this company of uncompromising patriots came James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States. He was born in Mecklenburg County on the 2d of November, 1795. His ancestors had taken a bold stand in those vigorous movements that ended in the severance of America from the Old World. The Polks were moderately well-to-do people. The father of James was a farmer of the early American type, tolerably well-to-do, though not abounding in wealth. The maiden name of the mother of President Polk was Mary Knox; she was of Scottish descent. Through her the blood and spirit of Knox, the intrepid reformer, was transmitted to her son.

The boyhood of James was like the boyhood of most

farmers' sons of that period, full of work, and yet not without much that was most pleasant and delightful. Moreover he was the eldest son of the family and this gave him many opportunities of kindly helpfulness to his mother and the younger members of the household, which opportunities he used to the uttermost. He was studious and reflective, and though this fact did not make him in any sense discontented with his lot; still the more he read and the more he learned, the more he felt that there was something more before him than

> "To plow and to sow,
> And to reap, and to mow,
> And to be a farmer's boy."

These early years on the banks of the Catawba River, were happy years; the beauties of nature, the varied splendors of mountain, wood and river, and the sanctities of a joyful home, filled his young life with sunshine. When he was eleven years of age, the family removed from Mecklenburg and the Hornets' Nest, to the banks of a branch of the Cumberland River in Tennessee, and here the future president spent the major portion of his life.

Young Polk received a fair English education; he studied successively under the Rev. Dr. Henderson, at the Academy of Murfreesburg, and in the autumn of 1815 he entered the University of North Carolina from which he graduated with highest honors in 1818. The whole college course of James K. Polk was most honorable, and in the exact and conscientious discharge of all his duties, there was the foreshadowing of the future man, He loved his *alma mater* through all his days, and the University of North Carolina was equally proud of her illustrious pupil. In the year 1847 she conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon him as a token of her esteem. At one time it seemed as if a commercial pursuit was the most likely path for him to pursue, but this was not to be, and in the beginning of 1819 he began the study of law under Felix Grundy, at Nashville. Before the next year, he had been called

to the bar and gave large promise of being one of the ablest lawyers of his time. He had suffered feeble health from childhood, but the energies of his mind overcame the infirmities of his body, and he soon pressed his way to the front rank of his profession. His talents won him many admirers, but his kindness of heart and genial manners won him many friends.

In 1823 Mr. Polk was elected to a seat in the Legislature of Tennessee. He remained two years a member of this chamber, and during his term of office he procured the passage of a law against the brutal practice of dueling. He regarded this unmanly and cruel "code of honor," as a relic of barbarism from a brutal past. To take this high moral ground touching an immoral practice, in a community which had approved it, and among leading men like Andrew Jackson, his personal friend, who thought they were honored by its practice, was a fine demonstration of the moral courage and character of the man. Hardly anything in his whole life speaks better for his head and heart, or reveals more clearly the richness of his moral nature.

On New Year's day, January, 1824, Mr. Polk was married to Miss Sarah Childress, daughter of Joel Childress, a wealthy commercial gentleman of Rutherford County, Tennessee.

In August, 1825, Mr. Polk, then only thirty years of age, was elected a representative in the Federal Congress where he was distinguished for his faithfulness to the trust reposed in him. He was known as a Democratic-Republican of the very strictest order. He was elected to Congress the same year John Quincy Adams was inaugurated President, whose policies he felt it his duty to oppose. For fourteen years he held the honored position of Representative by the suffrages of an admiring and enthusiastic constituency. He was a hard worker, and the value set upon his judgment may be seen in the fact, that he was placed upon every committee where practical wisdom was needed to direct the affairs of State. In 1835 Mr. Polk was made Speaker of the Twenty-fourth Congress; in 1837 he was re-elected to this high office.

In 1839 Mr. Polk declined re-election to Congress, and became the Democratic candidate for the governorship of Tennessee. After an unusually severe contest, in which Mr. Polk bore his own banner in the fight, he was elected, and on the 14th of October, 1839, entered on his duties. He was eminently successful in this office and became the acknowledged leader of his party in the State of Tennessee. After a brief period of privacy Mr. Polk once more emerged to public view, and on the 4th of March, 1845, he was inaugurated the eleventh President of the United States. Stormy times were coming, and the new President had tough work cut out for him. The annexation of Texas awoke the Mexicans to arms, and so in the next year, 1846, came the Mexican War. The war lasted two years, and the result was that victory sat upon the American banners. "Nothing succeeds like success," and this new State, with its countless acres added to the domain of the Republic, was of course a feather in the cap of Polk. But Polk had many bitter enemies, and they did not fail to make his path anything but "a primrose path with dalliance trod." After the Mexican War came the question of the Oregon boundary. Gold was discovered in California. The dreadful potato-rot in Ireland was driving thousands from Erin's Isle to seek bread, and work, and life, in the New World. The term of Polk's administration was crowded with big events. Polk died of cholera at the early age of fifty-four. Whatever critics may have to say of him, this at least is true, he did good service to his country, better than he knew, but not better than he hoped for. James Knox Polk deserves to be well and kindly remembered; he was a scholar, a gentleman, and a patriot.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

OF VIRGINIA. BORN 1784; DIED 1850. PRESIDENT, 1850.

Twelfth President of the United States.

MUCH as we may rail against hero-worship, much as we may proclaim that we are a people loving peace, there is a magic power in the clash of arms, and all our hearts turn warmly toward a military hero. The pathway to the White House had led more than once through the battle field. And if Zachary Taylor had never been the hero of Mexico, he would never have been the President of the United States. He fought his country's battles bravely and well, and his country crowned him, as he deserved to be crowned, with her highest honors.

Zachary Taylor was born in Orange County, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1784; he was the third child of Colonel Richard Taylor, who was an active patriot and soldier of the Revolution. In the year after Zachary's birth his father removed with his family into what was then a wilderness, but what is now the site of the city of Louisville. Here young Zachary grew up and of the influence of the wilderness and the woods we will let Dr. Weaver speak:

"Zachary Taylor grew up in the wilderness. He was educated to the use of the axe, the hoe and the plow; to the use of the rifle, the capture of the wild beast, and the defense against the Indians. This education of the forest is far greater than many suppose. It de-

velops strength, resolution, fortitude, shrewdness, sagacity, courage, foresight, independence of judgment, promptness of action, anticipation of danger; in a word, all the qualities of mind necessary to a frontiersman, to a remarkable degree.

"To a quick, bold, hardy, clear-headed boy like Zachary Taylor this education of the woods was not without its grand results. If it did not give polish, it gave strength; if it did not acquaint him with the world, it gave him a knowledge of the forces of nature and of himself, and of that part of mankind that he came in contact with. It was an education that made him a man mighty in his field of action. When about six years old he had a private teacher by the name of Ayers, who instructed him in the rudiments of English learning. Something, no doubt, was gained from the rude schools of his neighborhood, while a youth. The help of his parents added something, and the books brought from Virginia contributed something; but, in the main, his was the education of face to face contact with things. The work and business of his father's large plantation and the contact with the wild world around him were his principal schools."

In 1808, when Zachary Taylor was twenty-four years of age, his father secured the commission of lieutenant in the United States army made vacant by the death of his brother Hancock. When we next hear of him he has joined the army at New Orleans as lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of the United States infantry. Two years later he married Margaret Smith, a young lady of good family from Maryland.

In 1811 Lieutenant Taylor was given the command of Fort Knox on the Wabash River. When the war against Great Britain broke out in 1812, Taylor, who had proved his valor in other fields, now came to the front and the lieutenant was breveted major. During the whole war he was one of the most vigorous and patriotic soldiers of the Northwest. When the war was over and the army had to be reduced, Taylor was deprived of his commission as major and re-commissioned to captain. This was more than his proud spirit could bear, and he retired from the service of his country. He was soon however reinstated in his old position as major, by President Madison. Two years

later he was in command of a post at Green Bay, and we now find him in 1816 promoted to lieutenant-colonel; in 1832 President Jackson made him colonel. In the "Black Hawk War" he served with distinction under General Scott, and remained in command of Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien till 1836. We follow him next to Florida where the Seminole War was now raging. The work before him was no child's play. Following the trails of the Indians, he crossed rivers, swamps, bayous, bogs, cut his way through interminable tangles. And it was said of him that he was shrewder than any Indian and knew his game perfectly. On the 23d of December, 1837, Colonel Taylor and his valiant army met the enemy face to face. We append his own report of that conflict:

"This column in six weeks penetrated one hundred and fifty miles into the enemy's country; opened roads and constructed bridges and causeways, when necessary, on the greater portion of the route; established two depots and the necessary defenses for the same, and finally overtook and beat the enemy in his strongest position. The results of which movements and battle have been the capture of thirty of the hostiles, the coming in and surrendering of more than a hundred and fifty Indians and negroes, mostly the former, including the chiefs Oulatoochee, Tustanuggee, and other principal men; the capturing and driving out of the country six hundred head of cattle, upward of one hundred head of horses, besides obtaining a thorough knowledge of the country through which we operated, a great proportion of which was entirely unknown, except to the enemy."

At the close of 1837 he was breveted brigadier-general and in the following year, 1838, the command of all the troops in Florida was assigned to him. In the spring of 1846 we find him at the head of four thousand regular troops pressing his way to the Rio Grande, to quell the troubles in Mexico. The victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were won on the 8th and 9th of May. In September the victory of Monterey was added to his laurel wreath, and on the 23d of February, 1847, he crowned his generalship and won immortal fame by the

victory of Buena Vista, in which with six thousand men, mostly volunteers, he conquered Santa Anna, with his army of twenty thousand Mexicans. On his return from these victorious fights he was offered the highest honor his country could give.

On the 4th of March, 1849, Zachary Taylor, the Grand Old War Horse, was inaugurated President.

He was a plain and honest man, modest, and distrustful of his own powers and talents. His purposes were pure and noble, and his great desire was to do right in all things. He was more of a soldier than a politician. During his brief administration he was very popular with the people, and would have been so to the end. But he was taken with a sudden illness, and died, in a year and four months after his inauguration. His death was mourned by people of all parties as a deep national loss.

He was the second President who died in office.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

OF NEW YORK. BORN 1800; DIED 1874. PRESIDENT, 1850–1853.

Thirteenth President of the United States.

THE career of Millard Fillmore was an eminent example of that perseverance that in its unwearied march conquers all difficulties, and makes what would be stumbling-blocks to ordinary men, stepping-stones to power. The record of his life is brief, but full of interest. The distance from the farmhouse to the capitol at Washington was long and tedious, and beset with many difficulties, but it was traversed by a man of dauntless courage, and the goal was reached at last through ceaseless and unwearied energy.

Millard Fillmore was the son of Nathaniel Fillmore, of Bennington; he was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga County, New York, on the 7th of January, 1800. His father had fought at the battle of Bennington under General Stark. His grandfather had been a soldier in the French war. Young Millard's early home was in a lonely wilderness, the nearest neighbor living four miles away. The life of the farm did not fill all the aspirations of this thoughtful lad, and the chance of reading a book was never omitted.

In the fall of 1821 we find young Millard at Buffalo, whither he had walked, intent on studying law. His sole possessions as he entered that city amounted to four dollars. But Millard's heart did not fail him. If his means were narrow, his wants were few. At the end of two years' hard study, in the

spring of 1823, he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in the village of Aurora. Here he remained seven years, and took to wife Miss Abigail Powers, the daughter of the Rev. Lemuel Powers. He settled in Buffalo in 1830, where he pursued his profession till 1847, when he was elected comptroller of the State of New York.

The public life of Mr. Fillmore began in 1828. He was elected then to the State legislature. In 1830 he was re-elected. In 1832 he was elected to Congress and was so thoroughly esteemed by his constituency that he was re-elected in 1836. He now became chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and therefore leader of the House. He devoted himself with great zeal to the vexed question of the tariff, which has always been a problem hard to solve.

In 1844 Mr. Fillmore was nominated by the Whig party of New York for governor, but was defeated by Silas Wright. In June, 1848, he was nominated for vice-president on the ticket with Zachary Taylor.

On the 4th of March, 1849, Mr. Fillmore was inaugurated vice-president. It was now his chief duty to preside over the Senate, and that duty was always discharged with the most dignified courtesy.

On the 9th of July, 1850, Mr. Fillmore was summoned to the office of chief magistrate by the death of Zachary Taylor. He appointed an able cabinet and called Daniel Webster to his counsels. The question of slavery was the burning question of the hour, and the signing of the Fugitive Slave Bill was the most significant act of Fillmore's administration. Dr. Weaver discusses this matter in the following exhaustive terms:

"The fugitive slave law created intense excitement in the North. Slaves could scarcely be captured anywhere without a mob. It was a law which many people felt themselves under no moral obligation to obey. The law was resisted in Boston, Syracuse, and Christiana, Pennsylvania, and would have been almost anywhere had the occasion occurred. The President announced his purpose to enforce the

law, and issued a proclamation calling all officers to faithfulness of duty in executing it. All measures were taken that well could be to carry the law into practical effect, yet it was so unpopular, and made the President so unpopular, that all his merits as an executive officer were forgotten, and the many popular things of his administration were lost sight of. The truth was, that all other questions were eclipsed by the great one of slavery. It was felt that humanity, justice and honor were outraged by the law that made every man an abettor of slavery in compelling him to catch the runaway. The people of the South felt that all this was demanded by their constitutional right to property in slaves. But it was simply morally impossible for the people of the North to see that they were under any constitutional obligation to catch such departing property. No matter how many popular measures a president had approved, to attempt to force such a measure upon them was to make himself unpopular."

Mr. Fillmore retired to private life in March, 1853. After spending nearly twenty years in the peaceful occupations of quiet citizenship and foreign travel, he died in Buffalo, March 8th, 1874, having served his generation wisely and well.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. BORN 1804; DIED 1857. PRESIDENT, 1853–1857.

Fourteenth President of the United States.

GENERAL BENJAMIN PIERCE, the father of our fourteenth president, was one of the bravest soldiers of the Revolutionary War. He entertained a thorough hatred for England and a warm love for France. He was more famous in his day than his son ever came to be prior to his inauguration to the presidential office. He was for many years a representative of his native town in the legislature of New Hampshire. He was a general in the State militia, a member of the Governor's council, and for two years he served as Governor of the State.

Franklin Pierce, the sixth child of Governor Benjamin Pierce, was born at Hillsborough, N. H., on the 23d of November, 1804. He was a bright, handsome lad, generous and open-hearted, making friends and winning golden opinions on every hand. He worked hard on his father's farm when a boy, learned his first lessons in the district school, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1824. He resolved to follow the profession of the law, and to this end studied under Judge Levi Woodbury, a distinguished Statesman, and a member of President Jackson's cabinet. He was admitted to the bar in 1827, and began the practice of law in his native town.

It must not be supposed, however, that his mind was wholly absorbed in the dry technicalities of law; the stirring political

questions of the time had a great charm for him, and the atmosphere of his youthful days was most congenial to the development of patriotic hopes and feelings. He regarded his father as an oracle as well as a hero. So cradled and trained, there is no wonder that he should grow up an earnest, enthusiastic politician. He was of course a pronounced Democrat, according to the Democratic doctrines of that day.

He was not eminently successful as a lawyer in his early days, but his practice increased steadily, and he won the confidence of all who knew him as an able and reliable lawyer.

He was elected to the State Legislature when only twenty-five years of age, and he had the further honor of being re-elected for four successive years. During the last two years of his service he was Speaker of the House.

In 1833, Mr. Pierce was elected a member of Congress. He was only twenty-nine years of age, and was the youngest member of the House. He was elected a second time to this honorable position, and in 1837, when but thirty-three years old, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He had been America's youngest Congressman. He was now her youngest Senator. He found himself surrounded by some of the noblest spirits of the age; a compatriot with such men as Henry Clay, J. C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, T. H. Benton and Silas Wright.

In 1838 Mr. Pierce removed to Concord, New Hampshire. In 1842 he retired from politics, and devoted himself to his profession. In 1846 President Polk offered him the post of Attorney-General of the United States, which, however, he declined, as also the Governorship of New Hampshire.

The future President was destined to play his part also on the tented field. During the Mexican War he enlisted in the Ninth Regiment, and was made a colonel. He was soon after promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He embarked with his troops at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1847. He played a brave and worthy part, marching to the aid of General Scott at Puebla. The victory won at Contreras, and

the later ones at Cherubusco and Molino del Rey, made Franklin Pierce a hero.

In 1850 General Pierce presided over the Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire.

On the 4th of March, 1853, Franklin Pierce was inaugurated President of the United States. In his inaugural address he proved himself to be a strong partisan, and amongst other things deprecated the discussion of slavery. He chose Jefferson Davis as his Secretary of War. He sided with those who wanted to make Kansas a slave State, the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and he won for himself the unenviable title of "the Northern man with Southern principles." The storm was gathering that was soon to deluge the land with blood. After his term of office he retired to Concord, and when the Civil War broke out he sided with the foes of his country, which course of action lost for him the love and confidence of many of his warmest personal friends.

General Pierce died at his home at Concord on the 8th of October, 1869, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

OF PENNSYLVANIA. BORN 1791; DIED 1868. PRESIDENT, 1857–1861.

Fifteenth President of the United States.

THE administration of James Buchanan closes an important era in American history. The nation was destined to pass through one of those great upheavals that have marked the history of almost all the great empires of the past. Her fertile fields, North and South, were to be baptized with the life-blood of her bravest sons. The whole continent was about to be convulsed with the throes of a revolution, that every thoughtful man knew must come, sooner or later. When James Buchanan retired to his farm in Pennsylvania, the bells at Washington rang out in mournful tones, the old time and the old order; and then pealed forth in melodies of mingled fear and hope, the advent of the new time and the new order.

James Buchanan was of Scotch-Irish extraction; his father came to this country a poor Irish emigrant, in the year 1783. He soon became a settled farmer with a home of his own, taking to wife Elizabeth Spear, who, being the daughter of a good farmer, was just the sort of woman to make a farmer's wife.

James, the first-born son of this thrifty pair, was born at Stony Batter, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on the 23d of April, 1791. His young life was spent in the woods, in fellowship with nature in her simplest forms. The tall, athletic, vigorous man of after years, built up his strong and robust

health in these early happy days. When quite a boy the family removed to Mercersburg; here the education of James began, which was pursued and consummated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, whence he graduated with high honors in the year 1809, and in his eighteenth year.

His life work now began in earnest. His career had been most honorable, and now, in the young morning of life, he stood face to face with destiny, full of courage and full of hope, but with no dream of the lofty height to which he was to climb.

James Buchanan now began the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in the city of Lancaster in his twenty-first year. He rose rapidly in his profession, and soon won an extensive and lucrative practice. He began now to manifest a passion for a public life.

When the second war with England broke out in 1811, James Buchanan enlisted as a private soldier and went to the defense of Baltimore. But happily he was not called to engage in active service. In 1814 he was elected to the Pennsylvania legislature as a representative of the Federalists. In 1820 he was sent to Congress by the Lancaster District; he was re-elected, and retained that honorable position till 1831. He was a zealous Jackson man in Jackson's time, and equally attached to Van Buren when his day of power came. He was opposed to internal improvements by the national government; opposed to a protective tariff, and to the establishment of a national bank. He was for two years chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

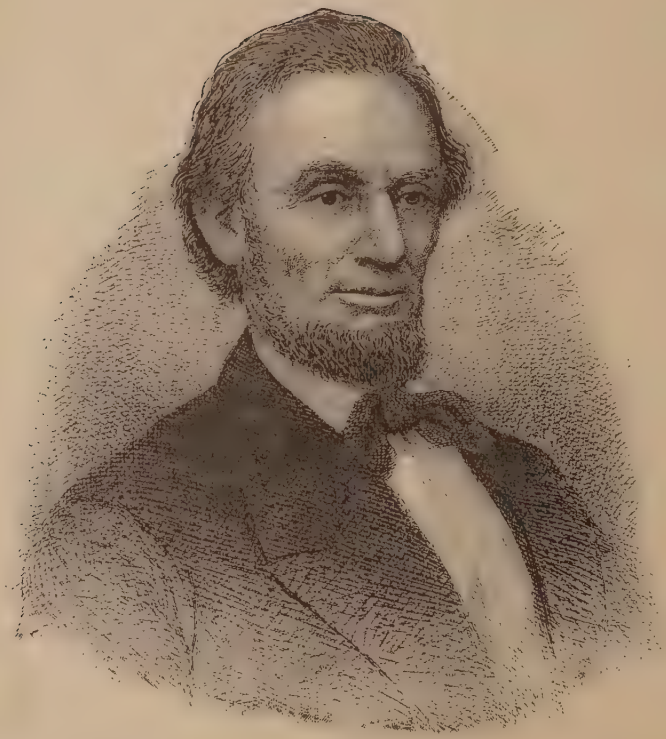
In 1831 President Jackson appointed him to the Court of Russia as American Minister. This office he sustained for two years. In 1833 he was elected to the Senate. Speaking of himself, and of his views, about this period, the new Senator remarked: "If I know myself, I am a politician neither of the East nor of the West, of the North nor of the South. I therefore shall forever avoid any expressions, the direct tendency of which shall be to create sectional jealousies, and at length division—the worst and last of all political calamities."

In 1845 Mr. Buchanan was called to the Cabinet of President Polk in the capacity of Secretary of State.

On the accession of President Pierce, in 1853, Mr. Buchanan was sent to England as United States Minister to the Court of St. James. While in charge of this mission the famous "Ostend Manifesto"—which was written by Mr. Buchanan—was agreed upon. This, which has been described as one of the most disgraceful records in American diplomacy, plainly intimated the bent of Mr. Buchanan's sympathies.

In 1856 Mr. Buchanan returned from England and was nominated by the Democratic party for the Presidential office. In the autumn of that year he was elected. He received one hundred and seventy-four electoral votes from nineteen States. John C. Fremont received one hundred and fourteen, and Millard Fillmore eight.

The stormy agitation was now at a white heat. Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln delivered that greatest of all oral discussions on this theme as Buchanan's administration was drawing to a close. Mr. Lincoln followed with that memorable speech in the Cooper Institute, New York, which resulted in his nomination to the Presidency. The storm was now gathering darkly overhead, the first angry thunder-peals were shaking the land, when President Buchanan passed away from public life. He dwelt for a time in peaceful obscurity until June 1, 1868, when he passsed away in the seventy-eighth year of his age.



Yours truly
A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OF ILLINOIS. BORN 1808; DIED 1865. PRESIDENT, 1861–1865.

Sixteenth President of the United States.

WHEN another century shall have rolled away, and the strong party feelings engendered by the Civil War shall have utterly ceased, then the impartial historian of America will have to tell, that the death of Abraham Lincoln marked an era in American history as distinct as that death was tragic. And the figures that will tower high above all others in the first century of the American Republic will be those of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. No nation of ancient or modern days has had two men of whom she has more occasion to be proud. They have taken their places in the ranks of the heroic, and as Alexander Pope said of his worthies in "the Temple of Fame," so we may say of them:

> "Behind their forms the form of Time was found,
> His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound."

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809. He died all too soon, but he lived long enough to see a wonderful change in the land he loved with a patriot's zeal. He was only fifty-six years old when he died, but that fifty years, was as Tennyson says, "better than a cycle of Cathay." In that half-century came the crucial test for the life of this great Republic. No nation

ever passed through so severe a storm as this did in the early years of the sixties; and she weathered the storm and came safely to land, partly because of the bravery and fidelity of her crew, and partly because Abraham Lincoln was at the helm. Happily there is little need of any lengthy sketch of Lincoln here. No man has been more written about. Every detail of his life has been stamped indelibly on the American mind. Every joke and story that fell from his genial lips has been embalmed with sacred care, and a thousand jokes of very feeble character, and numberless stories in very poor taste, have had a lengthened day because associated with the name of Lincoln. Like the wooden nutmeg most of these jokes and stories have been manufactured.

Lincoln's parents were religious people, belonging to the Baptist denomination. Their respected pastor, Elder Elkins, paid them occasional visits in their rural home; and these visits were occasions of solemn importance to the youthful Abraham, who is said to have made the oratorical methods of the minister his model of public address.

The old story of the mother's wonderful influence is told once more in the history of this remarkable man. His mother died when he was ten years old, but her influence was permanent; she had left the mark of her gentle spirit on his intellect, and in his heart she had left a grateful and sacred memory.

Speaking of her many years after her death, he says, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory." The recent "Life of Lincoln" by the late T. N. Arnold shows this mother to have had a mind of more than common strength and culture. There were not many books in that Kentucky home, but they were good books, and well read and pondered; and the training in the log cabin in the woods, was after all the best kind of training for the work that lay before the tall, gaunt son of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln. It may be that Lincoln was not in the technical sense of the word a great scholar, but so far as his surroundings could aid in the drawing out of all his powers of mind and heart, he

was a thoroughly educated man. He toiled on with his father in the grand solitude of the woods until nineteen years of age.

In 1830 the family removed to Decatur, Illinois, where Abraham assisted his father in clearing and fencing a farm. And this work was done, as all the young farmer's work was done all through his life, thoroughly and well. As rail-splitter, as lawyer, or as President, whatever Lincoln did, he did with all his heart. In 1832 he enlisted as a soldier and went to the front to fight in the Black Hawk War, but was never engaged in conflict.

In 1834 he served one term in the Legislature of Illinois, after which he devoted himself to the study of the law. In 1837 he was admitted to the bar. The life of Lincoln as a lawyer if told in detail would occupy more than the pages of this whole volume, and then the half would not be told. He was popular by reason of his geniality; he was trusted with the most important cases, first, because he was skilful, and next, because he was reliable.

In 1846 Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress. In 1858 he was candidate for the National Senate in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas. In the course of this campaign the burning questions of the hour were discussed, as only such mental and moral giants could discuss them. Since the days when Cicero thundered in the Roman forum there has been nothing to compare with this great oral discussion of Lincoln and Douglas; and if these men had done no more, they would have left America the legacy of two immortal names.

The times grew troublous. The question of slavery was to be settled once for all, and settled in a manner and by means little anticipated.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. The storm had already burst. The slave-labor States were already in rebellion. Lincoln met the crisis calmly, generously, firmly; and during the terrible years of civil strife he stood at the helm guiding the affairs of the troubled nation with eminent wisdom.

It is almost impossible to imagine the thousand and one complications of that time; never had the office of President been so difficult to fill. But his mood for the most part was calm and trustful.

The quality of Lincoln's mind was essentially one of humility. Nothing can be finer than the following words with which he closed a long letter to his friend, A. G. Hodges:

"I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and review the justice and goodness of God."

The culminating event in Lincoln's career was the Proclamation of Freedom of September 22, 1862. That document which broke the fetters of every slave on the day dawn of January 1st, 1863, is amongst the most famous documents of the world. Bishop Simpson, speaking of that proclamation by the grave of its author, says:

"The great act of the mighty chieftain, on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall molder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred characters. Among them Moses stands pre-eminently high. He received the law from God, and his name is honored among the hosts of heaven. Was not his greatest act the delivering of three millions of his kindred out of bondage? Yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or his race. Such a power or such an opportunity God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of republics; when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth; when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere; this act shall still be con-

spicuous in the ages of history. We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision and wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men."

The dreadful war ended at last. And a few days after its settlement Lincoln resolved to visit Richmond which had been the headquarters of the Rebellion. There was no committee of reception, no guard of honor, no grand display of troops, no assembling of an eager multitude to welcome him. He entered the city unheralded. Six sailors, armed with carbines, stepped upon the shore, followed by the President, who held his little son by the hand; and Admiral Porter; the officers followed, and six more sailors brought up the rear.

There were forty or fifty freedmen, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

"'God bless you, sah!' said one, taking off his cap, and bowing very low.

"'Hurrah, hurrah! President Linkum hab come!' was the shout which rang through the street."

Lincoln was a second time elected to the office of President, and in that second inaugural address, he spoke words that all the world accepted as the utterances of a wise, sagacious, generous soul; he concluded in this fine strain:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Scarcely a month passed by, before the bullet of an assas-

sin crashed through his brain, and on the 14th of April, 1865, all the world bowed its head in sorrow for America's martyred chief.

The words of our poet Lowell will fitly close this sketch:

"Such was he, our martyr-chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.
Forgive me if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wealth on his world-honored urn.
Nature they say doth dote
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating as by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
Here was the true type of the elder race
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face!

* * * * * * *

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil,
The first American."

ANDREW JOHNSON.

OF TENNESSEE. BORN 1808; DIED 1875. PRESIDENT, 1865–1869.

Seventeenth President of the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON was the son of a hero. His father, Jacob Johnson, who occupied at different times the lowly positions of city constable, sexton, and porter of a bank, shrined a common life in glorious meanings by its heroic end. He lost his life in the year of 1812, in endeavoring to save a man from drowning. Thus by one brave deed he became a hero, and won for himself, at the cost of his life, an enduring name. But there are other heroes beside those who win renown by one grand, brave deed. There are martyrs of the stake and martyrs of the life. Andrew Johnson was an example of that plodding, toiling, struggling, heroism, that, instead of making the life magnificent by one great deed, makes the whole life beautiful, from youth to years. Johnson was a true yokefellow with those who, from the farm, and from the lowliest walks of life, had marched directly from the wicket-gate of Poverty to the Presidential chair.

Andrew Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th of December, 1808. His parents were very poor, and as we have seen, his father was drowned when he was but four years old. The earlier years of his life were years of hard privation. He was not favored with many opportunities of education, yet he evinced much brightness of mental power. He was put to service to the unromantic business of a tailor, under the care of a Mr. Shelby.

He was a faithful son, and in September, 1826, we find him at Greenville, Tennessee, with his mother, his chief and sacred care. In the year following, poor as he was, he counted himself wealthy enough to keep a wife, and so was married. In this he did well, for if his wife did not bring him money she brought a gentle heart and a well-cultured mind. And, it is said, that she taught him the rudiments of education—reading, writing and arithmetic; and urged him on to the acquirement of deeper knowledge. It is not often that a young bride finds a pupil in her husband. But in this case the teacher was apt, and the scholar was docile, and so all went well. Johnson's path was now onward and upward. He was first made Alderman of Greenville, and before he was twenty-three years of age he was chosen to the dignified position of Mayor. In 1825 he became a member of the Tennessee Legislature, and again in 1839; and in 1840 he was chosen a Presidential elector. In 1841 he was in the State Senate, and from 1843 to 1853 held a seat in the National Congress, where he was a conspicuous and zealous advocate of the annexation of Texas. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and re-elected in 1855. He took his seat in the United States Senate in 1857 for a term of six years. He was then a member of the Democratic party; but when the civil war broke out he took sides with the Government and was made Military Governor of Tennessee in 1862, and in the fall of 1864 was elected Vice-President of the United States, with Mr. Lincoln as President.

On the 15th of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln died from the result of the pistol-shot of the night before. He died at half-past 7 o'clock in the morning. At 10 o'clock of the same morning, Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson, and he became the Seventeenth President of the United States.

It was most unfortunate that such a man should have succeeded Lincoln at such a crisis of the country's history. Charity would cast a veil over the painful scene of the inauguration, and many subsequent scenes of his public career.

We are tempted at this point to quote a letter which was only one of many of a kind which all Presidents are liable to receive. There is not only a good deal of pressure brought to bear upon a President for place and office, but much smaller favors are begged for with great zeal. An old acquaintance of Johnson's, hearing that the Government was about to supply farmers with seed, wrote to his old-time friend, in the following terms. The name, for obvious reasons, is suppressed:

"MONTEREY, TENN, Feb. 2, 1866.—DEAR ANDY: Possible you have furgotten your old friend who knowed you so well thirty years ago in Greenville, but I guess not. I recollect the first speech you ever made, Andy. Well, you see I am living here in McNairy county where the hill land is so poor it wont sprout cow peas, but the hammock lands is good for fourty bushels to the acker. Andy, Ime brakin land now and will soon be plantin. I hear that gouvernment is going to give farmers all kinds of seads. My wife says to me write to Andy about it. Now Andy kin I get seads for garden truck white bed cabbage shellot onions parsley turnips (the sweet kind) lettis redish sweet corn Irish potaters (bout 1 bushel) carrots limy beans green peas black ide peas string beans squashes cucumbers mush millions and water millions also, if you kin git the right sort. You needn't send no punkin sead but Sarah Ann says she would like a few improov termatter seads if it don't trubble you too much. Sarah Ann sez if you have eny sead for nice runnin vines sich as something like a jonygourd vine with a purty white and red blossom she would like to have it. Also hav you got any grass sead that beats the burmudy or timothy. Grazin is preshous bad in McNairy county cept in the bottoms where the bull nats eat up the stock in summer. Andy, we thought wede rase a right smart truck patch to sell in Corinth which it aint but 10 miles to. Andy I don't like to impose on good nature but don't fail to send the sead direct to Corinth postoffice. Andy Sarah Ann also sez she would like to have about 10 pattern office reports. Weve got 4 we had before the war as well as others and Sarah Ann sez the pattern reports look so nice on the shelves and you bein an old friend sheze shure youll send them Andy don't fail me and remember your old friend and nabor no more at present.

In respect to Johnson's career as a President there seems to be but one opinion, and that is, that it was sad in the extreme, to see a man, late in life, destroying in a few months the character he had been years building. His impeachment was enough in itself—apart from any possible results—to cloud his whole life, as indeed it did.

Fair and impartial as Dr. Weaver ever is in his delineation of character, he is constrained to speak in the following stern words of Andrew Johnson:

"Untoward and unhappy was the closing part of Mr. Johnson's life. As soon as the Rebellion was conquered, he seemed to go back to his old sympathy with the slaveholders and the South, and to try to use the power of his high office in their behalf. The evil habit of the use of intoxicating drinks disturbed the poise of his judgment, and degraded his moral sense. He brought disgrace, at last, upon his country, after having won its highest honors. As seen to-day, it is pretty clear that he was over-estimated and over-trusted by the generosity of the loyal people. Having fine natural powers, his lack of early education and life-long affiliation with slavery, made him unequal to the trying ordeal of the position he was called to occupy."

He died on the 31st of July, 1875, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and over his marble monument at Greenville, Tennessee, are these words:

"His faith in the people never wavered."

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

OF ILLINOIS. BORN 1822. PRESIDENT, 1869–1877.

Eighteenth President of the United States.

AT the outbreak of the Civil War, Grant was almost unknown. But stirring times bring strong men to the front, and now there is no land on the face of the earth where the fame of General Grant has not gone. Wellington and Nelson, Farragut and Taylor, are not better known than the man who, laureled with Vicksburg and Appomattox, became the idol of his country and the hero of his age.

General Ulysses Simpson Grant, eldest child of Jesse R. and Hannah Simpson Grant, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822. He was the eldest of a considerable family of children, and as his parents were in humble circumstances his early advantages of education were somewhat limited. Through the influence of the member of Congress from his father's district young Grant received in 1839 an appointment to the West Point Military Academy, and there was laid the foundation of that career which made him one of the most famous men in the world's history. Grant was a diligent student, but not a brilliant one. He was well-behaved, quiet, and methodical, but nothing in his career as a student merited special attention. Indeed, at that period he was regarded rather dull intellectually. He won no special honors, and when he graduated in June, 1843, he stood number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine. Even this middle position he reached rather through his record in deportment than by any marked proficiency in his studies.

When Grant left West Point he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant, and assigned to the Fourth Infantry. In 1846 he went with his regiment to Mexico, and served faithfully and with some distinction at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He was promoted in 1847 to be First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, and in September of the same year was breveted a Captain for service at Chepultepec. When the Mexican war ended Captain Grant returned with his regiment. He was stationed for a time at Detroit and then at Sackett's Harbor. While on duty at the last mentioned place he married Miss Julia T. Dent, daughter of Frederick T. Dent, of St. Louis, and sister of one of his classmates. From that time until the breaking out of the Rebellion, his life was singularly uneventful. Those were the days when the ex-Captain hauled cord-wood to St. Louis and sold it on the streets for a pittance or traded it for meat and flour. It was then that the future hero and Chief Magistrate reached greater depths of obscurity and poverty than had ever been his lot. But the silver lining had already begun to streak the clouds. In the latter part of 1859, Jesse R. Grant, who had entered the leather business and established a tannery and store at Galena, in connection with another son, Orville E. Grant, saw the need of aiding his son Ulysses and his family, and he offered the latter a clerkship in the leather store at a salary of $500 a year. It was not much, but in after years old Jesse used to say in his funny way, "I guess it was all 'Lyss was worth." It is to be feared the old man was right. The future President did not make much of a clerk or salesman.

The military career of Grant was full of surprises, both to himself and to his country. He was always a modest man. One of his old followers, writing of him, says:

"I remember when he rode along the lines at Shiloh with Buell and Nelson and others on the second day of the battle, that he failed to come up to the expectations of the men in the way of taking his proper place. Looking at the men on the galloping horses one would naturally have supposed that Buell, stately and brusque; or Nelson,

pompous and full of the war spirit, was the leader, and that the watchful, quiet, modest Grant was the subordinate.

"Of course this impression was dispelled the moment Grant spoke, but he did not seem to care to have anybody know that he was in command of the army, while the other men were a little anxious that it should be understood that they were commanders of divisions or of armies."

No man ever received honors with more modest mein; he had hardly got his regiment across the Mississippi River before, through the influence of Washburn, who had observed how perfectly he was at home as a soldier, he got him a commission as Brigadier-General. Grant was dumbfounded when he got the news. A "star" was something beyond his wildest hopes. But he kept his joy to himself. A district was created for him composed of Southern Missouri and Southern Illinois, his headquarters being fixed at Cairo. Here began that wonderful succession of military successes which led to his rapid promotion in rank, and to his final exaltation in the hearts of the people.

At Belmont, Mo., on November 7, 1861, he won his first victory, defeating a Confederate force of considerable strength. In January, 1862, Grant marched on Fort Henry, a Confederate stronghold a few miles distant on the Tennessee River. On February 6, with 23,000 men, he made a detour inland for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the garrison, while Commodore Foote, with a fleet of gunboats, made a direct attack in front. The roads were almost impassable, and when the land forces arrived at the fort it was found that the Confederates had escaped across the country to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River. The gunboats returned to the Ohio River and thence proceeded up the Cumberland to the new theatre of conflict, while Grant, leaving 3,000 men in Fort Henry, marched his troops overland.

After this followed the movements on Fort Donelson, the battle at Shiloh; to be followed in turn by Vicksburg, one of the grandest victories of his military career. Battle followed

battle, till at last the weary war ended. General Lee surrendered and the flag of the Union floated over all the land.

The idol of the army now became the pride of the people and the highest place the country had to offer was given him. He was inaugurated President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1869. He was twice elected to the office, and if he had always been as wise as he was brave, there would not have been so strong an opposition to the idea of a third term.

The chief events of Grant's first term were his efforts to procure the annexation of San Domingo in 1870–71, the Cuban and Fenian filibustering in 1870, the treaty of Washington in 1871, the Geneva arbitration in 1872, and the progress of the work of reconstruction, including the passage of the so-called Kuklux law, followed by a Presidential proclamation and the suspension of habeus corpus in the northern counties of South Carolina. His second term was marked by the passage of the supplementary Civil Rights Bill, the veto of the currency inflation bill, the passage of the bill for the resumption of specie payments; Presidential interference in the local affairs of many Southern States, the exposure of the whisky ring, the downfall of Belknap (a member of the Cabinet), the attempt to inaugurate civil service reform, the scandals of the Navy Department under Robeson, and the memorable Presidential campaign of 1876.

In May, 1877, he sailed with his family from Philadelphia for Liverpool. In Great Britain he was received with distinguished consideration. From England he went to France and Italy, and sailed for Egypt from Nice on a United States war vessel. He ascended the Nile, visited Jerusalem on his way north again, and was at Constantinople when the Russian army was at San Stefano. He again visited Paris, and then went to Berlin. From Berlin he journeyed to Russia, Sweden and Norway, and then to Spain and Portugal, being received everywhere with almost regal honors. Many decorations would have been conferred upon him had he been willing to receive them. Just before starting for India he visited Ireland, where

he was well received, except in Cork. Going to Marseilles, he was joined by several relatives and friends, and the entire party proceeded in the United States steamer Richmond to Bombay. In India General Grant received marked attention from the Viceroy, and thence he went to Siam, where he was dined by the King. In China and Japan, where he spent considerable time, he was treated with equal distinction, and was consulted by the highest officials of those countries regarding their domestic and foreign affairs. He left Japan on the 2d of September, 1879, and arrived in San Francisco on the 20th. His progress while abroad was marked by every honor and attention that could be heaped upon a monarch or actual ruler.

In the early spring of this year, 1885, the General was afflicted with what the medical men described as a cancer in the tongue. Bulletins of the most alarming character were issued, and his death was expected hourly. It was manifested in those dark days what a hold the grand old soldier had on the heart of the nation, by the universal interest displayed. It seemed as though he was engaged in his last conflict, and he was fighting the last grim battle as bravely as he ever fought on the tented field. General Grant's unmurmuring endurance of pain, and his quiet attitude in the presence of death, was sublime. When the old Norse Viking was told that he had not many hours to live, he asked for his sword and shield, for he said he wanted to meet this king called Death—

"As a king should meet a king."

Socrates, with the hemlock cup in his hand, was not a nobler sight than General Grant entering the valley of the shadow of death with a smile on his calm, royal face. America has a priceless heritage in the possession of such names as Washington and Lincoln and Grant.

On the morning of June 16th, General Grant was removed from his residence in New York City to the cottage of Mr. Joseph Drexel at Mount MacGregor, near Saratoga, being conveyed by rail in the special car of William H. Vanderbilt. Every

precaution had been taken to render the journey as pleasant as possible. During the last stage of the journey the General suffered greatly from fatigue and pain. Arriving at MacGregor at 2 P. M., the patient was unable to walk to the cottage and had to be carried in a chair, and when he reached the house his speech had utterly failed him. Dr. Douglas, who accompanied General Grant and family, stated that his patient had borne up wonderfully through the whole day—though, he added, it was more strength of mind and will power than physical vigor.

During the early morning hours of July 22d, five weeks after General Grant's arrival at Mount MacGregor, it was announced from the sick hero's bedside that alarming symptoms had appeared during the previous day, and that there was grave cause to fear a termination of his life ere the close of the day. Consulting physicians were summoned from New York City, and all of the absent members of the family urged to attend at the earliest possible moment.

On the evening of the 20th he had been wheeled in his Bath carriage from the cottage to a point on the mountain distant about one-fifth of a mile, called the Eastern Lookout. On this trip he was compelled to alight from the vehicle and walk a few rods, while the carriage was being carried over the mountain railway track, remaining scarcely fifteen minutes at the point. He was conveyed back to the cottage where, upon reaching his room, it was found that he was far more exhausted than was at first thought, and extra care was taken of him.

The following day he was unable to leave his room, and suffered considerable more pain and discomfort than for several days. During the afternoon the fact was apparent, and could not be concealed by patient or friends, that he was hourly growing weaker. In a hurriedly written note to Dr. Douglas—the General using this method of communication, owing to the fact that all attempt to speak irritated the disease of the throat and caused intense distress—he requested the physician to furnish him stimulants of some kind to relieve the excruciating pain that

was torturing him. At 8:30 it was announced he was failing rapidly, and that he was unconscious, and could not be aroused.

Hourly bulletins were issued from the patient's bedside during the 22d, each successive one showing decreasing strength and failing powers. At 2:15 P. M. the members of the family were grouped in the darkened room near the General. Observing their evidences of feeling, he said, "I do not want anybody to be distressed on my account." Though dying, he was hero to the last. Forgetful of self, he murmurs words of comfort and affection to the loved members of his family.

As the night advanced, the evidences to the friends grouped near the sick man of approaching death rapidly multiplied—the inevitable close of the General's long illness seemed more and more imminent. The feeble pulse-beats wore themselves by their rapidity to a fluttering throb that could not be gauged beneath the finger of the physician. Hypodermics of brandy were frequently given to stimulate the flagging physical powers, but later this failed to affect the patient, whose vitality and physical forces were so far spent as to furnish no footing for rebound. The increased respirations were not alone more rapid but more shallow. The lungs and the heart were giving way; so weak had the patient grown by 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23d that, though he frequently attempted to do so, he was unable any longer to clear his throat from the gathering mucus which accumulated and remained, and expectoration was impossible. At 4 o'clock the significant rattle of mucus that was filling the lungs and clogging the throat was noticed—the breathing had quickened, the finger nails had become blue, and the hands further evidenced the progress of numbness of the extremities. At 3 o'clock he had asked for water. These were the last words he uttered.

General U. S. Grant was dead! One of the most remarkable careers in American annals was ended. At 8:08 o'clock on the morning of July 23d he breathed his last so peacefully that the silent watch around his bed could hardly believe that the end had come. But it was all over, and his weary spirit took

its flight, and in a moment afterward the electric spark had sent the message of his death to the uttermost parts of the world.

The gallant old General looked upon death a thousand times without flinching, and when the end finally came he met it, as he always hoped he would die, in perfect serenity and peace.

Death to him had no terrors, and during the last few days he looked hopefully forward to the time when he would breathe no more. But while his spirit was willing to go, the only regret being the separation from his family, his strong physical constitution would not give up its grip on life until every vestige of life-giving principle in his body had been burned away. It was a quiet struggle, with not an unpleasant feature to mar the grandeur of his taking off, and if he had been an infant going to sleep in its mother's arms, he could not have gone to his eternal sleep with more complacency.

The outpouring of universal sympathy and expressions of sorrow when the news of the death of General Grant was received, knew no boundary. Nations, municipalities, public men, religious and secular bodies, and the press from every part of the world, united in one general tribute of honor at the fallen chieftain's bier. From every city, village and hamlet of the country came news of mourning. Public and business buildings, private houses alike displayed signs of sorrow. Flags were at half-mast, and bells sent forth their mournful peals everywhere. A complete record of the estimate of the character and ability of General Grant would fill several volumes, yet it would seem as a fitting memorial that a few of these should be mentioned.

Immediately upon President Cleveland's receiving information of the death of General Grant, he sent the following dispatch to Mrs. Grant:

"Accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your great affliction. The people of the Nation mourn with you and would reach, if they could, with kindly comfort the depths of the sorrow which is yours alone, and which only the pity of God can heal."

And issued the following National Proclamation:

The President of the United States has just received the sad tidings of the death of that illustrious citizen and ex-President of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant, at Mt. MacGregor, in the State of New York, to which place he had lately been removed in the endeavor to prolong his life. In making this announcement to the people of the United States the President is impressed with the magnitude of the public loss of a great military leader who was in the hour of victory magnanimous; amid disaster, serene and self-sustained; who, in every station, whether as a soldier or as a chief magistrate, twice called to power by his fellow-countrymen, trod unswervingly the pathway of duty, undeterred by doubts, single-minded, and straightforward. The entire country has witnessed with deep emotion his prolonged and patient struggle with painful disease, and has watched by his couch of suffering with tearful sympathy. The destined end has come at last, and his spirit has returned to the Creator who sent it forth. The great heart of the Nation, that followed him when living, with love and pride, bows now in sorrow above him dead, tenderly mindful of his virtues, his great patriotic services, and of the loss occasioned by his death.

In testimony of respect to the memory of General Grant, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments at Washington be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that all public business shall, on the day of the funeral, be suspended, and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1885, and the independence of the United States the 110th.

[Signed] GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President.

T. F. BAYARD, *Secretary of State.*

Telegrams of condolence were received by the bereaved family from every part of the world, and after lying in state in the city hall at New York and being viewed by thousands of sorrowing people, the body was borne in one of the grandest funeral processions which our country has ever seen, to Riverside Park, where the last of the old commander was laid in the temporary vault.

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.

OF OHIO. BORN 1822. PRESIDENT, 1877–1881.

Nineteenth President of the United States.

NO man can ever tell how much the world owes to its mothers. We can never be too grateful for the unwearying love and care of mothers. And on the other hand, mothers can never think too highly of that grand work of training children, for they never know for what glorious work they are training them. The mother of Rutherford B. Hayes gave to America a President who, if not the most brilliant of her chief magistrates, yet was one of whom the nation will never have to be ashamed. He wore "the white flower of a blameless life" through all the years of his public administration.

Rutherford B. Hayes was born in Delaware, Ohio, in October, 1822. His father died while he was young. His mother, whose maiden name was Sophia Birchard, was an old Vermonter, and Hayes is proud to this day to speak of himself as an Ohio-Vermonter.

Mr. Hayes graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1842. His birth, his training by that devout and earnest mother, and the thorough curriculum of Kenyon College, led to the phrase that was so often used in after years, he was "well-born, well-bred, and well educated." With such qualifications, with such a stock in trade, Hayes was well equipped for the battle of life, and for any work to which his country and his age might call him.

For a time Mr. Hayes was a pupil under the care of Thomas Sparrow, Esq., of Columbus. In 1843 he entered the law school of Harvard University, and was called to the bar in March, 1845. He practiced law in Fremont, Sandusky County, Ohio. He was elected to the office of City Solicitor in 1859, and again in 1860. He lost the election of 1861 through the failure of the Republican ticket.

Mr. Hayes was a thorough Republican, and when the war broke out he was ready to defend the honor of his country. He was a most ardent follower of Lincoln. In 1861 he was appointed Major of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry Volunteers. In September of that year he was appointed Judge-Advocate of the Department of Ohio, at the instance of General Rosecrans. He was wounded in the battle of South Mountain, in West Virginia, after which he was appointed Colonel. In 1864 he was charged with the command of a brigade in General Cook's army. He gained the victory of Cloyd Mountain. He fought bravely in the battles of Winchester, Berryville, and Opequan. He had three horses shot from under him, and was four times wounded.

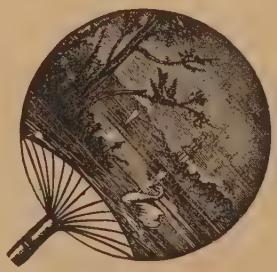
On the 4th of December, 1865, Mr. Hayes took his seat as Member of Congress, elected by the Cincinnati district. In 1867 he was elected Governor of Ohio. In 1869 he was re-elected to that office.

On the 4th of March, 1877, Mr. Hayes was inaugurated President. It was the strong conviction of the Democratic party that Mr. Tilden had received a majority of the popular votes. But they had submitted the whole issue to an electoral commission, and they were therefore bound to accept their decision.

Mr. Hayes devoted himself largely to the reform of the civil service, and he used all his influence in the direction of reconciling the South. His whole administration was conservative in its character. There were no great events during his term of office. The country had had events enough to last for a century. What it now longed for was a time of peace. In the

social life of the White House, the President was most ably supported by his estimable wife. The cause of temperance was very dear to them both, and they proved that in the highest place of the land, the courtesies of life could be fully discharged without the aid of intoxicating drinks

At the close of his administration, Mr. Hayes retired to private life; he spends most of his time at his family house, at Fremont, Ohio, respected and honored by all who know him.



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

OF OHIO. BORN 1831; DIED 1881. PRESIDENT, 1881.

Twentieth President of the United States.

NO President of the United States ever confronted the people on inauguration day with fairer prospects of a brilliant and prosperous administration than James Abram Garfield, and but for the bullet of a graceless madman, Garfield would, in all probability, have made good the promise of that auspicious day.

Garfield's relation to American history is not limited by the few months during which he occupied the Presidential office. For full twenty years before his inauguration he had been a part of the best political life of the nation, and for a good half of that time he was an acknowledged and trusted leader.

James Abram Garfield was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, about fifteen miles from Cleveland, on the 9th of November, 1831. He was of English descent. If moral worth and courage count, as well as blood, then Garfield may be counted in amongst the truest and noblest aristocracy. His ancestors, from Edward Garfield, who migrated from Cheshire, England, in 1636—down through two centuries, had been noblemen of the highest order. James was the youngest of the family, Mehitable, Thomas and Mary being his seniors. In May of 1833, when James was but an infant, his father died from a severe cold caught at a fire. This was a sad blow to the sorrowing woman, who, as "Mother Garfield," is revered and honored throughout the whole civilized world.

All the children had to work hard, as the widow had but

scanty means of support for her family. James worked on the farm in summer and in a carpenter's shop in the winter. Finding that he could make better wages working on the Ohio canal, he secured employment first as a driver on the towpath and afterward as helmsman. He intended at one time to ship as a seaman on a lake vessel, but his plans were changed by a fit of sickness, and his intentions were turned in another direction. He had from early boyhood felt a very keen desire for an education, and had been laboriously saving money to enable him to go to school. After recovering from the fit of sickness just referred to, he became a pupil at the Geauga Academy, near his home. His mother was able to let him have a little money, and this she supplemented with some provisions and cooking utensils, and he boarded himself at school. After this start that his mother gave him, he never called on her for assistance. He spent all his odd hours at the carpenter's bench, taught school winters, and thus managed to support himself, attend the regular terms at the academy, and save some money for a college education. Having a very retentive memory, he learned with comparative ease.

In 1851 he entered Hiram College. In 1854 he entered the junior class of Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts, from which he graduated with honors in 1856. He then returned to Ohio, and obtained the Professorship of Greek and Latin in Hiram College. In two years he became President of the college, and during his incumbency of this office he occasionally preached to the congregations of the Campbellite Church of which he was a member. It was during this most pleasant period of his life that he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, whose qualities of mind as well as of heart, have contributed materially to her husband's successful career.

The General's political career began in 1859. He was elected at that time to the State Senate, but did not resign his college presidency, having no idea then of a public career. But the war came to alter all his plans. During the winter of 1861 he was active in the passage of measures for arming the

State militia, and his eloquence and energy made him a conspicuous leader of the Union party. Early in the summer of 1861 he was elected Colonel of an infantry regiment (the 42d) raised in Northern Ohio, many of the soldiers in which had been students at Hiram. He took the field in Eastern Kentucky, was soon put in command of a brigade, and by making one of the hardest marches ever made by recruits, surprised and routed the rebel forces, under Humphrey Marshall, at Piketon.

From Eastern Kentucky General Garfield was transferred to Louisville, and from that place hastened to join the army of Gen. Buell, which he reached with his brigade in time to participate in the second day's fighting at Pittsburg Landing. He took part in the siege of Corinth, and in the operations along the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. In January, 1863, he was appointed chief of staff of the Army of the Cumberland, and bore a prominent share in all the campaigns in Middle Tennessee in the spring and summer of that year. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga. For his conduct in that battle he was promoted to a Major-Generalship.

General Garfield was nominated for Congress in 1862, while he was in the field, without asking his consent. When he heard of the nomination, Garfield reflected that it would be fifteen months before the Congress would meet to which he would be elected, and believing, as did every one else, that the war could not possibly last a year longer, concluded to accept.

He remained in the field till his term of office began, and, the war being then in progress, expressed considerable regret that he had accepted the election.

On entering Congress, in December, 1863, General Garfield was placed upon the committee on military affairs, with Schenck and Farnsworth, who were also fresh from the field.

When Hon. James G. Blaine went to the Senate in 1877, General Garfield became the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the House.

In 1880 the National Republican Convention met in Chicago, and to the surprise of the whole country, and most of all to the surprise of himself, General Garfield was nominated for the office of President. The campaign that followed was vigorous and successful, and on the 4th of March, 1881, he was inaugurated President. The presence of his aged mother, who had watched his footsteps from the towpath to the White House, and of his faithful helpmate, was as pathetic as it was beautiful.

Dr. Weaver, in trenchant terms, thus refers to Garfield's character and prospects:

"The nominating convention at Chicago, the enthusiastic popular canvass, the triumphant election, all indicated that no other man in this country had so large a place in the hearts of the people as General Garfield. His home at Mentor was a Republican Mecca; his way to Washington was a triumphal journey; his inauguration was a red-letter day for popular government. He was a great man, a good man, a kingly man, in person, mind and heart, who had risen from a cabin in the wilderness to the presidential mansion through all the steps of personal struggle and trial, of labor, study, religious devotion, patriotic endeavor, and national discipline and service, to the highest honor the nation could give; and yet he had kept his common-folk simplicity, his humility, frankness, genuineness, heartiness, without seeming to know that he had come to be a great man, or to lose any of the fresh vital love of humanity which had always won him the warmest personal friendship. With his enthusiasms unabated, his noble ambitions yet pure and simple, he went to the office of the president to serve the country and promote the well-being of his kind.

"A country that produces such men, that makes it possible for every man to rise as he did according to the measure of his powers who will obey the conditions, is a country, the worth of which can never be properly estimated. No service rendered to men is better given, than that rendered such a country.

"President Garfield's position had its difficulties. His party was not at agreement as to methods. There was a 'close corporation' so to speak, within the party, which was managed by a few party

leaders, for the most part honored men, who had lost popularity with the other and larger element of the party, who thought this 'machine' within the party was a corrupting thing. It was the President's purpose, if possible, to unite these elements in his administration, and at the same time abate the prevailing influence of the 'machine' methods. There is but little doubt that he would have succeeded, had not the bullet of the assassin closed his noble career."

On the fatal morning of the 2d of July, 1881, the President started for New England. As he passed into the depot with his trusty friend Mr. Blaine, "the fatal shot that echoed round the world" was fired, and the twentieth President of the United States was destined to pass through long weeks of lingering pain, to the crown of martyrdom. All the world mourned for him as he lay dying hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth in the cottage by the sea, and when on that September night he passed away, all the land was sad. And the whole civilized world bowed its head in sorrow as he was borne to his last resting place.

CHESTER ALLAN ARTHUR.

OF NEW YORK. BORN 1830. VICE-PRESIDENT, 1881. PRESIDENT, 1881–1885.

Twenty-First President of the United States.

WHEN the nation put on its mourning robes for the murdered Garfield, Vice-President Arthur proceeded from New York to Washington, and without any formality or ceremony, save the taking of the customary oath of office, became President of the United States.

Chester A. Arthur was born on the 5th of October, 1830. He is the son of the late Rev. Wm. Arthur, D. D., a Baptist clergyman, who emigrated to this country from Ballymena, Ireland. The Rev. Mr. Arthur was a graduate of the University of Belfast, a fine scholar, a man of resolute will and positive opinions, and able and willing to maintain them. His son, President Arthur, has most decidedly proven that he is not plastic clay in the hands of any set of political owners, and may be credited with having inherited much of his father's decision of character.

Chester found his father's liberal education, especially in the classics, Latin and Greek, of great advantage to him in the days when he was preparing for college. His first preparation began in Union Village (now Greenwich), a pleasant hamlet of Washington County, New York, and his preparatory studies were completed at a grammar school in the sleepy town of Schenectady. During his college course he partly paid his way by teaching a part of the time and continuing his studies. After

his graduation he returned to Vermont and continued teaching for a few years. For a time he was principal of the Pownal Academy. But while teaching he had begun the study of law.

Hon. James T. Lawrie, who was at one time one of Arthur's preceptors, thus speaks of his old pupil in a letter to the Hon. D. R. Anthony:

"Another scholar of those days, though only about twelve years of age, was Chester A. Arthur. His eyes were dark and brilliant, and his physical system finely formed. He was frank and open in his manners, and genial in his disposition. Even at that early age he was a favorite with all who knew him. He was full of life and animation. His active abilities, his courage, and his strength of will, made him a leader among his companions. One of his sisters, an excellent and beautiful girl, died here at the old Baptist parsonage, where the Rev. Dr. Arthur resided. He afterward graduated at Union College, and settled in the city of New York, and distinguished himself as a leading and reliable statesman. A few years ago, while he was Collector of the Port of New York, he came here to visit his old home. He was exceedingly interested in all the familiar places in and around the village, and especially in the parsonage. He went through every room, from the cellar to the roof, of the old, time-worn building. He met his early friends with great cordiality. There is no more genial, reliable, noble-hearted man in the State of New York than Chester A. Arthur."

Young Arthur entered Union College in 1845, when only fifteen years old. Out of a class of over one hundred, he was one of six who were elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the condition of entrance to which was the highest scholarship.

He was compelled to absent himself from college two winters during his course, to earn money to go on with his education. His father received only a small salary and had a large family to support, hence it was necessary for Chester to, in a measure, support himself. When sixteen years old, therefore, and a Sophomore, he obtained a school at Schaghticoke, Rens-

selaer County, and taught there throughout the winter. While teaching he had to keep up his studies in college.

In the last year of his college course he was again compelled to teach another winter term at Schaghticoke. At the age of eighteen he graduated, having become very popular with his fellow-students, and had become a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, in the welfare of which he has since taken a great interest. After graduation, he entered a law school at Ballston Springs, for several months, then returned to Lansingburg, where his father resided, and studied law. In 1851, at the age of twenty-one, he obtained a situation as Principal of an Academy at North Pownal, Bennington County, Vermont, and prepared boys for college. Mr. Arthur having been admitted to the bar, and being possessed of $500, gathered by the strictest economy, he determined to commence the practice of his chosen profession. After prospecting for some time in the West, with a friend named Gardiner, he repaired to New York, and entered into partnership with Judge E. D. Culver, whom he had known when the latter was Member of Congress from Washington County. The law firm became Culver, Parker & Arthur, and enjoyed from the outset a large and lucrative practice. Mr. Arthur's inherited anti-slavery sentiments, and his acquired legal knowledge, were both displayed in the celebrated Lemmon slave case, in which was settled the principle that slaves became free when brought into the State of New York by their masters. The decision caused intense excitement at the South, Governor Howell Cobb, of Georgia, declaring that it was "a just cause for war." In 1856 he began to take a very active part in politics in the City of New York, having previous to that date been a delegate to the Saratoga Convention, in which the Republican party had its origin. In his political intercourse he became acquainted with Hon. Edwin D. Morgan, who, while Governor, appointed him Engineer-in-Chief on his staff. Becoming interested in the State Militia, he was made Judge-Advocate-General of the Second Brigade, thus acquiring some military knowledge, which was soon to stand

him in good stead. The day after the commencement of actual war at Fort Sumter, Mr. Arthur was summoned to Albany by the Governor, who requested him to immediately establish in New York City, a branch Quartermaster's Department, and to take charge of the same. While occupying this position, General Arthur displayed the greatest energy, organizing power and executive ability. From almost nothing, so to speak, he had to create equipments, uniforms and supplies for an army of men, hurriedly gathered, and to be as hurriedly sent to the front.

His conduct of this department elicited general approval and the warmest commendation. He was economical in his purchases, and not even his enemies ever accused him of making a cent out of the millions he disbursed; even gifts offered him by contractors he refused with contempt. The inauguration of General Seymour, in 1863, deprived General Arthur of his office; but upon retiring therefrom, his successor, S. V. Talcott, in a report to the Governor, acknowledged that the department was well organized, and the system of labor and accounting perfect. When General Grant ran for President, he became President of the Central Grant Club, of New York, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee. November 20th, 1871, President Grant appointed him Collector of the Port of New York. The office came unsought, and was with much hesitation accepted. In 1875 he was re-appointed, the Senate unanimously confirming him without reference to a committee—a compliment never given before except to ex-Senators. He was the first collector of the port ever re-appointed for a second term. In 1878 he was succeeded by General E. A. Merritt, and returned to the practice of his profession. In 1879 he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Convention; and in June, 1880, was nominated for Vice-President, at Chicago, and in November elected. In the winter of 1879 he had the misfortune to lose his wife, a daughter of the heroic Captain W. L. Herndon, U. S. N. President Garfield having expired on the night of the 19th of

September, 1881, Mr. Arthur, upon notification, immediately took the oath of office as President. His course and action since he became President is a part of our present political history. He has won the esteem not only of his friends, but of many who differed most widely from him. His task was not an enviable one, but he brought to its discharge tact, and delicacy, and fairness of purpose. When the National Republican Convention was held in Chicago in June, 1884, Arthur's friends rallied round him and urged his nomination for a second term. The Convention saw fit to take another course. He was present at the inauguration of his successor on the 4th of March, 1885, from which he passed with grace and dignity to private life. If his administration was not brilliant it was honorable; and if there were no great events to challenge admiration, there was nothing to regret. Chester A. Arthur takes permanent rank amongst the noblest in the land as a genial gentleman, a polished scholar, and an able statesman.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

OF NEW YORK. BORN 1837. PRESIDENT, 1885.

Twenty-Second President of the United States.

GROVER CLEVELAND has climbed by swift but certain steps from comparative obscurity, to the loftiest position America has to offer to her most trusted citizens. Some men are born great, others after weary years achieve greatness, and thousands on thousands fail to catch the glittering prize, but this man has had greatness thrust upon him. First, Mayor of Buffalo; next, Governor of the great Empire State of New York; and now President of the United States.

Grover Cleveland was born in the town of Essex, State of New Jersey, on the 18th day of March, 1837. He comes of a sturdy New England family, who have for the last two hundred years been amongst the most honored of the citizens of the East. Mr. Cleveland's great-grandfather—Aaron Cleveland—was a Congregational minister of Norwich, Connecticut. He was a man of great physical and mental power; by no means the man to hide his light under a bushel, or to keep silence when any great question was at stake. A hundred years ago Aaron Cleveland was a champion of radical principles and especially of anti-slavery views, when these views were by no means popular. He left behind him many vigorous tracts and papers dealing with radical and anti-slavery questions. He was considered to be a man fully abreast of his times; and whatever he may have been as a guide to the life to come he

was no mean guide for the life that now is. Richard Cleveland, the son of Aaron, and the father of Grover Cleveland, was educated for the Presbyterian Church, and was minister of a Presbyterian Church in New Jersey for many years. Rev. Richard Cleveland was married to a Miss Neal of Baltimore, and it was during their residence in New Jersey that Grover Cleveland was born.

Grover Cleveland is no lucky child of fortune; he has fought his way bravely, step by step, to the position he has attained, and well deserves the honors that are now falling thick and fast about him. He attended the common school and was for some time a pupil of an academy at Clinton, Oneida County, New York. If in these schools he did not acquire the secrets of technical scholarship, he laid the foundation of a practical education, for education does not mean merely the acquirement of information, but the development of the mental powers. Few as were the opportunities and limited the facilities of young Cleveland's early training he formed those habits of thought that have so eminently sustained him in his subsequent career.

After leaving the academy at Clinton he went to New York, and was for twelve months a clerk in one of the great charitable institutions of that city; after this engagement closed he returned home for a season, but as there seemed to be little opportunity for progress, he resolved to act on the advice of Horace Greeley—whose one word to all who sought his counsel as to their future was, "Go West, young man." Grover Cleveland determined to "go West," and on a bright May day in 1855, just after his eighteenth birthday, the future nominee of the Democratic party started forth to seek his fortune. He had with him a young companion, to whom he was very much attached, and they mutually resolved to set out for Cleveland, Ohio; our hero suggesting that the name Cleveland struck him as being suggestive of success. It was no child's play to travel in those days, and a journey from New Jersey to Ohio was a much more formidable one than a journey to the Pacific slope, or even to Europe.

"Big doors swing on little hinges," says an old proverb, or as Burns says,

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agee."

Grover Cleveland was not destined to go to Cleveland; he had an uncle at Buffalo, a Mr. Lewis F. Allen, who used all his powers of persuasion to induce his young nephew not to go any further. He tried to show him that there were opportunities enough in Buffalo for earnest and industrious young men, and he followed up his suggestions by offering him a clerkship. There was, however, one difficulty in the way; he had pledged himself to his young companion to go to Cleveland, and much as he was inclined to accept his uncle's kind offer, he felt in honor bound to his friend. On consulting him on the matter, his companion released him from what he considered was an honorable obligation, and urged him by every consideration, to fall in with his uncle's offer, and settle in Buffalo. So Grover Cleveland settled in Buffalo.

He determined to make the law his profession, and after being some time in Buffalo, he made arrangements to become a law student in the office of Rogers, Bowen & Rodgers. He was a very diligent student, and soon gave promise of more than ordinary aptitude for his tasks. In 1859, four years after his arrival in Buffalo, he was admitted to the bar, passing a most creditable and rigid examination. He continued with his preceptors four years afterward, making in all eight years with the same firm, during which time he proved, by diligence and perseverance, his capacity for an able and efficient lawyer. The experience he gathered at this firm was in itself a liberal legal education. He was afterward appointed assistant District Attorney for the County of Erie by C. C. Torrance, which post he filled for a period of three years, to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned. In 1865 he was nominated by the Democratic County Convention for District Attorney to succeed Mr. Torrance, but was defeated by the Honorable Lyman K. Bass.

In January, 1866, Mr. Cleveland formed a law co-partnership with the late T. V. Vanderpool, which continued until 1869. He then became a member of the firm of Laning, Cleveland & Folsom. In November, 1870, Mr. Cleveland was chosen Sheriff of Erie County, and, at the close of that service, he became a member of the well-known firm of Bass, Cleveland & Bissell.

In 1881 Mr. Cleveland was elected Mayor of Buffalo by an unprecedented majority. During his term of office at Buffalo there was a new Governor required for the State of New York, and the friends of the Democratic party made Grover Cleveland their standard-bearer, and he bore that standard to an unexampled victory. That election was looked upon with great interest by politicians all over the country. It was a conflict of principles as much as a conflict between two doughty opponents. Charles J. Folger, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, was his opponent, a man able and pure, and with the respect of all who knew him. But the Republicans sorely blundered. The nomination of Folger was a piece of miserable political machine work, which thoroughly disgusted the more liberal-minded men among the Republican party, and the result was open revolt. Men of such pronounced Republican tendencies as Henry Ward Beecher came forward and said they would vote for Cleveland, because he was an able and worthy man, and because it was high time these miserable political peddlers and machinists should be taught a lesson. The Democrats worked with might and main, and the result was that Mr. Cleveland was made Governor by the greatest majority that ever was known in an election in the Empire State. The friends of Mr. Cleveland in Buffalo were delighted beyond measure, and few men in any office ever received such hearty congratulations. As Governor, Mr. Cleveland has not pleased everybody, but he has proved himself to be a man of independent honest judgment. He is not hasty, he wants to be sure he is right, and then he goes ahead.

In July, 1884, the Delegates of the National Democratic Convention met in Chicago, and carried the name of Grover

Cleveland, as Presidential nominee, by an overwhelming majority. The campaign of 1884 was fierce and bitter in the extreme. The sacredness of private life was altogether forgotten, but through all the hot conflict Mr. Cleveland preserved a most judicious reticence.

On the 4th of March, 1885, Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President in the presence of an immense multitude. His inauguration speech was brief, but comprehensive. Our new President has written upon his shield this legend: "Public office is a public trust." He asks for no second term; he avows himself as a disciple of Civil Service Reform. All his course, so far, demands respect and admiration.

HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Vice-President of the United States.

THE subject of this sketch was born September 7, 1819, on a farm near Zanesville, Ohio. His father, John Hendricks, was born in Western Pennsylvania, being a member of a family of one of the first settlers in Ligonier Valley, Westmoreland County, where he took an active interest in public affairs, serving his neighbors in town and county offices as well as, with honor to them and himself, in the State Legislature. The mother of Thomas A. Hendricks was of Scotch descent, her maiden name was Jane Thomson. She was a grand-daughter of one John Thomson, a Scotchman who emigrated to Pennsylvania anterior to the Revolutionary War, and gained considerable celebrity by an address to the Scotch people, in which he set forth what he believed to be the advantages of America, as to soil, climate and institutions. His example led many Scotchmen to emigrate to the Cumberland Valley, where they formed a considerable settlement between Carlisle and Chambersburg. John Thomson was every inch a man, having abundant intelligence, thrifty habits, direct in his speech, earnest in conviction, and imbued with that patriotism that has made us a free nation. Through his family, which was large, and his influence upon others, he made himself felt in his day and generation. When the tocsin of war sounded to arms, several of his sons marched with Washington, to free this land from the British yoke. Such men are almost always perpetuated by descendants who become noted, and he has been no exception to this general rule; his Calvinistic faith, even, has followed his vigorous stock.

The wife of John Hendricks and her niece were the only members of the Thomson family who emigrated West, the other branches of the family being found principally in and about Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. When Thomas A. Hendricks was six months old, his parents removed from near Zanesville, Ohio, to Madison, Indiana, on the Ohio River. William Hendricks, an uncle of Thomas A., was living at Madison, being then a Member of Congress and enjoying the full esteem and confidence of the people of Southern Indiana. A few years later he was elected Governor, and at the end of his gubernatorial term became United States Senator. Through his good sense and high character, Indiana was brought into good repute, and began to take the rank to which her position entitled her.

The father of our sketch was appointed Deputy Surveyor of Public Lands under General Jackson's administration, and became widely known and respected. In 1822 he removed to the interior of the State, and held the first title to a quantity of land, upon a portion of which Shelbyville is now built. Upon a gentle hill in the heart of a beautiful forest, he built a brick homestead, which yet stands in good preservation, in full sight of the little city of Shelbyville. This home soon became noted for its hospitality, for the social worth and learning of its occupants, and was the attraction which drew to it the leading citizens of the young State. In those days all the people of worth and distinction in that portion of the country were, at one time or another, entertained within its walls; and it is fair to presume that then and there the young lad who was destined in after years to fill so considerable a portion of his State's and the Nation's history, learned lessons useful in after life.

At this fireside the Orthodox minister loved to come; he was sure of an earnest welcome, for he found in John Hendricks and his wife, people earnest in their convictions, and zealous for the right. "The presiding genius of that home was the gentle wife and mother, who tempered the atmosphere of learning and zeal with the sweet influences of charity and love." "Essentially clever and persistent, she was possessed

of a rare quality of patience, which stood her in better stead than a turbulent, aggressive spirit." Those who analyze the character of Thomas A. Hendricks will find that he has as a birthright these traits of his mother to a large degree. Together with his brother and sister, he attended the village school from which his brother Abram passed to the University of Ohio, and, after graduating, became a Presbyterian minister, while Thomas A. entered the college at South Hanover. After graduation he began the study of law at home, under instruction of Judge Major. From early boyhood he had displayed a fondness for legal discussions, often attending court when a mere lad in order to hear the discussions of counsel. After a considerable period of study at home, he journeyed to Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, where, in the office of his uncle, Judge Thomson, he completed the course necessary for admission to the bar, returned home, and was admitted to practice at Shelbyville. He did not at once step into a large practice, but gradually it increased, and with it his reputation as a good counselor, clear reasoner and learned advocate. From the year 1848 his legal life has been closely interwoven with his political career and it is impossible almost, to separate the two.

In this year he was elected to the Legislature, serving one term, and declining renomination. In 1850 he was chosen delegate, without opposition, to the Convention to alter the Constitution of the State. Associated with him as younger members of the body were Judges Holman and Hovey, and the late Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax; and, like them, he took an active and prominent part in the deliberative proceedings. In 1851 he was elected to Congress from the Indianapolis district; was re-elected, and in a third canvass suffered defeat. He had hardly settled down to the practice of his profession, after his unsuccessful political campaign, before President Pierce, without solicitation from him, appointed him Commissioner of the General Land Office. This mark of the President's confidence was entirely unexpected, but he entered upon this important trust with zeal, and, although the duties of the Land De-

partment were at this time exceedingly onerous, the sales, entries and grants being larger than ever before in our history, his administration of the office was acknowledged as being the ablest in its history.

After four years' service as Commissioner he returned to Indiana, and in 1860 ran for Governor, to be beaten by his competitor, Colonel Henry S. Lane. Two years later, in 1862, the Democrats obtained a majority in the Legislature, and in recognition of Mr. Hendricks' services, elected him United States Senator. His service in the Senate covered the entire war period, and although on the minority side of the Chamber, he voted for the earnest prosecution of the war, differing with the administration only on the question of conscription, rather favoring enlistment and a fair bounty. At the close of the war he held that at no time had the States in revolt been out of the Union, and were, therefore, entitled to full representation in Congress. He had moved, in 1860, to Indianapolis, and in 1862 had formed a law partnership with Mr. Oscar B. Hord, which, in 1866, was extended to a cousin, Colonel A. W. Hendricks, the firm being known as Hendricks, Hord & Hendricks. At the expiration of his term in the Senate, he returned home to rest, hoping to quietly resume the practice of the profession he loved; but in 1872 the Democrats, against his earnest protest, nominated and elected him Governor. He was inaugurated January 13, 1873, and his administration of the office called forth but little criticism, it being acknowledged upon all sides that it was able and honest.

In the exciting political conflict of 1876 he was the nominee of his party for the Vice-Presidency, carrying his own State by over 5,000 majority. Although he and his party believed that Tilden and Hendricks were elected, the Electoral Commission formed to decide the question, decided that Hayes and Wheeler were the men, in which decision Mr. Hendricks acquiesced, though doubting its justice.

In the summer of 1877 Governor Hendricks, accompanied by his wife, made a tour of Great Britain, Germany and

France, and upon his return to America resumed the practice of the law. Governor Hendricks married, in 1845, Miss Eliza C. Morgan, who lived near Cincinnati, Ohio, and is the granddaughter of the late Dr. Stephen Wood, a prominent citizen and early settler of Hamilton County. They have had one child, a son, who lived to be three years old.

In July, 1884, the Democratic Convention, in Chicago, nominated Mr. Hendricks as candidate for the Vice-Presidency; in November of the same year he was elected, with the Hon. Grover Cleveland at the head of the ticket. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, this present year, 1885.

On Nov. 25, in the fullness of his sixty-six years, just a day before the national thanksgiving, and after enjoying the honors conferred upon him by the people for the brief space of eight months, Vice-President T. A. Hendricks died suddenly at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., of paralysis of the brain. The news of his death spread rapidly, calling forth numerous words of sympathy and condolence from every part of our republic. Mr. Hendricks had been ailing for several days previous to his decease, but no alarm was felt, as he expressed himself much relieved. On the evening of the above date, about 4:30 P. M., he complained of feeling much pain, which after a few moments suddenly seemed to cease, and his last words were to his nephew who was present at the time, "I am free at last; send for Eliza," meaning his wife, who was absent in another part of the house. Mr. Morgan, the nephew, not realizing the urgency of the message, did not deliver it at once, and when a short time afterward Mrs. Hendricks returned to the room it was to find that she had lost her husband, the country an able and honored citizen. The people of Indianapolis, his home for thirty years, changed the next day, Thanksgiving, to one of mourning and unaffected sorrow for the death of one of their most distinguished citizens. The geniality and politeness of Mr. Hendricks was proverbial, and none were too poor to be honored by him with a warm clasp of the hand and a friendly word. Consequently his death was keenly felt by all. A de-

tail of soldiers from the United States arsenal constituted a guard to the premises in which lay the dead Vice-President, and in Indianapolis, as, in fact, all over the country, all public offices, Federal, State and city were draped in sable festoons, and flags were placed at half-mast. To show the deep respect our honored Vice-President was universally held in it will not be amiss to say that in Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris, Mexico, and many other countries, suitable action was taken expressive of sorrow.

On Nov. 31st, after having laid in state in the courthouse, and being viewed by thousands of all ranks of the people, the body was taken in a grand funeral procession to its final resting place in Crown Hill cemetery. We can close this short sketch of so illustrious a man no more appropriately than by quoting the words of the Rev. Dr. Jenckes. He said:

"Mr. Hendricks' youth has a prolific lesson for the youths of our land. In an adjoining county some fifty years ago his tutelage began. The days so often spent by thoughtless boys in pointless diversions from hard study, he, with energy and application, devoted to the acquisition of useful, permanent knowledge, laying with painstaking earnestness and perseverance and zeal the foundations of that sturdy, indomitable character which in later life carried him to the proud pinnacle of exalted success. The years of his early manhood were years of trial and comparative privation. With the sturdy men who were his co-laborers in the aggressive work, he carved out in the wilderness a great, and prosperous, and happy commonwealth. He was an honest, brave, exemplary young man, who scorned to do a mean or unworthy action; who recognized the restraining influences of moral obligations, and by both precept and example inculcated probity and purity of life.

"Then in maturer years we have this sturdy, hearty man, with a strong mind and a warm heart in a sound body, essaying an active, earnest, prominent part in the affairs of his State and country. As the second officer in the administration of this great nation he was everywhere and always the same able, conservative, consistent, and conscientious character.

"No one who appealed to him for sympathy, counsel, or assistance ever turned away empty. Though his right and his left hands were not in each other's confidence, still there is a record somewhere of his open-handed liberality in numberless cases of destitution and suffering. He experienced in his daily life the joy of faith, and the patience of hope, and the comfort of love. These were with him ever: Faith, hope, and charity—these three, but the greatest of these was charity. And the admirably organized charities of our city have long felt the guiding impulses of his skillful hand and been cheered by the sympathetic throbbings of his generous heart.

"Dare we tread upon the verge of hallowed ground and touch upon the conjugal relations of Gov. Hendricks and describe how for forty years and two months he passed along with dignified, steady and faithful pace, besides the noble and devoted woman whom he had chosen for better, or for worse; and how, through storm and sunshine, like Isaac and Rebecca, they lived faithfully together in perfect love and peace?

"'It is not the tear at the moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid over him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that has fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.'"

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

THOS. F. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE, SECRETARY OF STATE.

THOMAS F. BAYARD is the hereditary senator from Delaware, representing the third successive generation of his family to occupy a seat in the United States Senate from that State. Besides his grandfather and father, his uncle, Richard B., was a member of that body from 1836 to 1839, and from 1841 to 1845. A great-uncle, Col. John Bayard, was a member of the Congress of Confederation of 1785. Two brothers named Bayard were among the Huguenots that fled from France to escape the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day in 1585. They went first to Ireland, and later to New York. Senator Thomas F. Bayard was born at Wilmington, Delaware, October 29, 1828, and was educated at Flushing school. Though trained for a mercantile life in his early years, he adopted the profession of the law and was admitted to the bar in 1851. He was appointed United States District Attorney for the State of Delaware in 1853, but resigned the following year. March 4, 1869, he succeeded to his father's seat in the United States Senate, a place he now holds by a third election. He was a member of the electoral commission of 1876, and has often been a prominent figure in Democratic conventions. He has been the recognized leader of his party in the Senate for a number of years, and at the last two National Democratic Conventions his name was favorably considered in connection with the Presidential nomination. Senator Bayard's career as a lawyer has nothing in it of more than local importance, though he has long been recog-

nized as one of the best lawyers in his State. He has made a record in the Senate of being a diligent, conservative, and watchful member. His constant attendance on the sessions of the Senate, his long service in that body, and his close attention to its business, have made him one of the best-informed Senators. Though a thorough partisan, his political opinions have not narrowed his grasp of public affairs. He is a graceful and pleasant speaker, but is not given to much talking. He is a man of good judgment, well balanced, and deliberate. Personally he is tall, smooth-faced, and a fine specimen of physical manhood in the prime of life. Socially Mr. Bayard's family is said to be exclusive, and to have aristocratic tendencies. He, however, is of a genial nature, and popular with his fellow Senators.

WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, OF MASSACHUSETTS, SECRETARY OF WAR.

William C. Endicott is a native of Salem, Mass., where he still resides, and is now about 59 years old. He graduated from Harvard College in 1847, and entered upon the practice of law in 1850. Governor Washburn appointed him to a place on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, which position he resigned in 1882 on account of ill-health. Until 1860 Judge Endicott was an old-time Whig, but from that time forward was a Democrat. He never was prominent in politics until the last campaign, when he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of the Bay State. As a lawyer he is said to be thorough, painstaking, and dignified. He stood high in the ranks of the judiciary while a member of the Supreme bench. He is a descendant of John Endicott, one of the first colonial Governors of Massachusetts. His mother was a daughter of the Hon. Jacob Crowninshield, who served a term in Congress, and was President Jefferson's Secretary of the Navy from 1805 to 1809.

DANIEL MANNING, OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Daniel Manning was educated in a newspaper office. He

began at the age of nine as an errand-boy, became a reporter at fifteen, and subsequently a city editor, and graduated the general manager of a newspaper company. He afterward became identified with the management of the Commercial National Bank of Albany, and finally its President. While employed in the newspaper office he became familiar with local politics, and as a reporter of legislative proceedings of New York he acquired an extensive acquaintance with State political affairs. He already had something more than a local reputation as a politician when, in 1876, he became a member of the New York State Democratic Central Committee, of which body he was made Chairman in 1882. He managed the campaign that elected Cleveland Governor of New York, and was the first to name the latter for the Presidency. Cleveland's nomination for the office is generally conceded to be due to the adroit management of Mr. Manning, and his election to the no less ably conducted Presidential campaign in New York. Mr. Manning is a remarkably successful organizer and shrewd politician. He has had no experience in public affairs nor as a manager of great financial interests. His personal habits of close economy and his success in private business enterprises may be the foundation for great success as Secretary of the Treasury. His record is yet to be made. Mr. Manning is forty-seven years of age and a native of Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

William C. Whitney was born at Conway, Mass., in 1840. He graduated at Yale College in 1863, and at the Harvard law school in 1864. He at once began the practice of law in New York City, and speedily drifted into politics. He was appointed Corporation Counsel of New York City upon the downfall of the Tweed ring. His energy and ability in clearing up the mass of litigation that grew out of the ring's fraudulent transactions, made his reputation as a lawyer. He laid the foundation of a comfortable fortune in his profession, and completed it by marrying a daughter of Oliver W. Payne, of

Ohio, one of the millionaire stockholders of the Standard Oil Company. Throughout his political career he has enjoyed intimate relations with Samuel J. Tilden, and has labored under the advice and direction of the sage of Greystone for the overthrow of Tammany and the machine rule of New York City. Mr. Whitney conceived the plan of organizing the County Democracy of New York, and largely aided in its execution. He is a successful organizer, and, after Daniel Manning, did more than any other one man to secure Cleveland's nomination and election. He is a clean-handed Democrat.

L. Q. C. LAMAR, OF MISSISSIPPI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

L. Q. C. Lamar is a native of the State of Georgia. He comes of an old family which has distinguished itself in governmental affairs ever since the Declaration of Independence. He was born in 1825, and graduated from Emory College, Georgia, in 1845. He was admitted to the bar in 1847. He moved to Mississippi in 1849, and soon after was elected adjunct professor of mathematics in the university of that State. At the same time he held the place of assistant editor of the *Southern Review*. He returned to Georgia in 1850, locating at Covington for the practice of law. He was elected to the Legislature of Georgia in 1853, and in 1854 moved to Lafayette County, Mississippi, where he owned a plantation. He was elected to Congress in 1856, and re-elected in 1858. He resigned his seat in 1860 to become a member of the Secession Convention of his State in 1861, and the same year entered the Confederate army, being shortly promoted to the colonelcy. In 1863 President Davis sent him to Russia on a diplomatic mission. At the close of the war in 1866, he became professor of political economy and social science in the University of Mississippi, and the following year professor of law in that institution. He was elected to Congress in 1872 and again in 1874, and succeeded James L, Alcorn in the United States Senate in 1877, to which place he was re-elected for the term be-

ginning March 5, 1883. He has been in public life ever since he came of age, and is a man of large experience, though not a hard worker like Bayard. He is quiet, reticent, and something of an idealist. During the troublous reconstruction period he was liberal and conscientious in his views, and threw his influence on the side of harmony between the different sections of the country. His mind is remarkable rather for its fine temper than its force. He is an eloquent speaker when aroused, though he is not often heard in Congressional debate. He made a national reputation in his eulogy of Charles Sumner on the floor of the House. He is a man slightly above the average height, possesses a full, rounded figure, and has the bearing of a student and scholar.

WILLIAM F. VILAS, OF WISCONSIN, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

William F. Vilas traces his genealogy to Sir Richard de Vilas, a Crusader under Edward I. of England. He was born in Chelsea, Vermont, July 9, 1840. His father was a member of the Vermont Legislature in 1840, but removed to Madison, Wisconsin, in 1851, where he became prominent as a Democrat in the politics of that State. William F. graduated from the Wisconsin State University in 1858, and two years later entered upon the practice of the law. In 1862 he raised a company and entered the Union army as Captain. He was rapidly promoted and resigned a colonelcy in 1863. He is one of the lecturers in the law department of the Wisconsin State University. In 1873 he was one of the committee of three appointed to revise the statutes of Wisconsin. He was President of the Democratic Convention that nominated Cleveland, and is now a member of the Lower House of the Legislature of his State, the first elective office he ever held. Colonel Vilas is an able and eloquent advocate, a studious and hard-working lawyer, and a brilliant man.

A. H. GARLAND, OF ARKANSAS, ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Augustus H. Garland was born in Tipton County, Tennes-

see, June 11, 1832. His parents removed to the State of Arkansas the following year and settled in the bottom lands of the Red River Valley. At a suitable age young Garland was sent to Bardstown, Kentucky, to be educated in what was then the most famous seat of learning in the Southwest. His academic studies were pursued in the Catholic colleges of St. Mary and St. Joseph. During the latter part of his residence in Bardstown he read law, and attended the trial of causes in the court-room whenever he had the opportunity. At that time the local bar was very strong. Garland profited greatly by this practice as well as by his studies, which he pursued with persistent devotion. Returning home he continued to woo that jealous mistress, the law, and in 1853 was admitted to practice at Washington, Arkansas. In 1856 he removed to Little Rock, the capital of the State. He was admitted to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the United States on December 26, 1860. By that time he had attained professional reputation, and in the same year was a Bell and Everett elector. He opposed the secession of Arkansas as long as there was any hope of a peaceful solution of sectional differences. When, however, war was inevitable, he threw in his lot with his State. He was a member of the Provisional Congress which met at Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1861, and took part in drawing up the Constitution of the Confederate States. Mr. Garland began practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the December term of 1867. While it was pending he was elected United States Senator from Arkansas. He appeared to take his seat in the Senate, March 4, 1867, but was not permitted to do so.

In 1874 Mr. Garland was elected Governor of Arkansas without opposition. His election as Senator took place in January, 1876, without opposition. He began his term as successor to Powell Clayton, Republican, on March 5, 1877. In 1883 he was re-elected, and his term of service would not have expired until March 3, 1889.

STATESMEN

True statesmanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is to what it ought to be.—W. R. Alger.

The work of a State in the long run is the work of the individuals composing it.—John Stuart Mill.

A State would be happy where philosophers were kings, or kings philosophers.—Plato.

HON. ELIHU WASHBURNE

THIS illustrious member of the celebrated Washburne family, was born at Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, September 23, 1816. He is the third son of the late Israel Washburne, Sr., and in common with his other brothers, inherited the mental activity and indomitable will of his father. He attended the common schools of the vicinity, and obtained the groundwork of a good English education; but it was not until after he had worked hard to learn the printer's craft, that he attended the academy at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Maine, where he completed a classical course. He then studied law at Hallowell, Maine, and attended law lectures at Harvard University, after which he was admitted to the bar. His service "in the art preservative of arts" was in the office of the Kennebec *Journal*, where, while learning a trade which might secure for him a living in the future, he studied hard and stocked his mind with much and varied information. A bright young man attends a pretty good school, when he works in a country newspaper office at the case. This, we think, Mr. Washburne will admit to be true.

After being admitted to practice, he concluded that the growing West was his proper field, and consequently removed to Galena, Illinois, then, relatively to the population of the State, a more important place than at present. Here Mr. Washburne formed a co-partnership with Charles S. Hempstead. His solidity of character, good morals, learning in the law, and kindly nature, won him warm friends, for in 1852 he was nominated to Congress, from what then constituted the leading Illinois district. His opponents chuckled over the thought of the

easy time they would have in getting away from the young man from Galena, but when the vote was counted the smile disappeared, as Mr. Washburne was the coming man.

His course in the House of Representatives won the approbation of his intelligent and critical constituency, for he was re-elected continuously until 1868, being, when appointed Secretary of State by President Grant, the "Father of the House," or the oldest member in consecutive service. In the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses he was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce; in the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth he held the same chairmanship, was a member of Joint Committee on the Library, and Chairman of Special Committee on Emigration. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was continued as Chairman of the Commerce Committee, Special Committee on Death of Abraham Lincoln, member of Committee on Rules, and Chairman of Committee to investigate the Memphis Riots. He was a warm friend of General Grant, from the beginning of the General's service as a Captain in the State service, and rendered that illustrious man most important service. He was the author of the bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General for the especial benefit of General Grant. When Grant was elected President, Mr. Washburne was given a Cabinet position, that of Secretary of State, but preferring a residence abroad, he was a few days afterward confirmed as Minister to France.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, Mr. Washburne was requested by the latter government to assume charge of the German residents in Paris and France. He remained at his post during the entire war, and also during the days of the Commune. Every other foreign Minister deserted Paris, leaving him to protect all foreign nationalities, and how well he did it, has been attested by various governments, notably the German. In this trying period, Mr. Washburne showed heroic qualities, and did far more to ennoble American citizenship than any single man in a battle of the late war. No man in the United States is more popular with the Germans than Mr. Washburne, and, as for that matter, with all classes of our

adopted citizens, for they have not forgotten the stormy days when the mob ruled in Paris, and nought prevented the destruction of their brethren but the brave American, who, standing beneath the legation flag, bid the hunted ones welcome. Mr. Washburne served eight years and then returned to Illinois, to make Chicago his home. In 1880 he was mentioned far and wide for the Presidency, and had he not discountenanced the talk and remained loyal to the fortunes of General Grant, there might possibly have been a different ending to the Republican National Convention of 1880.

There is not and never has been aught of the demagogue displayed in Mr. Washburne's official career. No man has ever accused him of any form of jobbery, and no representative of the people in the popular branch of the National Legislature worked harder to have the government carried on in the simple and economical way of earlier years, than Elihu B. Washburne.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP was born in Boston, May 12, 1809. That he had a natural aptitude for learning is made apparent by the fact that he entered Harvard College in 1826, when only fifteen years of age, graduating four years later. He inherited wealth and was not dependent upon a business or profession for a living, but he was eager in the search for knowledge, and accordingly studied law in the office of Daniel Webster for three years. His mastery of legal lore was never put to a practical application, but it was undoubtedly of great benefit to him in after life. While having no craving for office in the sense of the politician, he yet had a desire to enter into public life. He was the youngest man ever elected Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He was only twenty-five years old when elected to the Legislature, and only four years older when called upon to preside over its deliberations. A consistent Whig, he was elected to Congress in 1840, serving there ten years, and filling the Speaker's chair during the last three years of his service. In 1850 Daniel Webster, having been called to the position of Secretary of State, under President Fillmore, Mr. Winthrop was appointed by the Governor to the vacancy in the Senate. The next year he was the Whig candidate for Governor, polling 60,000 votes. His two competitors received 40,000 and 30,000 votes respectively, but the Constitution at that time provided that a candidate must have a majority. The election being thrown into the Legislature, he was defeated. An amendment to the Constitution providing that an election shall be decided by a plurality vote, was the direct result of this contest. Shortly after, Mr. Winthrop

retired from public life of his own free will. The turmoil and violence of political warfare were not to his taste, and he went back to his studies and literary pursuits with a feeling of relief and pleasure. Though he retired from public office so many years ago, he ever has manifested the keenest interest in current events. He identified himself with no party, though in presidential elections he has generally supported the Democratic candidate. His position, however, on all public questions has always been that of a statesman, and his views upon all issues of national interest have been broad and unbiased. While his public life was comparatively brief it was decisive and brilliant, and gave promise of great usefulness if he had chosen to prolong it. In one sense it may be said that Mr. Winthrop has never retired from public life. He has eschewed political, but has not been permitted to go into the retirement of private life. As an orator his services have been in constant demand for nearly half a century. Even the silver-tongued Phillips was not pressed into service more frequently. Undoubtedly the best picture of Mr. Winthrop's personality is given in his published addresses and speeches, which fill three large volumes and are 180 in number, covering the period from 1835 to 1879, forty-four years. Apart from his political efforts he has delivered an almost countless number of orations and speeches upon subjects which embrace history, biography, literature, music, art, philanthropy, agriculture, science, mechanics, and questions of local public interest. It has been happily said of him that what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been in poetry to all great festival occasions, Mr. Winthrop has been in prose. In personal appearance Mr. Winthrop has every attribute of a scholar and a gentleman. Tall, erect, and finely-formed, with a countenance which beams kindly upon all, he has the rare gift of speaking eloquently without the least apparent effort, his polished, graceful style giving his well-chosen words great weight and significance. His oratorical services have not been confined to Massachusetts and New England, for he has charmed many an audience in all sections of the country.

Mr. Winthrop is an author as well as an orator of note, but of his many works it is to be doubted if the preparation of any other volumes afforded him so much pleasure as the writing of the life of his great ancestor.

By his first wife Mr. Winthrop had three children—Robert, John and Eliza. The two sons married into wealthy families, and still reside in Boston. The daughter, a maiden lady of forty, never married. She is a woman of the highest culture and great attainments. Later in life Mr. Winthrop married as his second wife the widow of a wealthy aristocrat, named Thayer, a lady who was at least a dozen years his junior. Her maiden name was Granger, and she is the daughter of the Hon. Francis Granger, and granddaughter of the Hon. Gideon Granger, of Canandaigua, New York. Gideon Granger, it will be remembered by those posted on public affairs, was postmaster-general under Madison and Jefferson, while his son Francis was in President Harrison's cabinet. The second Mrs. Winthrop inherited from her first husband, Mr. Thayer, the elegant mansion and estate in Brookline, where Mr. Winthrop and his family have passed the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop have been frequent visitors at Washington, and at the nation's capital have been the recipients of marked attentions and courtesies. One of the most memorable of his visits was the occasion of the presentation by him to the nation of the desk upon which the Declaration of Independence was written. While tarrying at Washington Mr. Winthrop is usually the guest of Mrs. Sanders Irving, the wife of a nephew of Washington Irving. Mrs. Irving is cousin of Mrs. Winthrop, her maiden name being Julia Granger. Before their marriage she was thrown from a horse, receiving severe and permanent bodily injuries. Her misfortune, however, only seemed to intensify the love of her betrothed, and the childless couple lived happily together until the death of Mr. Irving, about a year ago. They were both supreme favorites in Washington circles, and after her husband's death Mrs. Irving found the ties which bound her to the capital too dear to sever. So she still resides

at Washington, and it is said that she is never happier than when she has the honor of entertaining Mr. Winthrop, for whom she has improvised a study which only a literary recluse could appreciate. Another intimate friend of Mr. Winthrop is Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the venerable banker. The ties of friendship between these two men are strong and lasting, and a birthday anniversary of the philanthropic banker is considered incomplete without the co-operation of his friend Winthrop.

While Mr. Winthrop belongs to a class which a certain exclusiveness hedges in from close contact with the common people, he is yet approachable by those whose business or mission entitles them to a hearing. He has many times evinced his interest in a practical way with the poor and down-trodden, and takes much interest in the welfare of his native city. In the winter season he lives in quiet elegance in his stately mansion in Marlboro street, in Boston. His house is stocked with many treasures, including mementoes of eminent men. He has a fine portrait of Washington, by Stuart, a lock of Washington's hair, and portraits and autographs of many renowned statesmen and heroes. He has been president of the Massachusetts Historical Society since 1855, being the successor of his father. He has also been president of the Boston Provident Association for twenty-five years, and is a member of many other societies and benevolent institutions, among them the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the American Antiquarian Society. From its first organization he has been president of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Fund. The University of Cambridge and Harvard and Bowdoin Colleges long since conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him. Like all gentlemen of the old school, Mr. Winthrop is reticent concerning his own life and experiences. Having been brought in contact with some of the most distinguished men in the Old World and the New, his memory is replete with interesting reminiscences and incidents. His own life, if written by one capable of the task, would make a volume of surpassing interest. In his political career he was brought into close relations

with John Quincy Adams, Horace Mann, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Robert Rantoul, Charles Sumner, and Henry Wilson, while in the later years of his life he has been on a footing with the leading statesmen and public men.

The last service Mr. Winthrop did was to prepare the oration to be delivered at the inauguration of the Washington monument, in February, 1885.

HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Richmond, Vermont, February 28, 1828. His father was a thrifty and hard-working New England farmer, of strictest Puritanical habits; his mother was of Quaker descent, with the gentleness which comes from that origin. As soon as old enough he was sent to the public schools, and after awhile had the benefit of a private tutor. He very early in life developed a fondness for study and intellectual effort, being able to master easily and readily the lessons which were given him. While yet in his teens, he showed the possession of a natural aptitude for the law, and determining to pursue that profession, entered upon his studies with great assiduity, and completed them with perfect success. In 1849, when only twenty-one years of age, he was admitted to the bar. While his study of the law had been in Burlington, as soon as admitted to practice he returned to his native town, and entered the office of his brother-in-law, A. B. Maynard. Here he remained until 1851, when he removed to Burlington, and was soon in the full tide of success. Distinguished as a boy for maturity of mind and expression of thought, when matured he was no less noted for his readiness of wit and strong intellectual qualities, making him early in life a peer among the most notable lawyers of New England. In August, 1852, Mr. Edmunds was married to Miss Susan Marsh Lyman, daughter of Hon. Wyllis Lyman, of Berlin, Vermont, a lawyer of considerable repute. At the end of five years of exclusive devotion to his profession, he was induced to enter the political arena; but from the first has never *sought* political honors. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1854, 1855, 1857, 1858, and 1859, three years of which he was

Speaker of the House. In 1861 and 1862 he was State Senator and presiding officer *pro tempore*. When Solomon Foot's seat in the United States Senate became vacant, by reason of his death, Mr. Edmunds was appointed to the vacancy, taking his seat April 5, 1866. The Legislature elected him for the remainder of the term ending March 4, 1869. He has been three times re-elected, and is one of a very few who are in that body whose tenure of office is secure; for unless disabled physically or mentally, or elected to a higher office, Vermont will undoubtedly do herself the high honor of continuing her distinguished son in the National Council for an indefinite period.

He was elected a member of the Electoral Commission in 1877, and in consequence of his great legal knowledge, succeeded Lyman Trumbull as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a post which he still retains. In the contest with Andrew Johnson, he proved conservative and moderate, his influence being exerted to allay the inflammation of the public mind. The initiation of the Electoral Commission and the Pacific Railroad Funding Bill were carried largely through his efforts. Senator Edmunds is not an eloquent speaker, but he is fluent and convincing. He is a man to speak to thoughtful men, and convinces by the symmetry of his thoughts, and the logic and truth which pervade his utterances. He is ready in repartee, and a master in the skill of extemporaneous argument; is noted for his keen sarcasm and drastic humor; but he scarcely ever goes so far as to break personal relations with any of his fellow members of the Senate or bar. Mr. Edmunds is unalterably opposed to all underhand work or irregular proceedings, and no man alive would even dare to approach him with a dishonorable proposition. When Senator Anthony's health failed, his brother Senators wished to elevate him to the dignity of President of the Senate, but he declined to act only so long as absolutely necessary. He never log-rolls for office; honors so far have sought him, and so it will be until the end.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

SCHUYLER COLFAX was born in New York City, March 23, 1823, and attended the common schools of that city until he was ten years old. He began work at this tender age as clerk in a store, in which he continued three years. He then removed to St. Joseph County, Indiana, with his mother and stepfather, and soon found employment as clerk at New Carlisle. After being about four years in this position he was appointed Deputy Auditor for the county, and removed to South Bend. He then began a course of study, read law, and wrote for the newspapers.

When twenty-two years of age he became the proprietor and editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, published at South Bend, which he made an influential newspaper.

His political preferences at the time were Whig, and in 1848 he was a delegate and Secretary to the Convention which nominated General Taylor. A year after he was elected a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of Indiana. Mr. Colfax was nominated for Congress in 1851, but defeated. He was a second time delegate to a National Convention, in 1862, but refused to be a candidate for Congress in that year. Two years afterward, however, he was elected to the House of Representatives against a candidate for re-election who had voted for the Nebraska bill. The young statesman soon made his influence felt in Washington. He detected and defeated two attempts to put a Democratic Speaker in the chair, and during the debates on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, delivered two strong speeches in behalf of the free settlers. One of these addresses was published as a campaign document

by the Republican party in 1856. While in Washington he was nominated for re-election, and carried his district, although the National election went against his party. He was re-elected to each succeeding Congress until he was chosen for higher honors. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and in the Thirty-sixth he was Chairman of the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads. He was active in extending the mail facilities of the West and in reforming postal laws. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was highly satisfactory to Mr. Colfax, and he worked hard for his election. At the opening of the Thirty-eighth Congress in December, 1863, Mr. Colfax was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was twice re-elected to the office, on each occasion by a larger majority than before.

In April, 1865, he went with a party of friends on a journey to San Francisco. He called to take leave of President Lincoln, with whom his relations had been very intimate. In one hour afterward he was astounded by the intelligence that the President had been assassinated. Before starting for California Mr. Colfax delivered a eulogy on the President in Chicago, and repeated it in Colorado, Utah, and California. He was well received throughout the West, and on his return delivered a lecture entitled "Across the Continent." After the nomination of General Grant, in May, 1868, Mr. Colfax was nominated for Vice-Presidency on the first ballot. When General Grant was renominated Mr. Colfax was beaten by Henry Wilson in the contest for the second place on the ticket. Mr. Colfax was first married, at the age of twenty-one, to a playmate of his childhood. She had two children, both of whom are dead. A fortnight after his election to the Vice-Presidency he married again. A son by the present Mrs. Colfax survives, and is now fourteen years of age. Since his retirement from public life Mr. Colfax has lived quietly, occasionally appearing as a lecturer. He was exceedingly popular as such, and has been heard in nearly all the great cities of the United States. At his home in Indiana he retained the friendship of early asso-

ciates, and was a prominent church member and abstainer from intoxicating liquors. Instances of his great generosity are numerously quoted. He frequently gave the whole proceeds of a lecture to a deserving and needy institution. After a long life of incessant activity, he died suddenly on the 14th of January, 1885, worth only about $150,000. His residence was at South Bend, Indiana.

His funeral, which took place on the 17th of January, from the Baptist Church, South Bend, was a most imposing ceremony. At the close of the discourse the Rev. W. C. Larned, of the Baptist Church, offered a prayer, and the choir chanted: "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace." At this point there was a pause, and several distinguished visitors who had been delayed pressed forward and took a last look at the dead man's face. The entire audience was visibly affected, and several sobbed audibly. The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. E. W. Brower, of the Christian Church, and the pall-bearers removed the casket to the hearse, after which a long procession filed to the City Cemetery. The honorary pall-bearers, who had sat at the right of the pulpit, were thirty-eight in number, and included men of all parties from all parts of the land. Among them were Judge Walter Q. Gresham, ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, Governor A. G. Porter, Messrs. Clem and P. E. Studebaker, James Oliver, Governor Gray, Judge Rodgers, E. W. Halford, Mr. William Bross, and others.

Upon arriving at the grave the Patriarchs opened ranks while South Bend Lodge marched through and took their position around the grave. The grave had been lined with evergreens and flowers, into which the casket was lowered to its final resting-place, having been previously covered with beautiful blossoms. The final benediction, pronounced by the Rev. N. D. Williamson, closed the services.

GEORGE HOADLEY.

GOVERNOR GEORGE HOADLEY, a lawyer of Cincinnati, and twenty-eighth Governor elected by the people of Ohio, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, July 31, 1826, the only son of George and Mary Ann Hoadley, daughter of William Walter Woolsey and Elizabeth Dwight Woolsey, of New York. His mother was a great granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, and niece of President Dwight, of Yale College, and the elder daughter in a family which embraced among its members her younger brother, President Woolsey, of Yale College; her nephew, Theodore Winthrop, and her niece, Miss Sarah Woolsey, known in literature as "Susan Coolidge." His father was a man of great integrity and purity of character, ranking high in social and public life. He was at one time Mayor of New Haven, Connecticut, and in 1830 removed with his family to Cleveland, Ohio, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life, greatly respected by his fellow townsmen, who also honored him with an election to the Chief Magistracy of that city.

The subject of this notice received his elementary education in Cleveland, and at the age of fourteen was sent to the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, where he graduated in 1844. He then entered the Law School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he passed one year of study under the tuition of Judge Story and Professor Simon Greenleaf, and after reading a second year in the office of Charles C. Convers, Esq., then a prominent attorney in Zanesville, Ohio, and afterward a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Supreme Court of Ohio, went to Cincinnati and entered the law office of Chase &

Ball, as a student, in September, 1846; he was admitted to the bar in August, 1847.

He soon attracted the attention, and secured the friendship of Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief-Justice of the United States, who was keenly alive to the importance of attaching to himself young men of prominence; and in 1849 was admitted to the law firm as junior partner, the firm being Chase, Ball & Hoadley. Mr. Chase's election to the United States Senate, and consequent withdrawal from professional duty in Cincinnati, in the same year, led to Mr. Hoadley's appearing in important cases very early in his career, and probably contributed to his election, by the Legislature, in 1851, to the office of Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, for the residue of the term, to which that Court had been limited by the Constitutional Convention. His predecessors on that bench were Judges Este, Coffin, Johnson and James, whose legal powers had been ripened by years of study and experience. He labored with zeal to overcome the disadvantage of his youth and inexperience, and to preserve the high reputation that court had ever held among the lawyers of the State.

In 1853 he formed a co-partnership with Edward Mills; was City Solicitor of Cincinnati in 1855-1856, and in 1859 succeeded Judge W. Y. Gholson on the bench of the new Superior Court. In 1856 he was offered, by Governor Chase, and again by Governor Todd, in 1862, a seat upon the Supreme Bench of Ohio, but declined both appointments. He was re-elected to the bench in 1864, but resigned in 1866, to establish the firm of Hoadley, Jackson & Johnson, which soon ranked among the actively employed law firms of the country. In the Constitutional Convention of 1873-74, for the revision of the Constitution of the State, to which he was elected without opposition, he took an active part, devoting eight months to its business. In this body he was Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Corporations, and devoted his attention principally to devising methods to check the increase of public burdens. Although Judge Hoadley was considered one of the hard workers at the

Cincinnati Bar, he nevertheless found time to labor as Professor in the Law School (in which he has filled a chair for eighteen years), Trustee of the University and of the Cincinnati Museum, member of the Committee of the School of Design, and in other ways to promote the progress of the arts and sciences. He was one of the counsel who, on behalf of the Board of Education, successfully resisted the effort to compel Bible reading in the public schools of Cincinnati. Originally a Democrat in politics, he took issue with his associates on the subject of slavery, and this difference led to his separation from them to become attached to the Republican party, of which he continued a supporter until the end of General Grant's first term. He was a member and represented Ohio, in the Committee on Resolutions of the Liberal Republican National Convention in 1872; but disapproving of the principle and policy which led to the nomination of Horace Greeley, he refused to join in his support, and voted (with regret) the second time for Grant, as a choice of evils. In 1876, with many other Liberal Republicans, he joined the Democratic ranks under the banner of reform and the leadership of Tilden and Hendricks, believing that the necessary reforms in the Government would be more surely secured by their success than by that of Hayes and Wheeler; and in February, 1877, upon the invitation of the Democratic Committee having in charge the Tilden interest before the Electoral Commission appointed by Congress to settle the disputed Presidency of that year, he appeared as counsel, and argued in favor of the claims of the Florida and Oregon Democratic Electors. In 1880 he presided as temporary Chairman over the Democratic National Convention. In social and private life Judge Hoadley is beloved as a man, warm in his friendship, and charitable toward those who differ from him. He is the friend of young men struggling for success in the legal profession. In 1883, when he received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio, he was engaged in a large practice, assisted by his partners, Edgar M. Johnson and Edward Colston, both able lawyers and highly respected citizens.

In 1875 his *Alma Mater* conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, At the Democratic State Convention, which convened at Columbus, Ohio, June 22, 1883, Judge Hoadley was nominated for Governor. At the inception of an exciting campaign he was stricken down by sickness, rendering it necessary for him to place himself under the care of the eminent physician, Roberts Bartholow, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, so that he was unable to make but five speeches during the campaign. His opponent, Hon. J. B. Foraker, made a complete tour of the State, making one hundred and five political addresses to the people. Notwithstanding these unfortunate circumstances, and the very confident feeling of the Republicans that their candidate would be triumphantly elected, Judge Hoadley carried the State by a plurality of about thirteen thousand.

In 1851 Judge Hoadley married Mary Burnet Perry, third daughter of Captain Samuel Perry, one of the earliest settlers of Cincinnati. They have three children, George (graduate of Harvard University, B. A. in 1879, and LL. B. in 1882), Laura, and Edward Mills, all of whom are living.

Governor Hoadley is quick and nervous in action and speech, but a man who considers well any subject before he forms or declares his opinions. His integrity and his mental or legal ability have never been questioned. He will not stoop to low tricks, and hence is not the ideal of many ward politicians of the cities of his State.

He is fully capable of handling any State or National question, and if elected to a higher office, will undoubtedly acquit himself with the greatest credit.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

IF there is one man in this country who has attracted public attention more than another, during the past decade, that man is the subject of this short notice. He was born at the Indian Hill farm, West Brownsville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1830. His great-grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, was a Colonel in the Pennsylvania line, and Commissary General during the Revolutionary War, or at least that period from 1778 to 1783. James G. Blaine was educated principally in Washington County, though he lived for a time, during his boyhood, in the family, at Lancaster, Ohio, of that eminent statesman, Thomas Ewing, late Secretary of the United States Treasury. With his cousin, the present General Thomas Ewing, he was for a time under the tutelage of an Englishman named William Lyons, a brother of the elder Lord Lyons, and uncle of the late British Minister at Washington. After a full course of study at Washington College, Pennsylvania, which he entered in 1843, where he was specially distinguished for his mathematical ability, he graduated in 1847.

His first vocation was teaching, becoming a professor in the Western Military Institute, at Georgetown, Kentucky, a few miles from Lexington. Here he spent two years, training his mind for the logical reasoning for which he is noted. Meantime he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Pennsylvania, but never practiced the profession. At this period of his life he was a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines, having an inherent love for the profession of journalism.

In 1853 he went East, instead of West, as the late Horace Greeley advised the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, and located in the Pine

Tree State. Here he assumed the editorship and control of the Kennebec (Maine) *Journal*.

Upon the formation of the Republican party, in 1854, he threw himself into the cause, and in 1855 was noted as a political speaker. The late Governor Kent, of Maine, wrote of him as follows:

"Almost from the day of his assuming editorial charge of the Kennebec *Journal*, at the early age of twenty-three, Mr. Blaine sprang into a position of great influence in the politics and policy of Maine. At twenty-five he was a leading power in the councils of the Republican party, so recognized by Fessenden, Hamlin, the two Morrills, and others then, and still, prominent in the State. Before he was twenty-nine, he was chosen Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican organization in Maine—a position he has held ever since, and from which he has practically shaped and directed every political campaign in the State—always leading his party to brilliant victory. Had Mr. Blaine been New England born, he would probably not have received such rapid advancement at so early an age, even with the same ability he possessed. But there was a sort of Western *dash* about him that took with us Down-Easters; an expression of frankness, candor and confidence, that gave him from the start a very strong and permanent hold on our people, and, as the foundation of all, a pure character, and a masterly ability equal to all demands upon him."

In 1858 he was chosen to the Legislature, where he served four years, the two last as Speaker of the House. In 1862 he was chosen a Representative in Congress, and from his entry into that body dates his national reputation. His fellow-members were not long in finding out that "the man from Maine" was fully able to measure lances with the best men in Congress. His mind was fully equipped, he had a remarkably retentive memory, a constitution that enabled him to do a vast amount of work, and, withal, was earnest in his convictions, and not afraid to enunciate his belief. Mr. Blaine has never been accused of evading responsibility, or the expression of his opinions

on any public question. In short, he is, and always has been, a positive man.

When only thirty-nine years of age, in the year 1869, he was chosen Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, having, since the death of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, been regarded as the leader of his party upon the floor. Mr. Blaine distinguished himself by his thorough knowledge of parliamentary rules, his quickness, firmness and impressive manner. He held the Speakership until March, 1875, and, at the close of each Congress, was complimented most cordially by both parties for his impartiality.

In 1876, the Democracy having got control of the House, he was defeated for the Speakership by Hon. S. J. Randall. The history of the war and reconstructive legislation, could not be written without large mention of James G. Blaine. His hand was visible in all his party's measures, and his power was what brought to fruition many of the most important measures of that stormy period. One of his greatest speeches was entitled, "The Ability of the American People to Suppress the Rebellion." This was delivered when the clouds seemed dark est, and when our people were most depressed, but its force carried conviction, and nerved many an aching heart to renewed courage and hope. In fact, it proved such a powerful document when printed, it was used for campaign purposes in the canvass of 1864.

In 1876 Mr. Blaine was the most prominent candidate of his party for the Presidential nomination. At the Convention which was held in Cincinnati, he was placed in nomination in a speech by Colonel Ingersoll that fairly thrilled and captured the Convention. On every ballot, except the last, he received the highest number of votes, but was finally beaten by his opponents uniting upon Governor Hayes, of Ohio. Among the very first messages of congratulation that Governor Hayes received, was one from the "Plumed Knight," and in the canvass which followed, no one did more than Blaine, to win success for the ticket.

In July, 1876, Hon. Lot M. Morrill, having been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, the Governor of Maine appointed Mr. Blaine U. S. Senator. In the Senate he proved "infallible in history and impregnable in debate;" but his energy and vehemence better fitted him for leadership in the more turbulent House.

Again, in 1880, Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency, and would have won it without doubt but for the candidacy of General Grant. Again a compromise of his opponents consolidated the vote upon General Garfield, but not until Mr. Blaine had advised his supporters to transfer their allegiance to Garfield. Soon after Garfield's election he notified Mr. Blaine that he was the choice for Secretary of State, an office which he accepted, resigning his seat in the Senate. His letter to President Garfield accepting the trust, was one of the manliest ever written by a political chieftain to his chief. Upon Garfield's untimely death, he tendered his resignation as Secretary of State to President Arthur, and was succeeded by Hon. Theodore T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Since that time Mr. Blaine has been busy at work on his book "Twenty Years in Congress." In the summer of 1884 he was nominated by the Republican party for President, but was defeated at the polls.

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN.

THIS distinguished gentleman, late Secretary of War and the only member of Garfield's Cabinet who was continued under President Arthur, is the eldest and only surviving son of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. Robert T. Lincoln was born in Springfield, Illinois, August 1, 1843, and there spent his early boyhood days. At seven years of age he entered the academy of a Mr. Estabrook, where he studied for three years. He then entered the Illinois State University at Springfield, and studied six years, or until 1859, when he was sent east to Phillips' Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, one of the oldest, most noted, and best schools of New England. At this academy he made preparation for admittance to Harvard University, and in one year successfully passed his examination. At college he was known as a good scholar, excelling in Political Economy, History, and kindred branches of education, in the choice of which the University permitted the gratification of individual taste. Among his classmates he was very popular, being appointed Chairman of the Class-Day Committee. The "Hasty Pudding Club" also appointed him Vice-President. He graduated in 1864, and after a vacation of two months entered the Harvard Law School. Here he studied four months, when he left Harvard, to accept a position on General Grant's staff as Captain and Assistant Adjutant General. He held this position from February 20, 1865, to June 10, of the same year, when the war being practically over, he resigned and began again the study of the law in Chicago.

February 26, 1867, he was admitted to the bar, and at once formed a co-partnership with J. Y. Scammon, an old friend of

his father's, under the firm name of Scammon & Lincoln. This firm was of short continuance. On the 24th of September, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Harlan, the daughter of Senator James Harlan, of Iowa. The ceremony was performed at Washington, D. C., by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the autumn and winter of 1872 he traveled in Europe, returning to Chicago to form a law-partnership with Hon. Edward S. Isham, which firm continued until Mr. Lincoln was called to Washington, by President Garfield, in March, 1881.

While pursuing his practice in Chicago, he was elected Supervisor of South Chicago; was delegate from Cook County to the Illinois State Convention, at Springfield, for the nomination of delegates to the Republican National Convention, held at Chicago, June 2, 1880. In this election he was chosen one of the Presidential Electors for the State. Early in 1881 he was appointed by the Governor of the State one of the trustees of the Illinois Central Railroad.

From 1872 to 1880, Mr. Lincoln steadily grew in the estimation of the people of Chicago and Illinois, and had he cared to press himself for office could undoubtedly have had his choice. He is known as a wise counselor, a discreet business man, a good friend, a model citizen, and most estimable husband and father. His course since he has been Secretary of War, has won for him the approval of the citizens of the country, and the highest esteem of the officers of the regular army. While he may be, and undoubtedly is, indebted to his father's fame for much of his popularity, it is nevertheless true that he possesses many of the traits which made Abraham Lincoln illustrious.

THE RIGHT-HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Prime Minister of England.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE was born in Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809. He is now, therefore, bordering on his seventy-sixth birthday. He is of Scottish descent, and oftentimes manifests some little pride that he is a son of

"Caledonia, stern and wild."

Mr. Gladstone comes from neither of the extremes of social life, but from that great English middle class, whence have sprung for generations past the noblest workers in Church and State, and in the wide realms of literature, science and art Neither the supercilious contempt that too frequently curls the lip of the aristocrat for all beneath him in the social scale, nor the envious sneer of the hapless, discontented poor was found in him. He knows exactly how to estimate the worth of true nobility, and no man living or dead ever has had warmer sympathies with the struggling poor.

Mr. Gladstone's life has run through the most eventful period of modern history, and it must be admitted that he had no small share in making the history of these later days. Fifty years ago the world was a very different sort of place to live in from what it is to-day. When Mr. Gladstone was born the world was in all but universal tumult and unrest. America was then far from being the America she is to-day. There were tokens of disturbance and disquiet that soon revealed themselves. When the boy Gladstone was only six years of

age, he heard, one summer morning, ringing of bells and firing of cannon; for all Liverpool was astir, and all the land was in great excitement on account of the glorious victory of Waterloo.

In September, 1821, Mr. Gladstone became a pupil at Eton College. There he staid till 1827, and thence departed to Oxford, where he formed the companionship and won the esteem of some of the noblest men of modern days. The limits of this article will not permit us to dwell at any great length on these early years. It must not be overlooked, however, that all the associations of these young days, when the most enduring impressions are most easily received, tended to develop in Mr. Gladstone uncompromising conservatism. And it is no wonder that Lord Macaulay, a few years later, should speak of him as "the rising hope of the Tory party."

At the conclusion of his Oxford course, Mr. Gladstone spent a short time in travel, but at the close of that memorable year, 1832, he was called home from his pleasant wanderings to confront a destiny of which he little dreamed. Lord John Russell's celebrated Reform Bill had passed, and now the people were urged to "rest and be thankful." But the passage of the Reform Bill was the beginning and not the end of things. It is vain to dream that a principle once conceded can be kept within narrow limits. A thing well done is generally a thing well begun. Russell's Reform Bill did not pave the way to lordly ease and quiet leisure for the true statesman, but it made the task of legislation greater and more important than ever. In September, 1832, the Duke of Newcastle invited Mr. Gladstone to contest the borough of Newark, a quiet, sleepy little town in the very heart of the Midlands. On the 13th of December, 1832, he was elected to the British House of Commons; more than fifty years have passed since the veteran statesman began his illustrious career.

He was but twenty-three years of age when he first entered that august assembly of which he was destined for so many years to be the honor and the pride. The portraits of

the time present the young Member of Parliament as a typical young English gentleman, whose face is lighted up with fire-searching eyes, and whose whole aspect gives the impression of a man of lofty ambition and unswerving purpose. His first speeches were on the slavery question, and were thoughtful and deliberate. He thought the owners should be compensated and that some sort of care should be taken as to the condition of slaves immediately after emancipation.

In 1834, and while yet in the very morning of his early manhood, he took office, under Sir Robert Peel, as Junior Lord of the Treasury. Throughout the whole of Sir Robert Peel's official life Mr. Gladstone was his enthusiastic and trusty follower. The history of those years from 1841 to 1850 remains to be written. The vessel of the State was many a time in peril, the whole land passed through a series of unparalleled disasters, and it is to the imperishable honor of such men as Cobden, Bright, Villiers, Bazley and Gladstone—who inspired Sir Robert Peel to put an end to the accursed taxes on human food—that the land was saved from worse than famine and bloodshed.

Mr. Gladstone first became widely famous as a great financier. His appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was regarded on all hands as a most judicious appointment. But his most sanguine admirers were not prepared for the brilliant manner in which this magician of finance would deal with the national accounts. Figures are proverbially prosaic, the rule of three has never been set to music, though the multiplication table has. But it was left to Mr. Gladstone to reveal the poetry of arithmetic in his first budget, which was presented to the House of Commons on the 18th of April, 1853.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer was confronted with a national debt which was simply fabulous. The funded debt was $3,160,586,328. The unfunded debt was $709,971,200. It was said in olden times that a man was counted famous according as he lifted up the axe against the big trees. Here indeed

was a big tree. No gnarled oak in the wide domain of Hawarden has ever taxed the strength of this sturdy feller of big trees more than this great difficulty of debt. But he was ever

> "A dauntless pioneer;
> One of those strong-armed axe men who are born
> The tangled paths of common men to clear,
> A herald of that shining morn
> When all that clouds the human mind shall disappear."

The hopes held out in that first budget were more than realized. In less than two years—though the country was only just emerging from a long period of commercial depression—Mr. Gladstone had reduced the national debt by $47,134,324. From that day to this he has held rank as the greatest European financier of the age, and if he were known only as Chancellor of the Exchequer his fame would be enduring.

But we hasten now to that period not unfitly described as "The Golden Age of Liberalism." The young champion of conservatism who contested Newark in 1832—Macaulay's "rising hope of the Tory party"—has proved his manhood by his growth. Broader, deeper, wider grew his convictions. But this growth was in spite of influences that tend to stunt and dwarf a man. For eighteen years Mr. Gladstone has represented the University of Oxford. But of late years he has dared to look over the ramparts of that citadel of Toryism into the Liberal fields beyond.

Political heretics have just as bad a time in this sad world as theological heretics, and Mr. Gladstone paid the penalty in the loss of his seat. It was in the month of July, 1865, that the University of Oxford rendered the age and the State grand service by rejecting its too liberal representative, who once more became a candidate for its suffrages. The memory of those summer days is fresh and green, though seventeen years have passed away. The country was wild with excitement. The inglorious defeat was anticipated, and, indeed, hoped for by tens of thousands. Liberals everywhere were tired of Lord

Palmerston, and they felt that the grandest victory for the Liberal cause, would be Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford. At last it came. He was cast out, not by the true scholarship of Oxford, but by those rubicund country parsons who "stood in the fear of the Lord and the Squire." Wicked people said that the Squire often went before the Lord. At any rate, they were mindful of their "creators," and their gratitude took on a very lively anticipation of the crumbs that might yet fall from their "masters'" tables. The Liberals of South Lancashire had presented Mr. Gladstone's name as a candidate for that constituency in the event of his being thrown out of Oxford. As soon as that event happened, Mr. Gladstone hastened to Manchester to address the electors. Never will that occasion be forgotten. The magnificent Free Trade Hall never looked so fully alive as on that eventful day. The seats were taken out of the body of the hall and there could not be less than twelve thousand anxious auditors present. Mr. Thomas Bazley presided on the occasion. When Mr. Gladstone appeared the cheers were deafening, only to be increased to the pitch of the wildest excitement when he stepped forward and uttered the first words of that ever memorable campaign.

Pale and somewhat nervous, the hero of the hour confronted that great sea of upturned faces.

"At last, my friends," he said, "I am come among you; and I am come," using an expression which has become very famous, and is not likely to be forgotten, "I am come among you unmuzzled!" At that one word "unmuzzled!" the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience burst all bounds, and there poured forth such a tide of applause as only Lancashire men know how to offer to the man they trust and honor.

From that day to this—saving the interregnum of Lord Beaconsfield's administration—Mr. Gladstone's hand has been on the helm of the State. It will be impossible to refer even in the briefest manner to the many toils of Mr. Gladstone during these eventful years. Looming up above all the rest, his determined purpose to do righteously toward Ireland demands

the gratitude of that country and the admiration of the world.

Fifty years of service, and still he is the great Commoner, William Ewart Gladstone. He has wreathed a hundred brows; his own remains uncrowned save with the well-earned gratitude of his country and the admiration of the world. So may it be to the end! We should regret exceedingly to see that name which he has filled full of grandest meaning buried in some lordly or ducal sound that might catch vain ears but would be to the millions to whom "Gladstone" is brimful of meaning, only as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

When men foretell with solemn voices that England is on the decline, that her glory is departing, that her sun is setting, the venerable statesman presents the aspect of one who has taken a young heart into the autumn of his life. There is a smile upon his face as men predict disaster, as though forsooth his listening ear caught the strains of

"Music in every bell that tolls."

THE RIGHT-HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

THE RT.-HON. JOHN BRIGHT—the great Tribune of the English people—one of the most popular, if not one of the greatest, of modern English statesmen, was born on the 16th of November, 1811; he has therefore passed the limit of threescore years and ten.

Threescore years and ten! But what years they have been! The last half century is the best half century of the world's history. And now that this glorious nineteenth century is growing old, Mr. Bright may fairly claim that he has had at least some share in its glory and its growth. In the stirring years of his busy life, Mr. Bright has seen many changes in the policy of his country, and he has done much to bring these changes about. When he was a boy the story of Waterloo was fresh and thrilling, and when he was a young man he saw his country groaning with the burden of the almost fabulous war debt, the terrible legacy of that long and fearful conflict of which Waterloo was the close. He was but twenty-six years of age when Victoria was crowned Queen of England, but he had been surrounded from his boyhood by thoughtful men who loved their country and longed to see it freed from the burdens that hung around its neck. Mr. Bright's earliest public efforts were not made on the political platform. He was one of the early advocates of total abstinence, and a great speech delivered on that subject, in the Temperance Hall, Bolton, Lancashire, forty-five years ago, first broughtthe young Rochdale cotton-spinner before the public.

The condition of the people of England in the year 1840

awakened anxiety and alarm. Bad harvests had succeeded one another for four or five years. Commerce was depressed all the world over. But the toiling millions of England were suffering all the miseries of undeserved poverty. Work was scarce and badly paid. Provisions were dear, and bread—the staff of life—was hard to get, to say nothing of the luxuries of life. A report of a committee of the House of Commons of 1840 revealed an appalling state of affairs. The workhouses were crowded to the doors, and millions were keeping body and soul together by the scant help of outdoor parish relief. Grave, earnest men who loved their country and loved the people too, began to ask questions, and sought diligently for the secret of these sorrows, and for some speedy way out of them. It was shown by the report of 1840 that of £22,000,000 of taxes, at least £20,000,000 were collected on raw material and food. This fact was the inspiration of a great movement to which Mr. Bright in the early days of his manhood paid the allegiance of an enthusiast. There existed an obnoxious tax on corn, which some called a war tax, and others, a farmer's tax, and others again a landlord's tax. But thousands believed that this tax on corn was the cnrse of the poor, and that so long as it remained unrepealed, it was vain to hope for better times for the toiling classes. The Anti-Corn-Law League was formed, of which the Hon. George Villiers and Richard Cobden were the leading spirits. The policy of the League was to educate public opinion on the question at issue and so to reach by moral force, the rulers of the nation. Every good cause needs efficient advocacy, and none knew this better than Richard Cobden. The work was fairly begun when Richard Cobden thought of John Bright, and felt assured that his advocacy would be of unspeakable value to the League. But Mr. Bright was at Leamington bearing the burden of a great sorrow. He had just lost his young wife. In these circumstances Mr. Cobden found him, and urged him to heal his sorrow by advocating the cause of the sorrowful. The appeal was not in vain. For three years Mr. Bright traveled

all over England pleading for an intelligent protest against what he called the "iniquitous and oppressive Corn laws." In these years he developed into the finished orator. And very few men in the last forty years have had such power over public audiences as "the fiery Quaker of the League."

The work of the League was triumphant. After five years, struggle in Parliament, Sir Robert Peel brought in the bill of repeal that cost him his office, but won for him an enduring place in the hearts of the great masses of the English people.

Mr. Bright was Member of Parliament for Manchester. But his independence and extreme radical views lost him his seat in the great cotton metropolis. He will be best known in history as "The member for Birmingham." He was not only the member for Birmingham, but the idol of the overwhelming majority of the elector. Mr. Bright's services in the British Parliament can never be fully estimated. He was one of the persistent forces whose results are not easy to calculate. In debate he was almost always the pride of his friends, and not infrequently the terror of his opponents. He sat for years "below the gangway," a position that indicated his thorough independence and his extreme radical opinions. The boldest prophet would hardly have foretold that Mr. Bright would have been a Minister of the Crown. But the whirligig of time brings many changes. And *Punch* was little to blame when he laughed aloud and shook his jester's bells at Quaker John kissing hands in a bobtailed coat. Cromwell himself did no hate the House of Lords with a more godly hatred than the member for Birmingham. And noble lords felt generally that when the affairs of state got into the hands of such men as Gladstone and Bright, the country was doomed. Mr. Bright was always a friend of education and an enemy of war. He has again and again proved his strong regard and admiration for America. He pointed long years ago to the press of America and to the schools of America as sure guarantees that the people of this great Republic would be worthy of their birthright. When America was bleeding at every pore with the

terrors of civil war John Bright was on the side of the Union, and protested with vehement eloquence against the recognition of the South. Mr. Bright has managed somehow to hold a place in the hearts of the Irish people. He is about the only English statesman who has succeeded in that respect. And he is now seventy years old. His broad, genial face has mellowed with his advancing years. His hair is white as snow. Seventy years! and through them all he has worn "the white flower of a blameless life." Many men have done the best work of their lives after their seventieth year. What work lies in store for Mr. Bright none can tell. He has done enough to entitle him to the gratitude of his country and his age.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

THE name of Bismarck, Chancellor of the German Empire, is one of the most remarkable names inscribed on the pages of modern history. It has become a synonym for all that is subtle and far-seeing in statesmanship, for all that is steadfast and determined in patriotism. It was one of the dreams of Bismarck's earlier years to see Germany a united empire. He has lived to see that dream realized, and as long as the German empire lasts, and as long as the German language is spoken, as long as the Rhine and the Danube roll onward to the sea, the name of this illustrious Teuton Prince will be remembered and reverenced.

Otto Edward Leopold Bismarck was born at Brandenburg, on the 1st of April, in the year 1815. He comes of an old family, many members of which have won renown as soldiers and statesmen. Bismarck received his education at the Universities of Gottingen and Berlin. At Griefswald he studied law, and for a time lived a comparatively retired life on his estate. In 1847 he began to attract attention as an ultra-royalist. In 1851 he was appointed Chief Secretary of the Prussian Legation at the German Diet of Frankfurt. Here he gave the first clear intimation of that zeal for the aggrandizement of Prussia that grew into a perfect passion. In the Diet he gave utterance to his long-felt discontent at the predominance of Austria, and demanded equal rights for Prussia. In 1861, when William I., who had been Prince Regent, became King, a new page was turned in German history, and indeed, it might be added, that a new page was turned in the whole of European history. The King was well advanced in years, but he was blessed with a

most vigorous and robust constitution, and with a mind as clear and vigorous. Kaiser William was quick to discern that Bismarck was as consummate a statesman, as he was a loyal imperialist.

In 1862, after having spent some time in St. Petersburg, he was sent as Ambassador to Paris, in order that he might perfectly master the policies of the Tuilleries. This was a most sagacious appointment. Bismarck saw and heard and kept his own counsel. Indeed, a facetious German, not long ago, when asked where the great power of Bismarck lay, replied, with a characteristic shrug of his shoulders: "Vell, he can hold his tongue in six languages." There is a great deal of truth underlying this joke. The reticence of the Prince Chancellor has done him and his country good service a thousand times.

Bismarck first attracted general attention in connection with the Schleswig-Holstein war, in December, 1862. The actual war settled very little; it was in the diplomatic war that followed, where the real fighting was done. Bismarck was summoned to take the portfolio of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Presidency of the Cabinet. The strong, dominant will of the man was now brought into play. Not being able to pass the re-organization bill and the budget, he closed the Chambers, and told the deputies that the King's government would be obliged to do without their sanction. This was a bold course to take, and would have been very perilous to a weaker man. But Bismarck did not over-estimate his power. The army re-organization went on, and four or five sessions of Parliament were closed or dissolved in the same arbitrary manner. Throughout all the events which ended in the humiliation of Austria, and the re-organization of Germany under the leadership of Prussia, Bismarck was the guiding spirit; and such is the magic of success, that from being universally disliked, he came to be the most popular man in all Germany. So the whirligig of time brings its changes. This apostle of absolutism has even won the homage of the most pronounced republics.

During the Franco-German War of 1870–1871, he was the spokesman of Germany, and it was he alone, who in February, 1871, dictated the galling terms of peace. He was subsequently created a Prince, and made Chancellor of the German Empire. He has had a fierce contest with the Catholic Church, and in July, 1872, took the strong course of expelling the Jesuits. In 1874 his life was attempted, but happily in vain.

On the 1st of April, 1885, he was most pleasantly assured of the unabated reverence in which he was held. It was his seventieth birthday, and all Germany did homage to the Prince, and from all quarters of the land, and from foreign lands the kindliest congratulations were sent to the venerable statesman.

LEON GAMBETTA.

GAMBETTA, on whom, more than any other single man, the future of France seemed to depend, died at the early age ot forty-four. Brilliant and successful at the bar, where he soon became conspicuous in the defense of Radicals, Republicans, and others charged with offenses against the Empire, it was not long before he was elected to the Legislative Assembly. There, within a few months, he made a fierce attack on the ministry of M. Ollivier, uttering in one of his speeches the daring prophecy that the time would soon come when the French people would demand the establishment of a Republic; and that such a government would be established without bloodshed. The time came much sooner than he anticipated. In 1870 the Franco-Prussian war led to the speedy overthrow of Napoleon. France, without an executive head, with a victorious foreign foe in possession of a large portion of its territory—and marching on Paris,—with threatened anarchy at home, seemed lost beyond redemption. Then Gambetta, who was already the idol of the French Republicans, became a tower of national refuge. He was prominent in the organization of the government of the National Defense, under which he was appointed Minister of the Interior. At once he became conspicuous for his grasp of all the elements that entered into the unhappy state of public affairs; for his great organizing faculties; for his energy, daring and ability to inspire hope and courage in those around him. During the terrible siege of Paris, when the German forces had sealed up every exit, serious misunderstanding arose between the Committee of National Defense in the beleaguered city and the Delegate

Government at Tours, which represented the nation at large. It was of the utmost importance that a full explanation of the condition of Paris be conveyed to the government at Tours, and a plan of co-operation be reached. Gambetta volunteered to quit Paris by balloon, and having been clothed with full authority to represent his colleagues, he left the city on October 7th, 1870, passed over the Prussian lines, and reached Tours that evening in safety. From this time on for several months he was virtually Dictator of all France not actually under the heel of the invaders. He called on the French people to resist the foe to the bitter end. Without an exchequer, with scarcely any troops but raw recruits—nearly all the regular army having been made prisoners of war, or being out on parole,—he kept up a desperate, but unavailing struggle against the thoroughly disciplined and magnificently conducted German army, flushed with a long series of astonishing victories, but was at last forced to yield to the will of a majority of his countrymen, as expressed by their leaders, and see France submit to the humiliating treaty which ended the war. He protested, however, to the last; and only retired from command when the Government had stripped him of all authority. Deeply mortified, he withdrew himself from his country for a time. But when the time came to substitute a permanent form of government for the provisional form instituted during the war, Gambetta reappeared, going from place to place throughout the south of France, as the apostle of Republicanism. To no other single person is that country so much indebted as to him for the results of the election of 1872, which determined that France should be a Republic.

Although, largely through the efforts of M. Gambetta and his political friends, the government of France had become Republican, there was a strong conservative element at the head of the State in the person of the first President, M. Thiers, and his principal supporters, while Gambetta's Republicanism was of the radical sort. This led him into opposition to the Thiers' policy, so that he must be held responsible, at least in

part, for having so strengthened the hands of the reactionary party, consisting of the Bonapartists, Orleanists and Legitimists, as to force the President to resign. Gambetta had long been a leader of the "Irreconcilables." When Marshal McMahon had been elevated to the Presidency, and had surrounded himself with a ministry tainted with imperialistic sympathies, Gambetta joined the party of M. Thiers, known as the "Opportunists." Thenceforward, to the death of Thiers, September 3d, 1877, these two great men acted in hearty concert. The consequence was the grand triumph that same year of the Republic over all the reactionary influences, backed as they were by the power of the President; resulting eventually in the resignation of MacMahon and the elevation of M. Grevy to the seat of honor, as President of the French Republic—an honor which he owed, in a great measure, to the influence of Gambetta in the Assembly. That body raised their favorite to the place vacated by M. Grevy, then presiding. The manner in which Gambetta presided over this Assembly, characterized as it is by violence of debate and a measure of license that amounts at times almost to frenzy, surprised even his friends, both at home and abroad, by its impartiality, firmness and wisdom.

Disappointed in M. Grevy's conservatism, Gambetta at last threw his tremendous influence against the policy of the administration, and finally forced the resignation of the ministry, September 23, 1880. Thereupon the President called upon him to undertake the formation of a new ministry. It was now generally believed that Gambetta would use this position to accomplish great reforms, and fulfill some of the hopes of strengthening the foreign influence of France which are so fondly cherished by the masses of the French people. Unfortunately, he made an unwise choice of his associates in the ministry, who, with rare exceptions, could not be regarded as men of eminence, and were looked upon rather as intended to be the tools of their ambitious and somewhat dictatorial chief. In the short period of about two months, so many of his friends in the Assembly had placed themselves in opposition to his policy, and

so bitter had his enemies become, that he was defeated in that body on a Government measure by such a decisive vote as left him no alternative but to resign. The ministry that succeeded Gambetta's survived only until the 5th of the following August, having disgusted France by its weak foreign policy, and the unsatisfactory manner in which it dealt with the financial condition of the Government. When Gambetta's mortal illness fell upon him, the eyes not only of France but of the world, were turned toward him as the destined head of the Republic. France has not been in a more unquiet, more thoroughly unsatisfactory political condition for years, and the death of Gambetta materially increased the uncertainty of her future. While he survived, the maintenance of the Republic against all inimical forces was considered certain. Americans will hope that it is still so; but yet no one can say who is worthy to wear the fallen mantle of the great French statesman who has passed away. Gambetta living was an inspiration, the hope and idol, of the French party in the conquered provinces, and of the Alsace-Lorraine element in France. It may be, therefore, that his death secures a prolongation of that pacific foreign policy under which France has prospered so wonderfully in the industries, commerce, the promotion of public education, and all the arts and sciences. It may tend, also, to the softening of the asperities of the irreconcilable factions of the Republican party, and a closer union of all the supporters of the Republic. If so, then as Gambetta did not live in vain, he has not died in vain.

POETS

Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.—ALPHONSE LAMARTINE.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths, and tell them.—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has put in men's souls.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON was born in London on the 22d of January, 1788. He was the only son of John Byron, a Captain in the Guards, and Catharine Gordon, a Scotch heiress, of Aberdeenshire. His mother and father lived unhappily together. The mother possessed an ungovernable temper, and the father was a profligate and a gambler who squandered his wife's fortune. The result was a separation, and the wife went to Aberdeen with her son, their only support being a slender income of £130 a year. In 1798, when ten years old, the son succeeded to the title of Lord Byron, and to the estate of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham, and thither the mother and son removed, the youthful peer being sent to school, first to Dulwich, and afterward to Harrow. In 1805 he went to Cambridge University, and two years later he published his Hours of Idleness, a volume of youthful poems of no very remarkable merit. An adverse criticism of the work, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the pen of Brougham, called forth the reply, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, a vigorous satire which at once gained the ear of the public. Byron now (1809–11) made an extensive tour in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey ; and in 1812, soon after his return, the publication of two cantos of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage took the town by storm. In his own words, he awoke one morning and found himself famous.

In 1815 Lord Byron married Isabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. The union, however, proved an unfortunate one, lasting only a year. In January, 1816, about a month after the birth of her daughter, Augusta Ada (the Ada of Childe Harold), Lady Byron left her husband, ostensibly for the pur-

pose of paying a visit to her parents. On her way she wrote an affectionate letter to him, beginning "Dear Dick" and signed "Your Pippin." To his roof, however, she never returned. Owing to her silence, the cause of the rupture has been shrouded in a mystery which has not yet been satisfactorily unraveled. To the storm of obloquy with which he was assailed he bowed, and in 1816 he left England never to return. As he himself justly said: "I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me; I withdrew."

He went first to Switzerland, next to Italy, and finally to Greece. The period between his departure from England and his death was that in which he produced his greatest poetical work, including, among a multitude of poems and dramas, the third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold, Manfred, Cain, Don Juan, and The Vision of Judgment, the greatest satire of modern times. In 1823 he sailed for Greece to aid the patriots in their struggle for freedom; and here he died of fever on the 19th of April, 1824. His last intelligible words related to his wife, his sister, and his child. His body was taken to England, and being refused a resting place in Westminster Abbey, was buried in the village church at Hucknall, near Newstead.

On the question of Byron's place in English literature, foreign criticism sides with Mr. Arnold rather than Mr. Swinburne. Goethe even ranks Byron before Wordsworth, as the greatest English poet since Milton; and Heinrich Heine, who hated England and things English with a perfect hatred, is fain to make an exception in favor of Byron, whom he terms "the greatest elemental force of the nineteenth century." Even Mr. Swinburne himself is constrained to admit that Byron's poetry possesses the supreme virtues of "sincerity and strength."

Twenty years ago, and more, I remember being one of a merry party starting out on a visit to Newstead Abbey, the home of the illustrious Lord Byron. It was a lovely October morning when we left the ancient town of Nottingham; our way was over a part of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood

and Little John had made the wild woods echo with their hunting songs. In some parts of the forest, the caves still were to be seen, where these wild roysterers of the olden time were wont to lie in wait for some "fat friar," or purse-proud abbot, that they might relieve them of their superfluous wealth. The day was one of those rich autumn days, in which it seems as if the glories of all seasons meet and blend, to show how fair and beautiful the world can be.

"The leaves were paling yellow,
And trembling into red."

It was a merry party—youth and beauty side by side—and I, on my way back to college, after the long vacation, felt all a student's enthusiasm to visit the home and the last resting-place of the author of "Childe Harold." We arrived at Newstead a little before noon, and were permitted to wander all about the early home of this unhappy child of genius. Quaint and venerable, the abbey has no particular attractions of its own to awaken admiration. But if the prison of Chillon was a sacred place because Bonnivard trod its "floor into an altar," appealing thus "from tyranny to God," Newstead was sacred to me because associated with one whose genius the world must admire spite of all prejudices, and whose life remains one of the saddest stories of modern days. It was here the deformed boy first breathed the inspiration of the poet; along these garden-walks, his measured tread kept time with the music that breathed and burned within him. By that sundial, covered now with the soft, kindly mosses, young Gordon stood and looked out upon a turbulent, stormy life. On this rude garden seat, he sat and poured into the patient ear of Augusta, the only real friend he had in those years, all the story of his sad heart. Here, in the very garden that echoed the sighs of the despairing young poet, I could not but feel sad. For Byron was cursed in his early youth by the cruel coldness of those who ought to have been his best and truest friends. His sins were many in the after days. But the seeds, of which they

were the harvest, were sown by other hands in this very abbey. His mother seemed half-ashamed of him, and did not hide her feelings. The woman he loved and worshiped, and who had answered back his love with pledges of eternal fidelity, forsook him with a sneer on her proud lips, when a wealthier suitor came. Who can wonder that Byron became a cynic? Who can wonder that he should become the Poet of Despair? I plucked an ivy leaf from near the poet's window, which kept green in my pleasant study-window through many a changing year. I never looked at it but I thought of Newstead, and of its gifted lord, and of that sad verse—saddest of all things Byron ever wrote—a wail of a broken heart, bleeding drop by drop:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The buds and blooms of joy are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone!"

After a few hours spent at Newstead, our party journeyed to the little village of Hucknall Torkard, where all that is mortal of the greatest genius of his age is peacefully resting. The peaceful village church, the plain marble slab that points out his grave, reminded me of the quiet resting-place of that greatest poet of the ages, down at Stratford-on-Avon. And standing by Byron's grave, I could not help quoting Shakespeare's words:

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

The latter days of Lord Byron were radiant with romance. He conceived a burning enthusiasm for the Greeks; and no Grecian of them all was more earnest and patriotic than Byron. He inspired the Greeks with courage, and would have been as intrepid in the field as he was inspiring in his song. The Greeks never forget. Tidings come from that far-away classic land that a statue to Lord Byron has just been erected at Mis-

solonghi, where Byron spent the last years of his life, and where he died.

We conclude this brief sketch with two of Byron's best known brief poems:

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Runs mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face:
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye,
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight,
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace;
It can not quit his place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AT the head of living American poets stands James Russell Lowell. He was born at Elmwood, near Cambridge, February 22, 1819. He came of a family already famous in the annals of earlier American history. For many interesting facts concerning the Lowell family we are indebted to an able and exhaustive article in *The Weekly Magazine*.

Prominent among the many families of Massachusetts eminent through several generations for high character and talents, may be ranked the Lowells. It well illustrates the cumulative effects of genius and culture, and the old saying that "blood will tell."

Percival Lowell, the progenitor of the Massachusetts Lowells, was an English merchant, who came to the colony and settled at Newbury as early as 1637. Fifteen of his descendants have been graduates of Harvard.

The first to attain national distinction was John Lowell, LL. D., born in 1760. He graduated from Harvard, studied law, located at Boston, where he soon took a prominent position in the political affairs of the colony. As delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of Massachusetts, he caused to be inserted in the "Bill of Rights" the clause, "All men are born free and equal." This was intended as a blow at the institution of slavery, which then had a foothold in Massachusetts. After the constitution had been adopted, he publicly offered his legal services to aid any person who desired to acquire personal freedom under this clause. In 1783 the Supreme Court established his construction of the constitution, which abolished slavery in the old Commonwealth.

John Lowell was also a member of the Continental Congress, and after the establishment of the Supreme Court, he was appointed by the President one of its justices. Three of his sons, John, Charles and Francis, attained eminence. John, the eldest, graduated from Harvard, studied law, and added to his culture by foreign travel. Politics was his favorite study and pursuit. Although he invariably declined public office for himself, he greatly helped to mould public opinion through his political essays, published principally in pamphlet form, and in the *North American Review;* and it is said that no man in New England carried with him a greater weight of influence. He was not only the champion of political rights, but he was also the friend and patron of learning and the arts. To him, Boston is chiefly indebted for the foundation of the Athenæum. In him, as in his distinguished father, we find all the elements which go to make up a great public character.

The next brother of the above, Francis Cabot Lowell, became a merchant of Boston. He established the first cotton factory in America, and the city of Lowell is named in his honor. His son, John Lowell, Jr., received, according to the family custom, a liberal education, having graduated from Harvard. He afterward engaged in commercial pursuits. After the early death of his wife and children, he devoted his life to travel. It is related that he made his will amid the ruins of Thebes. One of his bequests provided the sum of $250,000 to be applied toward founding in his native city of Boston, courses of popular lectures on Theology, Literature and Science. Lowell Institute is the result of this bequest.

A third son of Judge John Lowell was Charles, the father of the poet. He also graduated from Harvard, and afterward studied law, which he finally abandoned for theology. After several years spent in travel and study abroad, he returned to Boston and was settled as pastor over the West Church (Conservative Unitarian) January 1, 1806; here he preached for over fifty years.

We now come to James Russell, who was born February

22, 1819—the most perfect blossom from this fine old stock. He graduated from Harvard in his nineteenth year, and read the class poem. In the light of his subsequent productions, it is of interest to note that it was said to contain "much vigorous satire and sharp wit." He studied law and was admitted to the bar; but the charms of literature led him, soon after having opened an office in Boston, to abandon the law and devote himself to a literary career. He brought to this congenial work a vigorous understanding, a brilliant imagination, fine susceptibilities, and a sturdy respect for human rights—the rich inheritance of his fathers.

His first publication, a volume of poems entitled "A Year's Life," was dedicated to William Page, the artist, and a life-long friend. When in his twenty-fourth year, he undertook the publication of a magazine called "The Pioneer." Although it numbered among its contributors Hawthorne, Poe, and W. W. Story, the artist, it only survived some three months. The following year he published the "Legend of Brittany," "Prometheus," and other poems, many of which embodied his strong anti-slavery sentiments; these helped to fan that flame which finally consumed the hated institution.

A book of essays entitled "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets;" "A Vision of Sir Launfel," a poem founded on the Search for the Holy Grail, and a third volume of miscellaneous poems; "Bigelow Papers," a political satire in verse, written in the Yankee dialect; "A Fable for Critics," a review of contemporaneous writers which was at first published anonymously, followed in rapid succession.

After these prolific years came a twelve months' tour in Europe. Soon after his return he gave at Lowell Institute a series of twelve lectures on the British Poets, which at once established his reputation as a critic and reviewer. About this time the poet Longfellow resigned the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard, and Mr. Lowell was appointed to succeed him. He returned to Europe and spent a year in special studies for his new work. Mr. Lowell has been

a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. He was the first editor of the *Atlantic*, which, under his vigorous and discriminating management, became one of the leading literary magazines of America. His works have been republished and extensively read abroad.

His later poems, "The Cathedral," suggested by a visit to Chartres; "Under the Willows;" the "Memorial" poems; and especially his noble "Commemoration Ode," which embodies the loftiest ideas of the patriot, mark the breadth and maturity of his thought and culture. His more important contributions to our prose literature are "Fireside Travels," "My Study Windows," and "Among My Books," First and Second Series. Besides essays upon miscellaneous subjects, these embrace his studies of the English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Wordsworth, also reviews of Lessing and Dante. Great as a poet, Mr. Lowell must also be ranked as a master in prose, so splendid is the diction, so vigorous the thought, so subtle the analysis, so bracing the moral sentiment.

Mr. Lowell, who has been for the past four years American Minister at the Court of St. James, England, has added largely to his fame as a courteous gentleman, and a distinguished scholar. During his residence in England he has had many literary honors thrust upon him. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, and was appointed to unveil memorial busts of Samuel Pepys, and James Fielding. He was also present at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in Westminster Abbey, and made a characteristic speech.

During Mr. Lowell's residence in London he was unfortunate enough to lose his wife. This was to him a most distressing affliction, but it served as an opportunity for his many friends to show the deep and tender sympathy they had for him. The Queen, Mr. Gladstone, the Lord Bishop of London, and thousands of less note, sent letters of condolence to the sorrowing poet.

We append one of his most popular and impressive poems:

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;
Content that from employment springs;

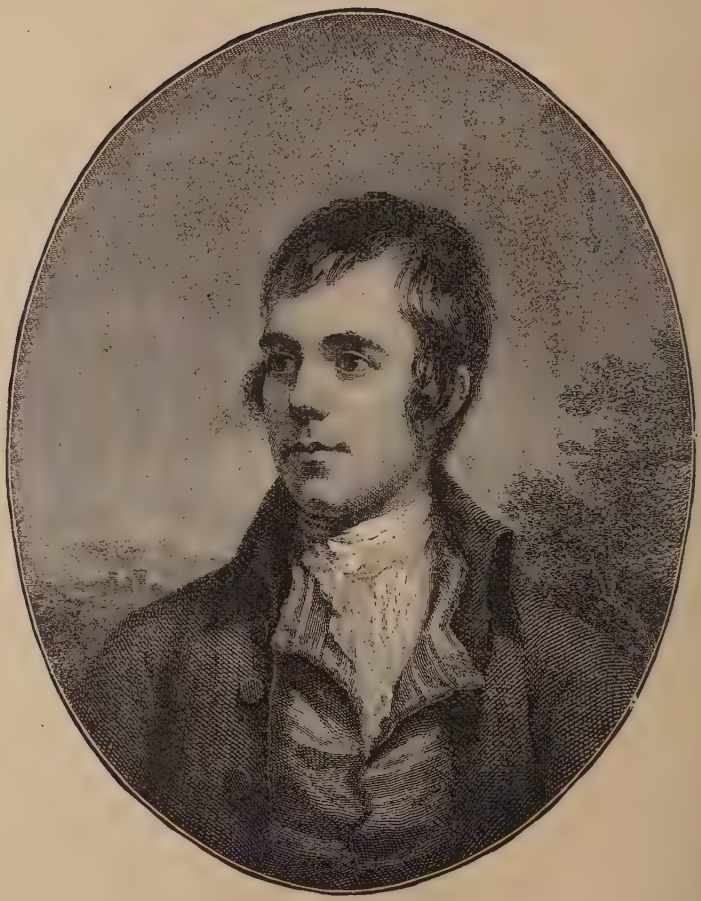
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.



ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in an humble cottage on the banks of the Doon, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr. There was something romantic in an accident which befell him before he had concluded his first week's experience in the world. The frail abode in which he first saw the light, and which had been erected by the hands of his father, gave way at midnight, and the infant and his mother had to be conveyed through a storm to the shelter of a neighboring cottage.

The father of the poet, William Burness,—such was the original spelling of the name—was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, whence he removed at the age of nineteen, in consequence of the poverty of his family.

When the poet was a little over six years old, his father removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, in the parish of Ayr, on which he was placed by the kindness of a Mr. Ferguson, to whom he had acted as gardener. The change, however, was not for the better. Mr. Ferguson died, and his affairs fell into the hands of a factor who treated Burness with great harshness.

On being driven from Mount Oliphant, Burness went with his family, about 1772, to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, and for a time succeeded better in the world. His sons were placed under the care of a teacher called Murdoch, who was engaged to instruct the children of the farmers at Lochlea. Murdoch has given a very interesting account of Robert Burns and his brother about this time. "Gilbert," he says, "always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be far more the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the

rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive, of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind; Gilbert's face said, 'Mirth, with thee I mean to live;' and certainly, if any person who knew the boys, had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

Of himself at this period, Burns says: "I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles.

"In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.

"The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirzah*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, *How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!* I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ears—

'For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave—'

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school-books.

"The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were *The Life of Hannibal*, and *The History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

Burns made his first attempt at verse-writing before he had reached his sixteenth year. It was inspired by his partner in the labors of the harvest, a bewitching creature a year younger than himself, "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," whose charms he celebrated in the little ballad, "O once I loved a bonnie lass."

"Among her other love-inspiring qualities," says Burns, for we must give the incident in his own words, "she sang sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme.

"I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

In his seventeenth year he began to attend a country dancing school, and his doing so was in direct opposition to the wishes of his father, "My father," says Burns, "was subject to strong passions; from this instance of disobedience he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness and sobriety and

regularity of Presbyterian country life; for though the will-o'-the-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterward within the line of innocence.

"The great misfortune of my life," he continues, "was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labor. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicanery bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I could never squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant â l'adorable moitié du genre humain.*

"My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various. Sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared further for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart.

"A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal and intrepid dexterity that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in

the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe."

The account of the poet's early habits given by his brother will be read with interest. "The seven years," he says, "we lived in Tarbolton parish, extending from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of my brother's age, were not marked by much literary improvement; but during this time the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother's character which afterward became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge on. Though, when young, he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet when he approached manhood his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew that he 'fainted, sank, and died away,' but the agitations of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind I ever knew in real life.

"He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love, therefore, rarely settled on persons of this description. When he selected any one out of the sovereignty of his good pleasure to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms, out of the plentiful stores of his own imagination; and there was often a great dissimilitude between his fair captivator, as she appeared to others, and as she seemed when invested with the attributes he gave her."

In Robert's twenty-fifth year his father died, full of sorrows and apprehensions for his gifted son. Of this event he thus feelingly speaks: "On the 13th of February I lost the best of fathers. Though, to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of nature claim their part; and I can not recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of the best of friends and the ablest of instruc-

tors without feeling what the calmer dictates of reason would perhaps condemn." His beautiful epitaph on—

> "The tender father and the gen'rous friend,
> The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
> The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
> The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,"

is well known, and forms a pathetic proof of his filial love.

In 1786 the first volume of his poems was printed. This volume contained, amongst other poems, the following world-wide favorites: *The Twa Dogs; The Author's Prayer; The Address to the Deil; The Vision and the Dream; Hallowe'en; The Cotter's Saturday Night;* the lines *To a Mouse*, and *To a Daisy; Scotch Drink; Man was made to Mourn; The Epistle to Davie*, and some of his most popular songs.

In 1787 the second edition of his poems was published, the proceeds of the sales of which realized for their author about $2,500. In June, 1788, Burns married Jean Armour.

In 1791 he wrote *Tam O'Shanter;* and the same year he went to reside in Dumfries. Here Burns spent the remainder of his sad life. The following letter to Alexander Cunningham speaks more than all other words could express:

FEBRUARY 25, 1794.

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times—losses which, though trifling, were what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition. Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel. * * Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid

the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of Courage, Fortitude, Magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments which, however the skeptic may deny them, or the enthusiast may disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul, those senses of the mind—if I may be allowed the expression—which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities—an all powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come, beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve for combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field; the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure."

On the 21st of July, 1796, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance. His remains were consigned to the earth with the solemnities of a public funeral, which was rendered remarkably imposing by the voluntary attendance of a vast multitude of persons of all ranks from every part of the surrounding country.

Not long ago a bust of the poet, by Sir John Steele, R. A., was unveiled in Westminster Abbey; in unveiling this memento of Scotland's sweetest singer the Dean closed an impressive address with these words:

"We need not, I think, regret that such homage may seem at first sight somewhat tardy. If all but ninety years have passed since your poet's death, we may remember that for a century and a half the dust of Chaucer lay unmarked and unhonored by any monument. Nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakspeare found a place upon our walls. Even Milton's name was for more than two generations unnoticed, except for a passing reference in the inscription to a forgotten poet. And of Burns, as of his great brother poets, no verdict of posterity will reverse our judgment. The three generations that have passed since the death of the Ayrshire peasant saddened Scotland and smote the heart of England with the thought "of mighty poets in their misery dead," have only increased the in-

terest of mankind in the man, have only raised the deliberate estimate of his marvelous genius.

And we, as we shall stand for a moment in silence by a bust which may recall, we trust, to far-off ages, if not the "large dark eye which glowed," as the greatest of his countrymen said, "literally glowed when he spoke with feeling and interest," yet, at least, the massive countenance with strength and shrewdness in every lineament, may ask that the poet's best legacies to his race—all that is good, and beautiful, and noble in his poems—may long invigorate, and enrich, and delight mankind in every corner of the world where his tongue is spoken—that all that is misleading or lowering may die out of men's hearts. And for himself, with all his splendid gifts, his great qualities, his indisputable virtues, his indisputable frailties and faults, let us be content—in the words of a poet who was dear to him in his youth, and whose monument will lie not far from his own—let us be content to leave them

In their dread abode,
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of their Father and their God."

We quote the following well known poems:

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusted frere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid wallie-waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

MARY MORISON.

O, Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour,
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bid thee stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison!"

Oh, Mary! canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IT was Charles Dickens who said, with great significance: "The life of Shakspeare is a mystery." We are unfortunate in knowing so little of this great high-priest of Drama. We are silent in the presence of his commanding genius, and can only guess and wonder. Many questions spring to our lips, but they must remain unanswered. Did he ever notice, while strolling with Ben Jonson along Cheapside, a little fellow with a wonderful head of hair, playing at the corner of Bread street, little John, son of Milton, the Scrivener? Who can tell? No Boswell dogged the steps of Shakspeare, and, though the great dramatist was a voluminous writer, he kept no diary, such as Evelyn and Samuel Pepys kept, or we might be very rich just where we are poorest in the matter of Shakspearean lore. We want to know more of his young life, of his courtship and marriage, and when, and where, and how the fire of his unexampled genius first began to burn. Where did he acquire the knowledge his plays evince? What were his methods of study and composition? Did the wonderful tides flow freely and unbidden from his pen? or was he often to be found, like the Greek oracle upon the tripod,

"Agonized and full of inspiration?"

Much as we may desire this knowledge, we can never have it. But though we may never know much about the gathering of the gems, we may be thankful for the treasures. Shakspeare made the whole world richer for all the ages, but the world has not yet learned to worthily appreciate the gifts of her great

benefactor. He has created kings and queens greater than ever wore the purple, or swayed the bauble scepters of empire; he has crowded our life with grand companionships; he has unlocked the treasure-chambers of heart and mind, and made the poorest man among us a millionaire in the realm of heart and mind and feeling; and yet the day that saw his birth, and the day that bemoaned his departure to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," are almost forgotten. And what should be known all the world over as Shakspeare's Day is left almost unnoticed.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1564. He was the eldest son of John Shakspeare and his wife, Mary Arden.

His family were "gentle" upon both sides. His paternal ancestor is believed to have fought at Bosworth Field on the side of Richmond, for he received from Henry VII., in reward for "valiant and faithful" services, tenements and lands in Warwickshire, on which his descendants dwelt till the birth of him who was destined to immortalize their name. Shakspeare's mother was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wylmcote (or Wellingcote) in Warwickshire, a gentleman of ancient and honorable family, deriving its name probably from the forest land on which its possessions stood.

The year of Shakspeare's birth was marked by the outbreak of the plague in Stratford; but the spotted curse passed harmlessly by the cradle of the glorious infant; while his then well-to-do father contributed of his means to the relief of the poor who had suffered by its ravages. The boyhood of Shakspeare, till he was ten years old, was spent, probably, in a manner well adapted to foster his genius. On his mother's heritage of Asbyes—in his father's nearer meadows—the young poet must have reveled in the greenwood shades, and amid the daisied meads of which he afterward painted such sweet sylvan pictures. The forest of Arden, the sheep-shearing of Perdita, the fairy-haunted woods, etc., were doubtless memories of his boyhood.

From about the time Shakspeare completed his eleventh year, the prosperity of his family waned; the shadow of evil days gathered over the hitherto prosperous yeoman. In 1578 John Shakspeare was unable to pay poor-rates; and—happy and considerate must the age have been!—he "was left untaxed." During these eleven years his gifted eldest son was receiving his early education at the free grammar school of Stratford; the masters being at that time Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins. Of the where or how that education was completed, we have no record. That his days of youthful study ended early, we may, however, conjecture, as he married at the age of eighteen Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, of Shottery, a substantial yeoman. The bride was eight years older than her husband.

Before Shakspeare was twenty-one, he was the father of three children, a daughter,—Susanna, the darling of his after life,—and a twin son and daughter, Hamnet (or Hamlet) and Judith.

It is probable that this rapid increase of family and his father's decaying circumstances, led to the resolve of the poet to seek a fortune in London. He had in the great city—which was an El Dorado to the imaginations of country folks in those days—a relative and townsman named Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian, who, in company with the actors Burbage, Slye, Hemynge, and Tooley, had very recently performed at Stratford—*i. e.*, in 1584. Without giving much credence to the traditionary scandal of Shakspeare's stealing deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds at Charlecote, we may believe he had by some wild, boyish freak given annoyance to the "Justice," and thus added another motive to those which already disposed him to leave his fair Warwickshire home. Doubtless but little inducement was, however, required to lure him into the world of famous men whose renown then filled the length and breadth of the land; and whose grand memories surround his own.

It may be fairly supposed that the young Stratford man

did not venture to London without some definite prospect of employment. His instinct would naturally point toward literature as a pursuit, and the drama as a possible opening. It seems to be an indisputable fact that he made his way at once to the theatre at Blackfriars; but it is not at all necessary to accept the story that he at first earned a miserable living by holding the horses of the Court gallants who visited the theatre, and that so well was he known, that the boys who afterward performed similar offices, were known as "Shakspeare's boys." It is more likely that he introduced himself to James Burbage, who is mentioned as "the first builder of playhouses," and who had a few years previously purchased a house at Blackfriars, "at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble." This theatre occupied part of the site of the present Apothecaries' Hall, behind the Ludgate Hill railway station, and within a few yards of the printing-office of the *Times;* and the short thoroughfare adjoining still bears the name Playhouse Yard. It may be observed that the theatre was within the limits of the old Sanctuary, and so exempt from interference from the Corporation of London, who prohibited stage plays in their domain.

At first Burbage leased the house to a man named Evans, who produced plays acted by "Her Majesty's Children of the Chapel." These youthful actors must have been heavily taxed, for we have records of the performance by "Her Majesty's Children and the Children of St. Paul's" of such long plays as Lilly's *Campaspe*. It is not surprising, therefore, that "the boys were daily wearing out," and, in consequence, Burbage purchased the lease from Evans, and formed a regular company of grown-up acters. A subordinate place in this company appears to have been occupied by Shakspeare; but it was not long before the manager perceived his talents, and employed him to prepare for performance, by re-arranging and partly re-writing, dramas not otherwise adapted for effective representation.

The vigorous Elizabethan drama sprang into existence

with amazing rapidity. The miracle plays and moralities, as they were called, had been superseded. Between 1560 and 1580, forty-six regular tragedies and comedies are known to have been enacted, none of which are now extant, besides those which have been preserved. In some instances, the open yards of large inns, such as the Belle Savage, at Ludgate, were converted into temporary theatres; but generally the plays were performed in the halls of the Inns of Court, the Sovereign's palace, and the residences of the nobility. The Blackfriars Theatre was roofed in, and so were the Whitefriars and the Curtain, at Shoreditch, opened a few years afterward; but the Bankside theatres, the Rose, Hope, Swan, Paris Garden (originally a place for baiting bears), and the Globe, built 1593, were open to the sky. A dozen theatres were open at one time or other in the eighteen years of Shakspeare's London life.

The date at which Shakspeare's first drama appeared is uncertain. That he was a renowned dramatist in 1591, Spenser's praise of him, published in that year, proves. Rowe was not able to discover any character in which he was remembered, as an actor, except that of the *Ghost* in "Hamlet;" nevertheless, the instructions to the players in that tragedy show how perfect was his knowledge of the histrionic art, and how perfect the taste which would have guided his own performance—probably *too* good for such rude spectators as those who assembled at the Globe, and who had hitherto been used to tragedies in King Cambyses' vein—all rant, murder and horrors. In 1596 a great sorrow fell upon the poet; his only son Hamnet died at the age of eleven years. A bitter grief it must have been to one whose tenderness and warmth of affection appear from the concurrent testimony of his age to have been equal to his genius. Shakspeare was a good son, as well as a genial and generous friend. His parents shared his prosperity. He helped them with his influence and his purse; redeemed his mother's mortgaged property in "Green Arden," and—purchasing a large and pleasant dwelling in his native place—brought his parents home to dwell there.

He did not yet, however, retire from the stage. He had a house in Southwark, which was his London home; his visits to Stratford were periods of rest and recreation, probably also of quiet literary labor. He continued purchasing property near his country home; manifesting prudence and common sense in affairs of the world; and a sound discretion in all things.

The "Sonnets," a hundred and fifty-four in number, were not printed till 1609, after Shakspeare had returned to Stratford, but they were evidently written in the early years of his residence in London. They were published apparently without the author's knowledge or sanction, and with a dedication printed in so enigmatical a manner that even now English, French, German, and American critics are disputing as to its meaning. They made very little sensation when published. Shakspeare himself was either ignorant of, or quite indifferent to the fact, and Alleyn the actor, founder of Dulwich College, has left a record that he purchased a copy for fivepence! Some of the Sonnets had circulated in manuscript among the poet's friends, and are spoken of by the Rev. Francis Meeres as the "sugared sonnets." Many of them are addressed to a young man—critics unanimously supposed to be William Herbert—and the praises of his personal beauty are so fulsome as to be, unless they have some secondary meaning, almost nauseous. Then there are references to a rival poet (perhaps Marlowe), and to some woman of wonderful beauty and dark complexion, who had interfered between him and his friend. Interspersed are bitter self-accusations, expressive of weariness of life, reminiscences apparently of early happiness long passed away, and flashes of proud consciousness of the immortality of his poetry. Altogether, there is such a revelation of the workings of a passionate nature, such an admixture of lofty imagination and perception of beauty with discontent, jealousy, and remorse; such terrible hints and self-accusations, that the reader marvels that so tempestuous a nature could have been veiled by the calm, cheerful exterior which ordinarily Shakspeare

presents to the world. Some writers regard the Sonnets as mere literary exercises, no more to be taken as representatives of the poet's individuality than are the characters of Hamlet or Othello. Others suggest that the Sonnets were written to order, and supplied at different times to various persons who were rich enough to pay, but not clever enough to write poetry for themselves. It is true hack writers of the time were willing to sell their pens, but we cannot believe Shakspeare was one of them, and there are too many obvious allusions to himself to permit the suggestion to be accepted. Mr. Gerald Massey finds in the Sonnets a dramatic character, and divides them into two series. In the first the author, in his own character, addresses the young Earl of Southampton, advising him to marry; while other of the Sonnets are written in the character of the Earl, and addressed to his mistress, Elizabeth Vernon; and some are supposed to be expressive of that lady's jealousy of Lady Rich.

It is supposed that Shakspeare quitted the stage finally in 1604, as his name does not appear on the list of players after the production of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," in 1603. He had made a comfortable fortune, estimated by Gildon (in his Letters and Essays) at £300 a year, equal to rather more than a thousand a year at the present day, and had then only attained the age of forty years.

And now, happy in cherishing his parents in their old age, and seeing his daughter Susanna a happy wife and mother, and in entertaining his friends, Shakspeare passed twelve years of well-earned repose; the darling alike of Nature and of Fortune.

He cultivated his land, planted the famous mulberry tree, and at this time published his exquisite Sonnets, which had probably been written in his youth. Such, at least, was the opinion of Coleridge, who says: "These extraordinary Sonnets form, in fact, a poem of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the Sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression—continuous if you regard the lover's soul—distinct, if you listen to them, as he heaves them

sigh after sigh. These sonnets, like the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, are characterized by boundless fertility and labored condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterward habit and consciousness of power teach more ease." He returned occasionally, however, to London, and was never forgotten by the noble friends his genius had secured. Lord Southampton—great from his personal qualities—styles him in a letter "My especial friend." Queen Elizabeth had honored him with personal notice and favor.

The Homeric legends had already attracted his attention, and Chaucer's version of the story of Cressida was probably the immediate origin of *Troilus and Cressida*, written shortly before he left London; and now, in his leisure, he turned to Roman history, as seen chiefly through the medium of Plutarch, and to early British history. From the study of the old chroniclers, Holinshed and others, came *Macbeth*, *Lear* and *Cymbeline;* from Roman history, *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The dates of the composition of the plays are uncertain, and much critical ingenuity has been displayed in endeavoring to fix them ; but there is reason to believe that his last effort was one of the most beautiful, *The Tempest;* and that, in the full maturity of his powers, he laid down his pen as the magician Prospero laid down his magic wand. *Henry VIII.* is perhaps the next latest—a reverting to English history suggested by the death of Queen Elizabeth. The only scrap of personal correspondence extant is a short letter to Shakspeare from Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford, asking for a loan of money. This Quiney afterward married Judith Shakspeare. That marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1616; and on the 23d of April, on his fifty-third birthday, Shakspeare had ceased to live. There is a well-known assertion, based on an entry in the diary of the Rev. Mr. Ward, vicar of Stratford, to the effect that Shakspeare died of a fever contracted after hard drinking at a "merry meeting

with Drayton and Ben Jonson." As this entry was made about forty-four years after the poet's death, it is not of much authority.

He had made his will (still to be seen in London) on the 25th of January, about three weeks before Judith's marriage. New Place, its furniture, and the bulk of his property, he bequeathed to his daughter Susanna, who had married Dr. John Hall, a physician. His widow was entitled to dower, and was therefore provided for. The special legacy to her of the "second-best bed" was long considered as a mark of slight; but if we remember that in all good houses there was a "guest chamber," in which the best bed and fittings were kept, only used on special occasions, we can well understand that the "second-best bed" was the one on which Shakspeare and his wife slept, and that the bequest had a special significance. To his daughter Judith he left £150, and £150 more if she or children of hers were living three years after the date of his will. There are several minor legacies, and the bequests to Susanna include the houses in Henley Street, "barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands and hereditaments" in Warwickshire and London.

He was buried in the chancel of the beautiful parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, and his memorial is placed on the wall. A story is extant that a lady who had heard the funeral sermon preached by the vicar, remembered that he expressed regret that Shakspeare had not been bred a divine. His widow survived him more than seven years, dying in August, 1623, and lies beside him in the chancel. His daughter Susanna (died July, 1649), and her husband (1635), and their son-in-law, John Nashe (1647), are also buried there. On the stone over the poet's grave are the lines (we modify the spelling) written by himself:—

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

It was the writer's good fortune to be present at Stratford-on-Avon when Shakspeare's Tercentenary was celebrated, and though twenty years have passed since then, the memories of that day are as vivid as they are pleasant. It was a lovely morning that 23d of April, 1864. The hedge-rows were whitening with hawthorn blossoms, and the air was fragrant with violets. It was just such a day as Shakspeare describes

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo birds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

The journey down was a perfect enchantment, and just as the tower of Stratford Church became visible amongst the tall old elms, the bells began to chime, and the music floating along the undulating meadow lands was enough to inspire a poet with a song. The sky was cloudless, one boundless pasture of faultless blue, the lark seemed bent on beating out its life in song; all nature was in harmony with the jubilance of the hour. The quiet little town was thronged with such a gathering as it never saw before, and may never see again. The whole world was represented in that little hamlet by the Avon. Lords and ladies of high degree, rulers of the land, dignitaries from foreign courts, all ablaze in their official splendor; gave a brightness and charm to the scene, to which the gay attire of a thousand ladies added still greater beauty. And the priests of the temple of literature were there in great numbers. Poets, authors, editors, artists, actors and the like, and to my mind it seemed that these had most right to lay a fresh green wreath on Shakspeare's grave, or offer a garland to his immortal fame. Everybody of course visited the home of the bard, and the penciling on the walls was so thick and crowded with so many Smiths and Jones and the like, that I resolved to be one of the few, the immortal few, who did not write my name. In the Town Hall all the available Shakspeare relics were shown, and the chief memorials of those who had spent their best days in

presenting Shakspeare's plays to the world, were on hand, memorials of Garrick and the elder Kean and Macready. I wandered on to the old church, where the monument of Shakspeare is to be found, and the bust is perhaps the most reliable of all the representations of the bard. The face is bland and cheerful, genial and bright, the face of one whom you would judge to be a very pleasant and desirable companion. In the evening came the banquet, and then the speeches. And such speeches! Grand, magnificent, sublime! Every man magnifying himself at the expense of Shakspeare. I was soon tired of the speeches, and went for a quiet stroll alone on the banks of the Avon, under the shadow of the stately elms.

The hour for returning came, and we started for Coventry. The moon shone bright in a sky thick-studded with innumerable stars. We passed the castle keep of ancient Warwick, and soon the gray towers of Kenilworth gleamed in the moonlight. I could almost fancy that the wheel of time had rolled backward. There was music and dancing, Leicester was paying court to the great Elizabeth, and poor Amy Robsart was breaking her heart in the shadow of that elder thicket by the gray old wall. But the vision passed, and the three tall spires of Coventry soon came in sight.

We make only three brief selections from the works of the immortal bard:

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents torn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SONNET.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new, wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve of grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrow ends.

FALL OF WOLSEY.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WILLIAM S. CARLETON.

FEW men have sprung as suddenly into well deserved fame as William Carleton. His poem, *Betsy and I are Out*, which was first published in the Toledo *Blade*, was quoted in the newspapers all over the country, and it was soon felt that there was a new singer in the West, a man who could sing of the home and its affections, with such genuine pathos that all the world would be glad to hear. Will S. Carleton was born on his father's farm, near Hudson, in Lawrence County, Michigan, 1845. He came of a good old English stock. He was brought up to the usual life of the farm, but, while thus engaged, he managed to gather together the elements of a thoroughly sound education. In Latin, algebra, and geometry he was quite proficient. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, with the view of preparing himself for the profession of journalism. He graduated in 1869, and joined the editorial staff of an agricultural paper in Chicago. It was in 1871 that his *Betsy and I Are Out*, was first published; it appeared in Harper's Magazine in a beautifully illustrated form. Then came *How Betsy and I Made Up*. In 1873 *Farm Ballads* was published. In 1875 *Farm Legends* appeared, and in 1881 *Farm Festivals*. These works are not of equal merit; but some of these poems will live as long as farms are tilled, and hearts are sad or joyful. The poet struck a vein, that if not very deep, or very extensive, was very rich, and he has worked it wisely and well. He has proved himself capable of excellent work in other deparments.

The face of Will Carleton is eminently that of a poet in its indication of that best poetic trait—sympathy. Though it

possesses firmness, yet its gentleness is not interfered with. To descend to physiognomical details, the seat of firmness lies in the mouth; the sweetness, the gentleness,—which are its great characteristics—looking out from the most "straightforward looking" eyes one will see in a day's march. He has a fine aquiline nose, and broad brow, surmounted by waving masses of hair, worn long, after the American fashion, as is also the beard.

He has long arms which are used in earnest speech to emphasize all he says, and like most long-armed people, a voice of surprising strength and depth. Yet the same combination of the *suaviter* and the *fortiter* noticed in his face, is observable in his intonation, which is liquid and tender as some rare-toned bell, marked by a softness in treating harsh sounds that is partly national, partly individual.

Politely indifferent, cool, collected, and "unabashable" in ordinary movements, he rises, when roused to interest, into fire. From the lips of few men do poetic expressions pour in an untiring stream with so much naturalness.

We quote one only of his poems, but one that is thoroughly representative of his style.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry are just as good as through;
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,
And that's to stand on the doorstep, here, and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it hasn't smashed in and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it stuck together and answered till to-day,
But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built,
And things that blossomed you, would have made some women wilt;

And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves, and bears, and wildcats were the nearest ones you had;
But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall, and big, and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debtor to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us, for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun,
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight;
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun,—
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom, we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, an' doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a whisperin' cheering words,
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the song of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy, then, and work appeared to count.

And here, one night it happened when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had ;
And when you give out and cried, then I like a fool give in,
An' then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a makin' clothing that wasn't for either one ;
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy—
Though I fretted a little, because it wasn't a boy ;
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show, a half a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing ;
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing ;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay,
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a comin,—so cunnin' and fat and small !
How they growed ! 'Twas a wonder how we found room for 'em all ;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day,
When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there, and moaned her life away.

And right in there, the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book stood,
"'Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 'twould do us good."
And the little white wood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en a'most let go ;
And here is the spot I tumbled, and give the Lord His due,
When the doctor said the fever turn'd, an' he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear;
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,—
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say:
There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before;
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor;
And over the hearth once blazing the snowdrifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a keepin' house in the "house not made with hands."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE story of Mr. Trowbridge's life is an interesting one; it is a story of energy, of perseverance in the face of difficulties, and of success. He was born in 1827. The first years of his life were spent on a farm; there he came to know and love the birds, the trees, and the flowers; there many a time, as he followed patient old Dobbin and mellowed the ground between the long rows of corn, in his mind he told tales and composed poems.

But he felt then that he was destined for more important work than following the plow, and before he was twenty-one we find him in New York contributing articles to the *Dollar Magazine*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and to other periodicals, thereby earning his daily bread, which was, once at least, somewhat scanty. From New York he strayed to Boston in 1848, where he has ever since remained, with the exception of a year spent abroad. He was one of the first contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was connected with the *Young Folks* from its start until it was merged into the *St. Nicholas*, being for several years its managing editor.

In 1853 he published his first book, "Father Brighthopes," which was followed by several shorter stories of a similar character, and by "Martin Merrivale, His X Mark," the next year. In the summer of 1855 he went abroad, and completed "Neighbor Jackwood" before he came home again, in 1866. Since then he has written many books, all of which are well known to the reading public. His last volume, and one of his best, is "Farnell's Folly," published last fall. Perhaps the best known of his stories are "Neighbor Jackwood," "Coupon Bonds," and "Cudjo's Cave." The first of these he dramatized

soon after it was published. It was played in New York, at the Boston Museum, and other places, and has since been revived from time to time. Of "Coupon Bonds" John Burroughs says, writing in *Scribner's* for 1874: "It is full of incident, full of character, full of novel and ludicrous surprises and situations, and if it could be compressed into a three-act comedy would be as irresistible in its way as Sheridan's 'School for Scandal.'" This suggestion bore fruit, and several dramatizations soon appeared, so that the author was in self-defense compelled to cast it into a comedy. The play is as good as the story, and had a brilliant success. "Cudjo's Cave" is a strong piece of work, containing vivid descriptions of stirring scenes of the war.

Mr. Trowbridge is not only a successful story-writer, but has also published several volumes of poems. "The Vagabonds" was written in 1866 and was first published in 1869 along with other poems. It quickly became popular for public reading, both in this country and in England. It is admirably adapted for this purpose, being essentially dramatic, as are all of Mr. Trowbridge's best poems and stories. What boy has not read—declaimed "Darius Green and His Flying Machine?" Many of his shorter poems, such as "The Reverie," are exquisite bits of genuine poetry, and would establish the author's reputation had he written nothing else. As one grows older he grows more introspective, and thus Mr. Trowbridge's later poems are of a more reflective character than his earlier ones, and are better suited for private than for public reading.

Mr. Trowbridge is now nearly sixty years old but his versatile pen is still busy, his fertile brain is still active. In his life, as in his writings, he is genial, hearty, natural. The visitor to his house sees an unassuming, kind-looking old gentleman, who through forty years of life in the great world, some of it in shadow, some of it in sunshine, has retained his simplicity, his naturalness, his belief in human nature.

He has known sorrows too. He had a son, a bright, happy

boy of ten, who made friends of all who knew him. In the spring of 1884 he went to Colorado for his health, and there died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs. Yet two bright-eyed little girls cheer his kindly old heart and inspire his pen to write that others may be happy.

Mr. Trowbridge's poem "The Vagabonds" won for him a world-wide reputation.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog;—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen);
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for the strings);
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George, it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap, while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
Some brandy,—thank you—there!—it passes.

Why not reform! That's easily said,
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm,
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love;—but I took to drink,—
The same old story,—you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night, for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part;
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once! I was weak and spent
On the dusty road. A carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry—
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain, then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could
No doubt, remembering things that were,
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AMONGST the most laborious of the journalists of America, the most versatile of writers, and the ablest diplomats, stands the name of the poet Taylor.

Bayard Taylor was born in 1825, at Kennett Square, Pa., near the Maryland line. By his own great qualities he climbed from natal obscurity to the front rank of American literary, social, and political standing, and died in 1878 while American Minister at the Court of Berlin.

His first American ancestor was Robert Taylor, who came over with William Penn in 1681. Bayard's Quaker grandfather was "read out of meeting" for marrying a Lutheran German girl; and this ancestress of our hero never spoke any other tongue than the patois known as "Pennsylvania Dutch." His splendid physical and mental capacity and love for hard work may be an illustration of the ethnic result of the union of Anglo-Saxon and Teuton blood. His parents—whether fortunately or unfortunately—were too poor to send him to college. His first schooling was at a little log schoolhouse; and from such beginnings, by aid of an insatiable taste for reading and a portentous memory, he acquired at home what cultivation he needed for his career.

Before the close of his school life he fell in love with a beautiful Quaker girl, Mary Agnew. But Bayard was too poor and too unpromising a youth to gain the approval of her prudent, though short-sighted parents; so the attachment dragged along for years (years filled with loving and lovely correspondence), until poor Mary fell into a decline, and they were married as she lay on her deathbed. Later in life he married Marie Hansen, whom he met in Germany during his

third foreign tour. She made him an admirable helpmeet, and after his demise gave the world the "Life and Letters" of her illustrious husband.

Taylor's characteristics were remarkable enough to make his life worthy of careful study. First, and on the surface, a wonderful unconscious egotism—intense, persistent, quite child-like in its naive undisguise—and, because so childlike, and because it is mixed with an equally intense generosity and affectionateness, therefore not repulsive. Such illimitable drafts on the praise and love of his friends would be insufferable were they not counterbalanced by unstinted praise and love *for* his friends. He always carried money largely, but so open were his heart, hand, and purse with gifts and expenditures that he was always embarrassed with debt.

Below these surface indications there beat a truly poetical heart and soul. He was forever despising his past work, and sublimely confident of his future work. Time after time does he announce to brother-poets that he is at work on "by far the best thing" he ever did; and time after time does he look back on that same thing as something which has been "got out of the way" of the real achievement which is to follow.

Corresponding to this poetical nature—perhaps a part of it—one observes a strong religious tendency during the early part of his life, which contact with the world apparently obliterates, until toward the end it all disappears, save an abiding and almost passionate belief in the immortality of the soul. He also showed an early leaning toward Spiritualism, and gives many instances of what he thought were clairvoyant powers in himself; but these are dropped out of sight before middle life.

Last and greatest of his personal characteristics, at the foundation of all his success, one finds a stupendous capacity for rapid and continuous work. Almost at the outset of his literary life he stepped upon the treadmill of journalism, and of necessity then and there bade repose a long farewell. The

New York *Tribune* possessed and enjoyed his lifelong services. He did not write for it continually, but it was the vehicle for the first publication of an immense mass of his writings—notably all his voluminous narratives of travel. Besides this he must necessarily have written for it thousands of manuscript pages which later on he would have been unable to recognize as his own.

Not only did Taylor complain of the absence of praise for his "great" works, but he positively resented any praise of his lesser. The writer well remembers the hearty contempt with which he mimicked the tiresome women who would greet him thus: "O, Mr. Taylor, when are you going to give us some more of your charming travels? Do tell me where you are going next, so that I shall be the first to spread the news." They bored him. The bore is the man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to be talking about yourself. So these people persisted in talking of that part of him which interested them, when he wanted to be talking about that part of him that interested himself.

At nineteen years of age Taylor published "Ximena; or, The Battle of the Sierra Morena." At twenty he went to Europe, where he spent two years and $500—all the money he had or could get for the newspaper-letters he sent home. These were afterward gathered into "Views Afoot: Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff"—the most successful book of travels ever published in any tongue, and (to its author's mortification) the most refined and popular of all his own productions. As his biographers well say:

> "The two years he spent in Europe were his university education. In looking back upon the period he was perhaps more sensible of his immaturity of judgment than of the freshness and spontaneity of his expression."

Next Taylor established a literary country paper, which accomplished its natural career and arrived at inevitable failure with commendable promptness.

He wrote fifteen hours a day, he said, scribbling book-notices, leaders, foreign news, reports—turning his hand and pen to everything that went to the making of a newspaper thirty years ago. There was a little table, at which he wrote late into the night, *resting his soul with poetry after the prosaic labors of the day*. His mind was so fertile, and his execution so rapid, that he generally had one or more new poems to show his friends. He was never so happy as when writing. He wrote for hours at a time, easily, as it seemed, and unweariedly—never stopping except to light his cigar, or to glance for a moment over the cedars on his lawn.

The "Life and Letters" contains a statement which taxes credulity. It is of an exploit said to have been achieved about a year and a half before his death:

He received, one evening, the two thick volumes of Victor Hugo's "La Legende des Siecles;" and the next evening delivered to the printer copy for a review which fills eighteen pages (12mo.), and contains five considerable poems, which are translations in the meter of the original. "The translations," writes Mr. Stedman, "are what make the feat so surprising. All are interesting and the last two—'Solomon' and 'Moschus'—read like the best and most characteristic of your original poems. 'Moschus' is exquisite. No one would ever imagine it to be a translation."

In other words, while most reviewers would be lumbering through the first quarter of the first volume of this huge foreign book, and only looking forward to writing about it next week or next month, Taylor, within twenty-four hours, had read it all, had written on it very fully, and had composed five translated poems, on each of which any ordinary verse-writer would have wished to spend days of time in phrasing and polishing.

This is either the prosaic statement of a miracle, or the highly and floridly poetical account of some actual fact. One is inclined to adopt the latter hypothesis. Taylor was a poet all through, even when writing prose and detailing facts. His pictures of travel were good and great, not because they

were photographic, but because they were prismatic. Many of those pictures would, probably, not be recognized by an ordinary observer cognizant of the same facts. "Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit." It was his native poetry which sold his travels; and it was the fame of his travels which made his novels salable; and both helped forward the sale of his poems. His travels were what the public wanted and bought by scores of thousands; his novels found a demand up to tens of thousands; but no poem got far into the thousands. Readers valued his works in ratios inverse to the value he himself put upon them. All that which the public gave him, spontaneously and without stint, he called "ephemeral notoriety." He set himself to change and conquer the public. To a friend he said:

"When, five or six years ago, I saw clearly that I had achieved no real success as an author, I said to myself: 'This first battle is lost, but there is still time to win another.' If I live, I think I shall win it, but only legitimately, by a slow and steady advance along the whole line. The 'Masque,' for instance, is not popular—cannot be—yet it has given me a little more ground. So my "Lars,' which has been a great delight, and leaves a singular feeling of relief behind it, will force another small portion of the resisting public to yield."

As early as 1850 Taylor conceived the idea of making a metrical translation of Faust, following Goethe's ever-varying rhythm and meter, and rhyming all that is rhymed in the original. This gigantic work he completed by working on it at "odd times," and it was published, part first in 1870, and the second in 1871. It was in the Faust that he and his public were most nearly at one. Both knew the poem to be great—"that Faust need never be translated again." His brother poets praised it, Longfellow especially; but that kind and sympathetic soul praised and found good in everything Taylor did—*or any one else*—as many and many a poor poet can testify.

Next, Taylor went to California, writing for the *Tribune* the letters which afterward formed the book "Eldorado." After this came "occasional poems" too numerous to mention

—all additional to full editorial work on the *Tribune*. Then, in 1851, he went to Egypt and Palestine, and later, to India and China—always as a *Tribune* correspondent. By a rare chance he accompanied Commodore Perry to Japan and was absent two years; the literary result was three more books of travel.

In 1853 Taylor took to lecturing, and through the rest of his life, this proved the hardest and most profitable of all his kinds of labor. At the same time he took upon himself the financial burden which made lecturing inevitable, as his only relief from pressing calls for money. The fine fellow "was as loyal to his family as if they formed together a Scottish clan. From the first moment that fortune breathed on him, he made haste to bring them all under the same warm air." He bought and built "Cedarcroft," a large and costly estate adjoining his birthplace. To any one who knows from experience the task of creating a country-place, the Cedarcroft letters of this period of his life, and for all the remainder of it, are bitterly funny. The glow of hope, the fever of construction, the final despair and disgust! "In 1860," Stoddard says, "Bayard Taylor finished his country-home, Cedarcroft, and gave his friends and neighbors a house-warming such as was never before known in Pennsylvania."

If there be one lesson more than another which the life of Bayard Taylor enforces, it is a lesson of the dignity of hard, honest, continuous work. Taylor scattered a thousand gems of lustrous beauty along the path of men, but how much of patient toil they cost, the world will never know.

In summing up his career, one who knew him well, says.

"Journalism tempts the poor literary man to his doom. It feeds his stomach, clothes his back, fills his purse, and empties his brain. It forestalls the demand for his best wares, by filling it with the poorer stuff it compels him to produce. Bayard Taylor, with his splendid intellect, his great, lovable, poetic soul, was, perhaps, the most distinguished victim yet publicly sacrificed to this Moloch."

We conclude this sketch with three brief poems:

THE SONG OF 1876.

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the song of ocean,
Rivers answer and mountains call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb
That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story,
She wears her glory,
We crown her the land of a hundred years.

Out of darkness, and toil, and danger,
Into the light of victory's day,
Help to the weak, and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother breast;
The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years!

North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee, and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old, for a thousand years!

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

In thy labors patient be,
Afterward released and free,
Nature will be bright to thee.

Toil when willing groweth less;
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn, and learn to live,
Only this, content can give,
Reckless joys are fugitive.

"SHALL I WED THEE?"

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily is bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,—
Shall I wed thee?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE fact that Alfred Tennyson has become a lord, may open some stately and exclusive doors before him, and may elevate him in the eyes of those who think very highly of names and titles and degrees, but it will not make him one whit dearer to the hearts of those who have for many years been enchanted by the deathless music of his songs.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1809. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, being Rector of the parish of Somersby. The future poet laureate was the third son of a large family. Very early in life the poetic fire began to burn, and in 1827, along with his brother Charles, Alfred made his first venture in poetic authorship. The volume was entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." Of these earlier efforts scarcely anything remains for the general reader. In some special editions the earlier poems may be found, but they are carefully excluded from the later, and more popular editions of the poet's works. In 1829 we find Tennyson at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he did honorable and effective work. Here he published that remarkable, but half-forgotten poem "Timbuctoo," by which he won the Chancellor's medal, offered for the best poem in blank verse. In 1830 he published his first volume under the head of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," by Alfred Tennyson. The volume was received with kindness, and although the book did not contain anything of startling merit, yet there were indications of genius that the severest critic did not feel disposed to overlook. Professor John Wilson—the "Kit North" of "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—spoke, amid much censure, words of hopefulness concerning

the future of the young poet. In 1842 came "Poems, by Alfred Tennyson," in two volumes, which settled once for all the fact, that the son of the Lincolnshire clergyman had a right to a place in the front ranks of the greatest living poets. In 1847 he published "The Princess, a Medley;" and in 1850, what some regard as the grandest work of his life, "In Memoriam, A. H.," a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, son of the distinguished historian. Arthur Hallam had been Tennyson's "Horatio" at Cambridge. The stories of the love of Jonathan and David, of Damon and Pythias, were translated into life again, in the warm, deep, tender love that existed between Hallam and Tennyson; and when the former died in the morning and beauty of his years and character, the young poet went sorrowing for many a day. In this same year, 1850, William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate of England, died, and the laureate wreath that fell from the calm, peaceful brow of him

"Who uttered nothing base,"

was transferred to Alfred Tennyson. In 1852 the Ode on the Death of Wellington was published; in 1855 "Maud, and other Poems," was published. In 1859 Tennyson gave the world "The Idylls of the King," in which the story of King Arthur and his table round was told with a power and beauty altogether enchanting. This was the poet's crowning master-piece. The critic was compelled to praise, and the people at large became lavish and enthusiastic in their admiration of the poet. Mr. Tennyson reached the height and fullness of his powers in that grand work. Many songs and lyrics written since, remind the reader of the old fire that burned so bright and clear, but the later works, including all his efforts at the historical drama, have added little or nothing to his fame. "The Holy Grail," "Pallas," and "Ettare," were published in 1869; and "Gareth and Lynette," and the "Tournament" in 1872. "Queen Mary, a Drama," followed by "Harold," was published in 1876. But the world will longest remember, and most highly prize "In Memoriam," "The Idylls of the King," "Maud," and such

sweet ballads as "The May Queen." Tennyson has spent most of his life in seclusion in a quiet home in the Isle of Wight, from the windows of which the tumbling waters of the unquiet sea may be seen, fit place for the inspiration of the poet who sang:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,
And I would that I could utter the voice
That now lies buried in me."

Tennyson works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social breakfast table. He generally goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend, perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs. All Londoners know the look of the stalwart figure and the fine face and broad-brimmed felt hat as he advances.

There is one little ceremony peculiar to the Tennyson family, and reminding one of some college custom, which is that when dinner is over the guests are brought away into a second room, where stands a white table, upon which fruit and wine are set, and a fire burns bright, and a pleasant hour passes, while the master of the house sits in his carved chair and discourses upon any topic suggested by his guests, or brings forth reminiscences of early Lincolnshire days, or from the facts he remembers out of the lives of past men who have been his friends. There was Rogers, among the rest, for whom he had a great affection, with whom he constantly lived during that lonely time in London. "I have dined along with him," I heard Mr. Tennyson say; "and we have talked about death till the tears rolled down his face."

Tennyson met Tom Moore at Rogers', and there, too, he first met Mr. Gladstone. John Forster, Leigh Hunt, and Landor were also friends of that time. One of Tennyson's often companions in those days was Mr. Hallam, whose opinion he once asked of Carlyle's French Revolution. Mr. Hallam re-

plied in his quick, rapid way, "Upon my word, I once opened the book, and read four or five pages. The style is so abominable I could not get on with it." Whereas Carlyle's own criticism upon the History of the Middle Ages was, "Eh! the poor, miserable skeleton of a book!"

Was it not Charles Lamb who wanted to return grace after reading Shakspeare, little deeming in humble simplicity that many of us yet to come would be glad to return thanks for a jest of Charles Lamb's? The difference between those who speak with natural reality, and those who go through life fitting their second-hand ideas to other people's words, is one so marked that even a child may tell the difference. When the Laureate speaks, every word comes wise, racy, absolutely natural, and sincere; and how gladly do we listen to his delightful stories, full of odd humors and knowledge of men and women, or to his graver talk! When a man has read so much and thought so much, it is an epitome of the knowledge of today we find in him, touched by the solemn strain of the poet's own gift. I once heard Mr. Tennyson talking to some actors, to no less a person indeed than to Hamlet himself, for after the curtain fell the whole play seemed to flow from off the stage into the box where we had been sitting, and I could scarcely tell at last where reality began, and Shakspeare ended. The play was over, and we ourselves seemed a part of it still; here were the players, and our own prince poet, in that familiar simple voice we all know, explaining the art, going straight to the point in his own downright fashion, criticising with delicate appréciation, by the simple force of truth and conviction carrying all before him. "You are a good actor lost," one of these real actors said to him.

It is a gain to the world when people are content to be themselves, not chipped to the smooth pattern of the times, but simple, original, and unaffected in ways and words. Here is a poet leading a poet's life; where he goes, there goes the spirit of his home, whether in London among the crowds, or at Aldworth on the lonely height, or Farringford in that beautiful bay.

That Alfred Tennyson has become a Lord is not to us a matter of much importance, yet we cannot help expressing the thought that of all men, these Lords in the realm of mind can best afford to dispense with the tinsel gew-gaws of the passing hour. We are glad that John Milton, William Shakspeare, and such men, who filled their names full to overflowing with sublime meanings; have no prefix or affix to weaken the worth of their names. And the world will be very apt to think longest of the author of "The May Queen," not as a lord, but as Alfred Tennyson. Brief as is our space, we cannot forbear quoting the first part of "The May Queen," and two other representative pieces.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year—
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands gay;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, just like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love—but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away;
And I'm to be the Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

x.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

xi.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go!
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears! I know not what they mean.
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O death in life! the days that are no more.

ELLA WHEELER.

ONE of the best known writers of fugitive poetry in America to-day is Ella Wheeler. There is not a newspaper of any real merit from Boston to San Francisco that has not enriched its pages from time to time during the last seven years with Ella Wheeler's poems. A native of Wisconsin, brought up in quiet, lowly ways, she proved from early childhood the truth of John Milton's saying, "The mind is its own place;" for from the midst of circumstances that were perfectly uneventful Ella Wheeler was able to write with power and pathos, surpassing many whose advantages had been greater, and whose opportunities had been more numerous. About the year 1880 she published her first volume of poems, "Maurine and Other Poems." But this volume was not as successful as was anticipated. Still she went on, nothing daunted. In the spring of 1883 all the papers were giving a good deal of attention to Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion," as they were called. The critical columns of the papers of that time were a study. Boldly and bravely Ella Wheeler met the storm and published her "Poems of Passion." She had many friends who understood her better than the critics, and knowing her well, believed in her. One of the most interesting and remarkable scenes of modern days occurred in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the evening of May the 31st, 1883, when the friends and admirers of Ella Wheeler took advantage of the publication of her "Poems of Passion," to express their admiration of her character and her work. The author of these pages had the privilege of being present on that occasion, and transcribes from his note-book some pleasant reminiscences of that night.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It was a very pleasant evening in the end of May—one of those evenings that give us full assurance of the coming summer, when a company of about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen assembled in St. Andrew's Hall, Milwaukee, to do honor to one who in the very morning of her days had attained substantial fame as a poet, and who, further still, had won a large place in the affections and esteem of a wide circle of friends. Ella Wheeler had often been spoken of in flattering terms as "The Pride of Wisconsin," "The Laureate of her native State," but on this memorable evening she was destined not only to hear words of kindly encouragement but to receive substantial tokens of that honor in which she is held by those who know her best. The promoters of this reception to Miss Wheeler were composed of what, for want of a better word, may be called the best people of Milwaukee and the neighborhood. The occasion of the reception was the publication of her "Poems of Passion," the first copy of which, in a superb binding, was presented by the publishers, to the Reception Committee, and by the Committee to the Public Library of Milwaukee. This occasion also served as an opportunity for the practical manifestation of that regard which, words were much too feeble to express. During the evening the sum of $560 was presented to Miss Wheeler in a beautiful majolica flower basket. Shortly after 8 o'clock the proceedings commenced. The Hon. E. E. Chapin presided. On the platform were Miss Wheeler, Mrs. H. E. Chapman, Miss Benjamin, General Hobart, Hon. G. C. Hazelton, Hon. Joshua Stark, T. W. Handford of Chicago, Mr. Almy Aldrich and others. In his opening remarks the chairman spoke of the early struggles of the young poet and gave a brief and most interesting outline of her history from the day she received $4.00 as the first financial recognition of her genius till the present happy occasion. Amongst other kindly words Mr. Chapin said:

"Ella Wheeler stands forth to-day as a representative of the genius, poetry and song—of democracy and progress—of the young

America motto on our State coat of arms, 'Forward.' She is a child of the State. The result of her genius is held by all our people as tenants in common. Her poems of reason and passion, of justice and philosophy, of science and democracy are our property, but to be handed down from generation to generation until lost in the great 'solitude' to come. Ella Wheeler has not reached her present merited position in the hearts of the people without a struggle. She has had no easy road to travel. Thorns and briars have beset her path, and to-day with that motto before her she is struggling on to reach the 'summit of the highest mound,' and we have met here to-night to clear away a few of the obnoxious brambles that beset her way. Ella Wheeler has worked. Although young, and bright as a sunbeam, her hours, days, weeks, months, years have been long and laborious—and as a result the literary world and the democracy of the people of our common country have been made happier and better by reading her lines. So it is meet and proper that we should give her this reception, extend to her the right hand of fellowship, joy with her, and bid her God speed with the young America Wisconsin motto, 'Forward,' ever before her."

Mr. T. W. Handford then rose to present the first copy of "Poems of Passion" to the Committee. After some introductory observations, he said:

"I am impressed with the thought that the purpose of this meeting is something unique in our experience. Yesterday was Decoration Day, and ten thousand graves were decked with emblems of the love we cherish in memory of the heroic dead. But to-night we are gathered to bind bay leaves about a living brow. We do well to honor the dead, and we do equally well to cheer the living. A little kindly thought will help the living more than all our praises on tombs will help them when they are gone. For the most part, poets have been left to struggle on without a word of cheer. When I heard to-night that Miss Wheeler's first fee amounted to the magnificent sum of four dollars, I thought she ought to be congratulated, and I would comfort her by the thought that John Milton only received one hundred dollars for his 'Paradise Lost.' We are

living in very remarkable times. It is not so long since it was thought a woman had no place in literature; her duty was with the distaff and the spindle, and to make cakes for the hungry lords of creation; but such women as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Sand, George Eliot, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Cary sisters, and a host of others, have changed all this. They have made good their claim to a high place in the temple of literature. And now, in this noble train, follows our young Poetess of Wisconsin. She has already taken high degree, and gives promise of larger things in the coming years. We are not here to-night to inaugurate a career, but to speak a word of encouragement, and shout a hearty 'All hail!' to a young singer climbing the mountain heights. This new book, 'Poems of Passion,' is the work of undoubted genius. It reveals love in new, grand lights, and shows us much of the heights and depths, the exhaustless nature, and eternal duration of the grand passion. Ovid was regarded as an authority on love, but Miss Wheeler knows more of love than Ovid ever dreamed."

The Hon. Joshua Stark accepted the volume in behalf of the Trustees of the Public Library, and reminded Miss Wheeler that she was now to find a very honored place, but one to which she had a just and honorable claim. Side by side with Milton and Cowper, and the later poets of the West, Ella Wheeler's' "Poems of Passion" would find a place.

General H. C. Hobart then made a brief speech, in which he said there were other conflicts than those fought on actual battle-fields, and praised the heroism and courage with which Miss Wheeler had met and conquered difficulties that would have baffled many a man. Turning from the audience to Miss Wheeler, the venerable General said half a dozen words that were tremulous with emotion, and as he handed her the casket of gold, said, "Be brave, always be brave."

Miss Wheeler stood for a few moments bowing to the audience, who cheered, and then rising to their feet cheered again, loud, and lustily, and long. When silence was obtained, Mr.

Almy Aldrich read Miss Wheeler's reply, which took the following poetic form:

Speak for me, friend, whose lips are ever ready
With chosen words to voice another's thought,
My shaken heart would make my tones unsteady—
Speak thou the words I ought.

Say that the love I give in lavish fashion
To all God's living creatures everywhere
Pervades me with a deep and holy passion—
A wordless, grateful prayer.

Say that the gifts I may have used too lightly—
As children toss rare gems in careless mirth—
From this glad hour—henceforth—shall shine more brightly,
And prove their real worth.

Say that my life shall be one grand endeavor
To reach a nobler womanhood's fair height;
Say how my earnest aim is to—forever—
Be worthy of this night.

The spirit and bravery of Ella Wheeler may be judged from the following lines, which in the way of explanation, rather than of defense, she wrote in the preface of the last edition of "Poems of Passion."

"It is impossible to pursue a successful literary career and follow the advice of all one's 'best friends.' I have received severe censure from my orthodox friends for writing liberal verses. My liberal friends condemn my devout and religious poems as 'aiding superstition.' My early temperance verses were pronounced 'fanatical trash' by others.

"With all due thanks and appreciation for the kind motives which interest so many dear friends in my career, I yet feel compelled to follow the light which my own intellect and judgment cast upon

my way, rather than any one of the many conflicting rays which other minds would lend me."

Last year Miss Wheeler became Mrs. Wilcox, but the old name will linger for many years in the memory of her friends. She is now engaged upon a novel which is to be published about Christmas of this year. Many will look forward with no little interest to know what the poet has to say in prose. We offer three characteristic poems from "Poems of Passion:"

A WALTZ-QUADRILLE.

The band was playing a waltz-quadrille,
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away, at the caller's will,
Through the intricate mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided
Like leaves on the wave of that waltz-quadrille;
Parted, met, and again divided—
You drifting one way, and I another,
Then suddenly turning and facing each other,
Then off in the blithe chassée,
Then airily back to our places swaying,
While every beat of the music seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
Of mirth, and music, and love, and laughter;
For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,

And life will be never the same life after.
Oh, that the caller might go on calling,
Oh, that the music might go on falling
  Like a shower of silver spray,
While we whirled on to the vast Forever,
Where no hearts break, and no ties sever,
  And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still,
'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the measure,
The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.
You said good-night, and the spell was over—
Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—
  There was nothing else to say;
But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
And the music was sad, and the hall was dreary,
  After you went away.

THE CREED.

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves Himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviours of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaves of a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
Those eyes like a bright blue-bell,
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep, our barque shall sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along,
To the shore that is blessed of God,
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
That beautiful Land of Nod.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, in some respects the most remarkable, and certainly the most erratic genius of his generation, was born in Boston on the 19th February, 1809. His father was a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary army; he was destined to an early but romantic end. He fell in love with a beautiful English actress and married her, and went himself also on the stage. But the profession of the sock and buskin made great demands upon their strength, and in a very little while consumption set in, and the youthful couple ended life's brief drama almost together, leaving behind them as a legacy to fate three young children wholly unprovided for, Edgar was the second of these ill-fated children. Mr. John Allan adopted him and the orphan boy was now transported from his native town to England. In 1816 we find him at school at Stoke, Newington, then a suburb of London. Five years afterward he returned to America, and his education was continued at an academy at Richmond, Virginia. In 1826 he entered the University of Charlottesville, where he was a very efficient student, and where also he began to develop those tastes which cast a shadow over all his life. Gambling became a passion with him, and while it is not desirable to call up painful memories of the dead, yet it is worse than folly for the living, and especially the young to be blind to the lessons such careers teach. There is no excuse for gambling. It is dishonest in the very heart of it, and is as mean as it is dishonest. Edgar Allan Poe's history teaches with profound and terrible force the truth that gambling will not only destroy the gentle-

man in a man, but will not cease until it has torn the crown from the brow and unmanned its victim of his manhood.

Poe's first volume of poems was published in the year 1829, under the title of "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Other Poems."

About this time he desired to enter the army, and his faithful friend Mr. Allan secured him a cadet-ship in the Military Academy of West Point. In March, 1831, he left, not with flying colors, but with broad marks of disgrace. He was in turn ejected from the house of Mr. Allan, whose patience it would seem was strained to the very uttermost.

In 1833 brighter days seemed to dawn on the young poet. Poe won a prize offered by the publisher of a magazine in Baltimore. This led to a friendship with Mr. John P. Kennedy through whose kindly offices Poe procured employment on the "Southern Literary Magazine" at Richmond. Here the poet married Virginia Clemm, a beautiful and saintly creature who only lived a little while, and became as some think the saintly and "lost Lenore" of his wild poetic dreams, and specially of that inexplicable and remarkable poem, "The Raven." Poe was a terrific worker when the fit was on, and it is perfectly astonishing how much work he got through. His published works, which are voluminous enough, are by no means a complete collection of the manifold literary toils of his strange, sad life. From the year 1837 to the year 1849, he was working spasmodically and often with wonderful success. In 1848 he published "The Raven," that marvelous combination of mystic words. The autumn of 1849 saw the sunset of a life as rich in promise and as wonderful in certain kinds of performance as America had ever seen. He died on the 5th of October, 1849. It is impossible to arrive at anything very satisfactory concerning his life, as will be seen by Poe's evident desire to mislead his friends as to facts.

In a sketch of his own life by Hirst, for which he was responsible, there was a misstatement of the date of his birth, besides numerous other inaccuracies, including an entirely fabulous story of a youthful journey to St. Petersburg; and

later, when Lowell wished to write a sketch of his life, Poe furnished him with this very biography, with the statement that it was, "in the main," correct. In this connection his latest biographer says: "Poe circulated, and as far as he could practically, accredited falsehoods concerning himself; moreover, he approved the report of his wildness in youth, and he took no pains to explain the questionable incidents of his career. This failing casts suspicion upon all unsupported assertions by him that directly affect himself." Mr. Woodberry, his biographer, has carefully collected the evidence upon every point in dispute, and cleared away the confusion that has characterized all previous accounts of Poe's life. This is very valuable work, and represents an immense amount of research, for which he deserves the thanks of all students of literature, although its result has been to make the present volume an unsatisfactory one in some respects. There are so many of these disputed points, that one gets the impression that Poe's life was nothing but a succession of literary squabbles, and questionable acts which need an apologist. The tone of Woodberry's biography is so different from that of Poe's life, that we feel the contradiction at every step, and when we read some letter, or some passage by Poe inserted in the text, we wonder if this can be the work of the man we have just been reading about. But a book about Poe, the larger portion of whose pages "consists of wholly new information, or of old statements so radically corrected as to become new," cannot fail to be interesting.

In the young literary commonwealth of our country, Poe's hand was almost literally against every man, and it is but natural that the hands of many should have been upraised against him in return. He did a much needed-work, and his influence did much to raise our literary standard, but he had to suffer for it during life, and his memory still more after death. The critical warfare which he waged against the mediocre and the bad literature as long as he lived, may be said to have been fairly inaugurated when, in 1835, he published his review of Fay's

"Norman Leslie," in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Mr. Woodberry tells us the story as follows:

"Late in the fall of 1835 there appeared the loudly announced, much-bepuffed 'Norman Leslie,' one of the popular novels of the day. It was ambitious, crude, and foolish, but its pretentiousness seems the particular quality which led Poe to single it out for an example. In the issue for December, therefore, he subjected it to such scrutiny as had never been known in our country before, and he did his task so trenchantly and convincingly, with such spirit and effect, that the public was widely interested—it bought, read, and looked for more. The Southern press with one voice cried on havoc; it was only too glad to find in its own country a youth with the boldness to rouse, and the skill to worry Knickerbocker game, for the young author—Theodore S. Fay—was a pet of the metropolitan litterateurs and an associate editor of the *New York Mirror*, then the best literary weekly of the country."

The quarrel growing out of this gave rise to a distinct public deliverance, on the part of Poe, concerning the condition of criticism in America, and the spirit of provincialism and mutual admiration then so largely prevalent, and which he did so much to destroy. He says: "We are becoming boisterous and arrogant in the pride of a too-speedily-assumed literary freedom. We throw off, with the most presumptuous and unmeaning hauteur, all deference whatever to foreign opinion; we forget, in the puerile inflation of vanity, that the world is the true theater of the biblical-histrio; we get up a hue and cry about the necessity of encouraging native writers of merit; we blindly fancy that we can accomplish this by indiscriminate puffing of good, bad, and indifferent, without taking the trouble to consider that what we choose to denominate encouragement, is thus, by its general application, precisely the reverse. In a word, so far from being ashamed of the many disgraceful literary failures to which our own inordinate vanities and misapplied patriotism have lately given birth, and so far from deeply lamenting that these daily puerilities are of home manufacture,

we adhere pertinaciously to our original blindly conceived idea, and thus often find ourselves involved in the gross paradox of liking a stupid book the better because, sure enough, its stupidity is American." This was a new note in American criticism, and Poe continued to sound it all his life.

His reputation was that of a critic, quite as much as a poet, and we can see that it was a well-earned one, although we are now apt to lose sight of it in view of his much better earned and more durable reputation, which has since attached to the author of "The Raven." This particular tendency to grossly over-estimate literary work produced in our own country, is one that needs to be ever guarded against, and one which we have, as yet, reformed but indifferently. Poe returned to the charge again and again during his life, and was ever jealous of the dignity of the critic's position. When planning the *Penn Magazine* he says in the prospectus, that "years have not yet taught him to read through the medium of a publisher's will, nor convinced him that the interests of letters are unallied with the interests of truth;" and he refers to "the arrogance of those organized cliques, which, hanging on like nightmares upon American literature, manufacture at the nod of our principal book-sellers, a pseudo public opinion by wholesale." American criticism must have been at a low ebb when Poe took it up, if we may judge from the following characterization of "Ulalume," by N. P. Willis. He calls the poem an "exquisitely piquant and skillful exercise of variety and niceness of language," and a "curiosity in philologic flavor."

Poe has certainly had his share of blame, and perhaps of praise also; the aim of the present writer has been to bestow neither—to

> "Nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

What other writers have previously set down in malice, may be illustrated by some choice passages from Griswold's memoir—long the authority from which most readers derived

their knowledge of the poet. "Passion in him," says this candid biographer, "comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him but you raised quick choler, you could not speak of wealth but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. Irascible, envious, bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold, repellant cynicism; his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor." On the other hand, Poe has not been wanting in admirers who have refused to give credence to the story of his faults.

We cannot forbear quoting the two great poems that will surely live as long as the English language is spoken. They stand alone in the world of song, never to be equaled, much less surpassed.

THE RAVEN.

Once, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door:
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember! it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before:
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before:
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore:—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven—

Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly—
Though it answered little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store—
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining,
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore—
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire!
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire!
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, [bells—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knell
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells;
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Henry W. Longfellow

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW is by all odds the most popular poet of America.. He may not be the most profound, and a severe and exacting criticism might easily discover a want of perfect art in many of his poems. But then it must be remembered that he did not write for the critics, and it is very questionable if he ever gave them so much as a passing thought, when worshiping at the shrine of poetry. He wrote for the world's great weary, suffering, rejoicing heart, and the world has responded to the music of his songs with grateful appreciation. Publishers tell us that Longfellow's poems have a larger and steadier sale than any other poet of ancient or modern days.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, from which he graduated with high honors in 1825. For a time he studied law in his brother's office, but he was not destined to be an advocate at the bar, or an ornament of the bench. He was offered the Professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin College, which he accepted. He spent some time in Europe qualifying for his new position. He returned to America in 1829. His exceedingly chaste and beautiful little book *Outre Mer*, which was published in 1835, records many of his pleasant European experiences. In this same year, 1835, Longfellow became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University. This appointment involved him in a second visit to Europe, which was even more enjoyable than his first visit. Longfellow's was a laborious life. The lists of works prove, beyond all question, that he must have kept steadily at the oar. In 1839 *Hyperion* was published; in 1841, *Voices of the Night*, *Ballads and Other Poems;*

in 1842, *Poems on Slavery;* in 1843, *The Spanish Student;* in 1845, *Poets and Poetry of Europe;* in 1846, *Belfry of Bruges;* in 1847, *Evangeline;* in 1849, *Kavanagh;* in 1850, *The Seaside and the Fireside;* in 1851, *The Golden Legend;* in 1855, *Hiawatha;* in 1858, *Miles Standish;* in 1863, *The Tales of a Wayside Inn;* in 1867 he translated Dante; in 1873 he published *Aftermath;* in 1874, *The Hanging of the Crane;* and in 1875, *Pandora.* He died in 1882, full of years and honors, and while names may be more brilliant and dazzling, few will be remembered with more love than the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who well deserves the appellation of the Poet of the Affections. It is pleasant to know that Longfellow was as popular in Europe as America.

Twice England honored herself in honoring this gentle singer. In 1869 Oxford, that ancient seat of learning, conferred upon the poet the honorary title of D. C. L. Two years ago a place was found for a bust of Longfellow in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. This is the highest national honor England could grant, and some account of that memorable occasion cannot but be interesting to the readers of these pages.

It may seem strange that English people should be so proud of the Tower, that dreary old fortress on the Thames; but it is quite easy to understand why they should venerate Westminster Abbey. Like Niagara, and the Mammoth Cave, and the Yosemite Valley, this stately pile stands alone; there is only one Niagara, and one Yosemite, and only one Westminster Abbey, and it must be seen and studied to be appreciated. To start with, it is, beyond all question, the oldest temple of worship in Christendom. The exact date of its founding is unknown. What Thomas Fuller said of the pyramids may be said, with some qualification, of Westminster Abbey: "Doting with age, it has forgotten its founders." It is at least five centuries older than the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome. Since the tomb of Edward the Confessor is there, it must have been in existence prior to 1042–1066. From the days of Edward the

Confessor to this generation, the kings and queens of England have all been crowned in this great sanctuary, and here they have been brought at last to sleep the long unending sleep. Tudors and Plantagenets and Stuarts lie peacefully side by side. Kings, and priests, and warriors of old renown, are here at rest; and as you pass along over the dust of centuries, you sometimes feel disposed to pause

> "Lest the sound of mortal tread
> Should burst the bands of the dreamless sleep
> That wraps the mighty dead."

No sepulchre on earth holds so much noble dust. The credulity of Americans is tested a little perhaps when the verger of the Abbey, pointing out a stone resting under the chair of coronation, assures the visitors that that is the identical stone on which Jacob slept that memorable night when a fugitive from his father's house in Bethel, he lay down to sleep, and had a vision of angels ascending and descending on a ladder of clouds. I often wonder whether Dean Stanley really believed in the identity of that stone. There is very little doubt, however, whatever we may think about the stone, that all the kings and queens of England from Edward the Confessor to Victoria, sat in that chair on the occasion of their coronation. But there is other dust beside the dust of kings and queens in Westminster Abbey. This sacred urn has become more and more of later years, the last resting place of men and women—who were royal by the right of thought—whose words and inspirations have become a precious heritage to the whole world.

The spot visited with most reverence now is not the chapel of Henry VII., nor the tomb of Elizabeth, but the "Poet's Corner," where the priests of literature are gathered in a council of eternal silence. I have been witness of more than one memorable scene in this stately fane. I remember the day when Charles Dickens was borne to his unpretending grave in the very center of the "Poet's Corner." Not very

long afterward, one dull, foggy morning I heard the majestic tones of the "Dead March" in "Saul" shake the vaulted silence of the old abbey, and saw a solemn procession march down the dim aisle, led by Dean Stanley, who read the office for the dead over the mortal remains of Bulwer Lytton. On this occasion the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was one of the chief mourners.

But there was another scene in Westminster Abbey on the morning of Saturday, March the 1st, 1883, a scene that cannot but interest all right-minded Americans. Between the monuments of Chaucer and Dryden, a bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was placed, as England's token of her appreciation of the life and work of America's greatest poet. The whole ceremony was a most graceful tribute to the memory of the man, who, in the fullness of his years, entered his own "Silent Land," as deeply loved as he was widely honored.

The Prince of Wales sent a letter of regret at his necessary absence. But such representative men as Earl Granville, Sir Hugh Childers, and Theodore Martin were present. Of course America's poet-minister, James Russell Lowell, took a part in the impressive occasion. But what added the perfecting touch of interest to the whole scene was the presence of Longfellow's daughters, Alice and Annie. Earl Granville's speech was most felicitous. He pointed to the refined and refining character of the poet's work in most flattering terms, and pointed out that "poet-uses"—as Mrs. Browning would call them—are great practical uses after all. Minister Lowell placed the bust in position, and made a very characteristic speech.

This business of honoring great men is very difficult. There is nothing more true than this, that "praises on tombs are vainly spent;" but the only way in which England could show her respect for the memory of Longfellow, was to welcome some memorial of him to her chamber of immortals. It may be fairly said that nowhere out of America is Longfellow more appreciated than in England.

The echo of his songs may be heard from John O'Groat's

to Land's End. He is the poet of the people, the poet of the heart and home. If he is not to be ranked with "the grand old masters" it matters little; all men feel that Longfellow's songs "gushed from his heart." He has lighted the fires of a noble ambition on the altar of many a young man's heart; and the words of solace he has spoken have fallen on sorrowing souls, like cooling rains in summer heat. It was the right thing to place the genial face of Longfellow amid that goodly company in the Poet's Corner. Without him that gathering of great souls would have been incomplete. The American pilgrim will henceforth feel more at home in Westminster Abbey as he sees the genial face of Longfellow between the monuments of Chaucer and Dryden.

It will no doubt be extremely interesting to the readers of these pages to have presented to their attention Mr. Longfellow's own account of the circumstances that led to the writing of that now famous poem "Excelsior." The following letter was addressed to a personal friend who was exceedingly interested in the poem:

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem 'Excelsior,' and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is Excelsior—'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace, and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom, and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all: 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes, without having reached the perfection he longed for, and the voice heard in the air is the promise

of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that 'excelsior,' an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially —a use justified by the best Latin writers. I remain, very truly yours, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

We select three of the best known of Longfellow's poems:

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my heart cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing
That's not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start.

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung

The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith—a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow—
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach—
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought—
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE inexorable laws of space render it impossible for us to give more than the briefest notice of "the sweetest singer of the sweetest songs." Thomas Moore was Ireland's bountiful legacy to the minstrelsy of the early part of the nineteenth century, and though the century is growing old, no singer has sung a more pathetic song than the "Last Rose of Summer," or touched the heart of patriotism with a finer strain than "The Minstrel Boy!"

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of March, 1779. His early education was prosecuted alongside that brilliant Irishman, Sheridan. In 1793 Moore was sent to Dublin University, where he took the degree of B. A. with honors. Before this time he had proven himself a poet in his "Odes of Anacreon." While quite young he mastered the Italian and French languages. He had a fine ear for music, and a keen sense of harmony, which, linked with his fine poetic genius, will go far toward accounting for the wonderful rhythm of his poems. In 1798 he went to London to study law. In 1800 he published his translations, and dedicated them to George IV., then Prince of Wales. In 1803 he was appointed to a government post in Bermuda. He traveled through America and Canada, and immortalized many of the scenes of travel in his deathless songs. He once fought a duel, of which Byron made the most uproarious fun. Moore, and Jeffreys his combatant, afterward becoming the best of friends. In 1807 he gave "Irish Melodies" to the world. In 1817 that grandest of oriental poems, "Lalla Rookh," appeared. In 1819 he went to Paris with Lord John Russell, and thence to Italy to see Byron. It was during this visit that Byron consigned to

Moore the materials for his biography, which were to remain untouched till after his death. These materials were destroyed after Byron's death at the urgent entreaty of Byron's relatives. Moore, however, gave the world its best "Life of Byron," in 1830. The end of Moore was sad though peaceful. He was cared for in his later years. The over-wrought brain gave way, and the singer ceased his singing. He died on the 25th of February, 1852.

The first poem we quote is a remembrance of his tour through America. Other brief specimens follow:

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A BALLAD OF VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

They made her a grave too cold and damp
  For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long by the firefly lamp
  She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
  And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
  When the footstep of death is near!

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
  His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
  And man never trod before!

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played,—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
For he followed with joythe meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

GOD THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF ALL.

Thou art, O Lord! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:

Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with parting beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;

Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
The leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle,
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him,—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under!
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

MEN OF LETTERS

Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.—ALEXANDER POPE.

He has not lived in vain who has put one healthful book upon the bookshelf of the world.—ELMO.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Essayist and Historian.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, a son of Zachary Macaulay, an African merchant and a leading anti-slavery advocate, was born in Leicestershire, England, 25th October, 1800. As a child he was remarkably precocious, acquiring a passion for books when only three years old. At the age of seven he knew by heart Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, and nearly the whole of Marmion; and at eight he wrote, in imitation of Scott, over three hundred lines of a poem on the Battle of Cheviot. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a student from 1818 to 1822, he gained a reputation as a scholar and a debater. After obtaining his degree he devoted himself to literature, his first attempts at which, in the shape of ballad poems and essays, appeared in *Knight's Quarterly*, which was started in June, 1823. His famous essay on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1824; and during the next twenty years he was the most brilliant and popular contributor to that periodical. In 1826 he was called to the bar, but though he joined the Northern Circuit, he never practiced. In 1830 he was sent to Parliament by Lord Lansdowne, the father of the present Governor-General of Canada, as member for the pocket-borough of Calne; and in 1832 he was returned to the reformed House as Member for Leeds. In 1834, accompanied by a sister, he went to India, where he remained till 1838, his principal work being the codification of the criminal law. On his return to England in 1839 he was elected Member for Edinburgh, and in 1840 was appointed Secretary of War. In

1842 appeared his spirited Lays of Ancient Rome, and in 1848 the first two volumes of his History of England from the Accession of James II. These were followed in 1855 by two other volumes.

During the latter part of his career Macaulay was the recipient of many marks of public esteem. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; in 1857 he was made foreign associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science; and in the same year he was created Baron Macaulay. These honors he did not long enjoy. His health had been failing for many years, and on the 28th of December, 1859, he died in London of heart disease. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A fifth volume of his history was published in 1861, by his sister, Lady Trevelyan.

Macaulay was a man of remarkable gifts and attainments. He had a marvelous memory; his industry was enormous; his knowledge was vast and varied; and his literary style so clear, incisive and brilliant that for the first time history became in his hands as interesting as fiction. In politics he was a thorough Liberal, and every measure for the advancement of civil or religious liberty was sure of the heartiest support from his eloquent tongue and pen. He has, indeed, been accused of partiality, and his History has been styled a huge Whig pamphlet. But though there is some foundation for this charge, and though some errors have been brought home to him, its substantial truth has never been impugned. His most salient weakness was over-confidence; and his serene self-assurance—never troubled by a speck of doubt—gave point to the epigram of Lord Melbourne, who expressed a wish that he could be "as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Notwithsanding this defect, however, his History has remained to this day the most popular historical work ever written, either in England or elsewhere. On the publication of the third and fourth volumes in 1855, an edition of 25,000 was exhausted on the day of issue, and 11,000 other applicants had to wait for a new issue. Messrs. Longman's famous cheque

for the £20,000 represented Macaulay's share of the profits in 1856. In the United States the sale has been even larger. In five years (1849–54) from the publication of the first two volumes no less than 125,000 copies were sold. Of the third and fourth, 73,000 were sold by a single publishing house in New York in ten days; 25,000 in Philadelphia, and other editions were published in Boston and elsewhere. The total sale of these two volumes in England and America during the first four weeks was in excess of 150,000 copies.

The following description of the Puritans in Macaulay's essay on "Milton," is acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens of the literature of this century:

THE PURITANS.

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had

charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Novelist.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington, in New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789. His father migrated from New Jersey in 1790, and went to reside in the western part of New York State, upon the head waters of the Susquehanna River. He was the first settler in that wild and inaccessible region through which the New York and Erie Railway now runs, and from him the little hamlet took the name of Cooperstown, which it has retained ever since. Here, in the heart of what was then a wilderness, Fenimore Cooper passed his childhood. Around him there was everything best calculated to impress the mind of the growing boy. He lived on the edge of interminable and unexplored woods, with lakes and streams in abundance scattered all around. Before him lay the might and majesty of nature in her grandest mood. The red Indians, belonging to the Six Nations, surrounded him on all sides. Their habits and languages, their modes of thought, their skill in running a trail, in managing a birch bark canoe, and in mimicking every sound of the woods, became so familiar to the young student and impressed his imagination so deeply, that he was able to reproduce them all in connection with the one character which, under the name of "Leatherstocking," or "La Longue Carabine," or "The Trapper," or "Hawkeye," runs like a golden thread through the skein of all his romances, and invests them with a singular charm. "'Leatherstocking,'" says Mr. Lounsby, "is the only great original character that American fiction has added to the literature of the world." In addition, however, to opportunities of studying the white hunter

or trapper whose life was passed in the midst of the treacherous and truculent savages, and whose safety depended upon his possession of senses of eye and ear as acute as those of his vigilant and ubiquitous foes, Fenimore Cooper saw something of men who had played more or less distinguished parts in the great game of life. When the general peace was signed in 1815, the United States, a young country of magnificent distances and boundless resources, was looked upon as a haven of refuge to mariners storm-tossed and wrecked upon the ocean of European wars. It was known that about the year 1815, and long after, everything connected with England was regarded with peculiar aversion in the young Republic. The small community by which the hamlet of Cooperstown was inhabited presented rare chances for studying character to a young and observant boy. The village grocer was an ex-Governor of Martinique. The only commission agent in the place had been a captain in the British army. The dancing master who hoped to get his bread by teaching American youths and damsels how to step the minuet as it was performed at the Tuilleries, had been "tambour major" in a French regiment. The village school at which Fenimore Cooper received his first instruction was under the care of a pedagogue whose fees were chiefly paid in apples and onions. We read with little surprise that, neither at Cooperstown nor at Yale College, to which as a boy of fourteen Fenimore Cooper was transferred, had he any taste for books. His life was chiefly passed in dreamy walks along the edges of Newhaven Harbor, and there he picked up a taste for the sea, which, in 1806, when he was seventeen years old, his father permitted him to indulge. It enabled him, at any rate, to write "The Pilot," which has been pronounced by many competent judges to be the best sea novel in the English language, and also in 1839 to compile a "History of the Navy of the United States," which is not likely soon to fall out of favor with its author's compatriots from any lack of patriotic fervor, or on account of its outspoken expressions of detestation for Great Britain.

What are the qualities which have made Fenimore Cooper one of the most popular novelists in the world, and will, doubtless, lead to a continued demand for "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," the "Spy," and "The Pathfinder," for many generations to come? The answer is probably that, like Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper cared little for grace or beauty of language, or even for strict grammatical accuracy, so long as his books teemed with strong situations, which, as he expressed it, "described themselves." In Sir Walter's novels the reader comes again and again upon scenes created by the strong power of imagination, or at least of adaptation, with which "The Wizard of the North" was gifted, in which there is no need for the analytical dissection and minute elaboration of detail in which Honoré de Balzac and George Eliot took such delight. With Fenimore Cooper the case was the same, except that he had the additional advantage over Sir Walter of taking for his subjects the wild life of the red Indian savages, with all its romantic surroundings. The heroes both of the English and the American novelists are not invertebrate, like those of the analytical school of modern fiction writers, but strong men. The result is, that no youth can ever read Fenimore Cooper's best romances without having them ineffaceably stamped upon his mind. There are novels by the hands of great masters of the art of fiction-writing which are read, enjoyed, and forgotten. To produce a great effect upon the average mind it is necessary, however, that a novelist should thoroughly understand what Sir Walter Scott calls "the bow-wow business." Most of our living writers, conscious that every conceivable situation, every variety of plot, has long ago been exhausted, attempt to attract and interest their readers by beauty of diction and minuteness of detail. Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper employed more vigorous methods, and, although the former has been in his grave for more than half a century, and the latter for more than a generation, their names will be remembered and their works read so long as the English tongue is spoken.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MODERN literature has no name with a wider fame on its muster-roll than that of Charles Dickens. He was born at Landport, near Portsea, on the 7th of February, 1812. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office. In the letters of Charles Dickens to his good and trusty friend and judicious literary adviser, John Forster, we have sufficient of the character of the elder Dickens laid bare to show us what manner of man he was; and some of his traits were avowedly reproduced in the inimitable "Wilkins Micawber" of "David Copperfield." A kindly, good-hearted man, with the gift that Goldsmith called "a knack of hoping," and which his son aptly characterized as a tendency to "wait for something to turn up;" easy in temper, somewhat grandiloquent in language, rejoicing in high-sounding phrases, and cheerfully, if not very judiciously, drifting onward through difficulties and straitened means, without the power of raising himself out of the slough of despond into which his affairs were gradually sinking. "I know my father to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world," is Dickens' emphatic testimony to his worth. "Everything I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day unweariedly. He never undertook any business, charge, or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably discharge." And yet this good, kindly man was Wilkins Micawber, unable to keep his family together, unable to see the paramount impor-

tance of giving his son an education, and gravitating toward the debtor's prison.

The life of Charles Dickens has been written, and re-written, and written again; and yet the people seem just as greedy as ever for any scrap or hint of the life of him who gave the world "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Mrs. Gamp" and "Little Nell." We have judged it desirable to restrict ourselves to a brief sketch of his home life. It will be interesting however, at this point, to recount the experience of our hero's first offerings to literature.

The first sketch, dropped with many hopes and fears into the editor's box of the *Monthly Magazine*, having found favor in the eyes of the editor, was followed by nine others; and now the pseudonym "Boz"—a corruption and abbreviation of "Moses" (pronounced through the nose Boses, Boz), originally bestowed on a younger brother, in consequence of a fancied resemblance to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield of green spectacle memory—began to be appended to these short articles, and to excite inquiry as to the author. Through the intervention of Mr. George Hogarth, the musical critic of the *Chronicle*, Dickens procured an engagement to write a number of these amusing pictures of London life for the evening edition of the paper, with an addition to his salary of a couple of guineas a week; the editor, Mr. Black—"dear old Black, my first heartily out-and-out appreciator," as Dickens long afterward gratefully called him—being quick to discern their merit, and to start their author on his new career.

Years of hard work and varying fortunes had passed, and we find him at Tavistock House.

During the years spent at Tavistock House one of his daughters was for a time a great invalid, and after a worse attack of illness than usual her father suggested that she should be carried as far as the study, and lie on the sofa there while he was at work. This was of course considered an immense privilege, and even if she had not felt so weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet as

possible. For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen, when suddenly he jumped up, went to the looking glass, rushed back to his writing table, and jotted down a few words; back to the glass again, this time talking to his own reflection, or rather to the simulated expression he saw there, and was trying to catch before draw ing it in words, then back again to his writing. After a little he got up again, and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, then looking at his daughter, but certainly never seeing her, then once more back to his table, and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely out of himself and into the character he was writing about. His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would be almost a breach of confidence to do so. But in her reminiscences of her father, she considers it only right that this experience should be mentioned, showing as it does, his characteristic earnestness and method of work.

After a hard morning's writing, when he has been alone with his family and no visitors in the house, he has come in to luncheon and gone through the meal without uttering a word, and then he has gone back to his work in which he was so completely absorbed. Then, again, there have been times when his nerves have been strung up to such a high pitch that any sudden noise, such as the dropping of a spoon or the clatter of a plate, seemed to cause him real agony. He never could bear the least noise when he was writing.

In 1856 the purchase of Gad's Hill was made. Charles Dickens had never been inside the house until it was his own. For once we may hope and believe that a childish dream was realized, for certainly some of the happiest years of his home life were spent in the house he had so coveted and admired when he was quite a small boy. "It has never been to me like any other house," were his own words.

For the first three years Gad's Hill was only used by him

as a summer residence, but after the sale of Tavistock House, in 1860, it became his home, and from this time until the year of his death his great delight was to make "the little freehold" as comfortable, complete, and pretty as possible. Every year he had some "bright idea" of some contemplated "wonderful improvement" to propound. And it became quite a joke between him and his youngest daughter—who was constantly at Gad's Hill—as to what the next improvement was to be. These additions and alterations gave him endless amusement and delight, and he would watch the growing of each one with the utmost eagerness and impatience. The most important outdoor "improvement" he made was a tunnel to connect the garden with the shrubbery, which lay on the opposite side of the high road, and could only be approached by leaving the garden, crossing the road, and unlocking the gate. The work of excavation, began, of course, from each side, and on the day when it was supposed that the picks would meet and the light appear, Charles Dickens was so excited that he had to "knock off work," and stood for hours waiting for this consummation, and when at last it did come to pass, the workmen were all "treated," and there was a general jubilee. This "improvement" was a great success, for the shrubbery was a nice addition to the garden, and moreover in it, facing the road, grew two very large and beautiful cedar trees. Some little time after M. Fechter sent his friend a two-roomed chalet, which was placed in the shrubbery. The upper room was prettily furnished, and fitted all round with looking-glasses to reflect the view, and was used by Charles Dickens as a study throughout the summer. He had a passion for light, bright colors, and looking-glass. When he built a new drawing-room he had two mirrors sunk into the wall opposite each other, which, being so placed, gave the effect of an endless corridor. I do not remember how many rooms could thus be counted, but he would often call some of us, and ask if we could make out another room, as he certainly could.

For one "improvement" he had looking-glass put into each

panel of the dining-room door, and showing it to his youngest daughter said, with great pride: "Now, what do you say to this, Katie?" She laughed and said: "Well, really, papa, I think when you're an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass, and your crown of scarlet geraniums!"

He loved all flowers, but especially bright flowers, and scarlet geraniums were his favorite of all. There were two large beds of these on the front lawn, and when they were fully out, making one scarlet mass, there was blaze enough to satisfy even him. Even in dress he was fond of a great deal of color, and the dress of a friend who came to his daughter's wedding quite delighted him because it was trimmed with a profusion of cherry-colored ribbon. He used constantly to speak about it afterward in terms of the highest admiration.

During the summer months there was a constant succession of visitors at Gad's Hill, with picnics, long drives, and much happy holiday-making. At these picnics there was a frequent request to this lover of light and color of "Please let us have the luncheon in the shade at any rate." He came to his daughter one day and said he had a "capital idea" about picnic luncheons. He wished each person to have his or her own ration neatly done up in one parcel, to consist of a mutton pie, hard-boiled egg, a roll, a piece of butter, and a packet of salt. Of course this idea was faithfully carried out, but was not always the rule, as when the choice of food was put to the vote, it was found that many people cared neither for mutton pie nor hard-boiled egg. But the "capital idea" of separate rations was always followed as closely as possible.

The visits of Dickens to America were widely apart. On the first occasion he managed to annoy many of his friends by his too faithful sketchings of some American characteristics; and, truth to tell, he strained the rights of a visitor who had received the greatest consideration, to the utmost point.

On his second visit, just before his death, he made the *amende honorable*, and nowhere has Dickens warmer admirers than in America.

After his return to England, he again undertook a series of readings, though his health had suffered so severely by his exertions in America that he could only go through his work with the greatest difficulty, and was at one time compelled, by peremptory medical order, to suspend the series for a time. He had definitely relinquished reading as a source of income. "From these garish lamps I vanish from evermore," he said to his audience on the last night of his public appearance, and had settled down to a new work, which promised to equal his earlier efforts in interest. His friends looked forward to a long continuance of activity for him; but the end had come. On the 8th of June, 1870, he had been at work on "Edwin Drood" (of which only three parts were completed) all day in a little chalet sent him in pieces from Paris by his friend M. Fechter. At dinner that day a strange expression of pain came over his face, and he said that for an hour he had felt very ill. Suddenly he attempted to rise from his seat, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. He never regained consciousness; and after twenty-four hours he died, at six o'clock on the evening of the 9th of June.

The event was so sudden, that when the placards of the London papers came out with the fatal words, "Death of Charles Dickens," in large capitals, startled men, pausing to read, could hardly believe their eyes, or realize the fact that the hand that had for so many years toiled indefatigably, was cold and powerless, and that the great writer whose very life had been in his vocation, and whom hundreds of thousands who had never seen his face still looked on as a friend, had spoken the last word he was to utter on earth. A sentiment of grief as at a near and personal loss pervaded every class of society, from the Queen, who telegraphed her regrets from Balmoral, to the artisan, who remembered how nobly the great author had always stood up in defence and vindication of the toilers in the land. Dickens himself held very decided ideas concerning the futility of any funeral honors, and detested the idea of an epitaph; but it was felt that Westminster Abbey

was the fitting resting-place for one who had a right to be received among the great literary worthies of that temple of silence, reconciliation and grateful memory. "Westminster Abbey," says a writer in the *Times*, a few days after Dickens' death, "is the peculiar resting-place of English literary genius; and among all those whose sacred dust lies there, or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarded with more honor as time passes and his greatness grows upon us."

In America the feeling was wide-spread and deep. Bret Harte, whose genius Dickens admired and appreciated, led the way in some noble lines of simple and touching verse. Many others followed; indeed, the face of the great writer had been so recently seen among them, that to the Americans hardly less than to the English, his death brought the impression of one taken suddenly from their midst; and nothing could be more thoroughly expressive of the national sorrow than the "spray of Western pine," laid metaphorically on the coffin of Charles Dickens by him, who told how the turmoil and riot of "Roaring Camp" had been hushed, while the rugged miners sat listening as one of them read to the rest the story of "Little Nell."

Our space will only admit of one brief quotation:

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on account of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half a crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquired the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothing. I'm more cumfbler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm werry sorry I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half crown, and asks him what it is he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and give a illness to the lady as wos and yet warn't the t'other lady, and none of them never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good, and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses, 'we thought we 'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word not yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and w'en he come a bendin' over me and speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I wos thinkin' on, then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I was moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn't be moved no furder, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out wery large, so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I was wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it, and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I know'd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo, very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more comf'bler nor I wos afore."

After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! what now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me, indeed, he was. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used for to say to me, 'I am as poor as you today, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom,—it's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you'll say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead. Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

VICTOR HUGO.

French Novelist and Poet.

VICTOR HUGO was born at Besancon, France, on the 26th of February, 1802. His family was noble, and had been so since 1531. His father, born in Lorraine, volunteered as a soldier under the republic in 1789, became General under the empire of the first Napoleon, and distinguished himself by his courage and brilliant exploits in arms. His mother was equally remarkable, a native of La Vendee, and the subject of some daring exploits. A French writer, who had little sympathy with the family, calls her "a Vendean brigand." She shared the adventurous existence of her soldier-husband, and generally took her children with her. It is said that she personally engaged in the terrible struggle in the Vendee, under the republic. We find in the verses of the poet many references to his romantic and adventurous youth, wandering all over Europe, as he says, before he was born. As a child he followed the imperial armies with his mother, and, when hardly old enough to speak, was taken to Italy, and thence to his father, who, at that time Governor of the Province of Avellino, in Calabria, was campaigning against the celebrated bandit, "Fra Diavolo." After having visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, he returned to Paris in 1809.

Victor Hugo's early life was not calculated to bring out the republicanism which afterward characterized it. His father was an imperialist, fighting hard to sustain the tottering throne of Joseph Bonaparte in Spain, and his mother an ardent loyalist at the court of Madrid. These instilled in his youthful mind the conservative sentiments which dominated his early career.

While in Spain, he was sent to a "seminary of the nobles" when he was but ten years old. He took a great interest in Spanish architecture, as also in Spanish scenery, and the Spanish people. In 1812 he returned to France, and took up his abode with his mother and brothers in the convent of the Feuillantines. He was next sent, with his brother, to a preparatory school, to get ready for the Polytechnic Institute, as his father wished to make a soldier of him.

He early showed an inclination to write verses, and although he exhibited great promise in this line, his father advised him to give up poetry, and apply himself to mathematics. He studied mathematics, but did not give up poetry. Before he was thirty years of age his published works were numerous, and his name famous. Odes and ballads, romances, dramas, etc., flowed rapidly from his prolific pen. At the age of fourteen he had composed a tragedy, *Irtamene*, and two lyric pieces of value, *The Rich and the Poor*, and *The Canadian*. In 1817, at the age of fifteen, he contested for the Academic prize, although without success, receiving, however, honorable mention. Between 1819 and 1822 he took three prizes from the Toulouse Academy, with the following three odes, which are among his best, and which achieved at once his fame: *The Virgins of Verdun*, *Henry IV's Statue*, and *Moses in the Nile*. About this time Chateaubriand took an interest in him, and offered him a place under him in the Berlin Embassy, which, however, he declined, having no taste for diplomacy.

In 1821 his mother died, leaving him for weeks inconsolable. Soon after he sought the hand of a charming girl whom he had long loved, a Miss Foucher, but whose parents at first forbade the alliance on account of his poverty. He possessed as the result of his literary labors, only about $200, and his father would promise him no more, unless he would consent to take up one of the "regular" professions. When he published, however, his *Odes and Ballads*, which were well received, the parents of the girl expressed themselves satisfied, and felt honored by the marriage, which was consummated.

Shortly before the revolution of 1830, a literary revolution took place, at the head of which was Victor Hugo. A band of young men, imaginative, ardent, and confident, sought to renovate French literature by departing from classic rules and models, substituting a varied and very irregular verse for the monotonous Alexandrine verses of the old school, and making art more precisely conform to nature; which they carried so far, says a writer, as to bring into prominence things disagreeable, which nature herself is displeased with, and teaches us to keep out of sight. The new school "The Young France," as they called themselves, formed the romanticists, and their opponents, the classists. The literary war lasted for some years, and the success of the first school is seen in the flood of dramas and tales of a terribly realistic nature which constitute French literature. The romantic school broke with Aristotle and Racine, till then thought to be the standards of taste, and Victor Hugo published as the first great work of the new school his drama of *Cromwell*, in the preface of which he developed at considerable length the new theories of which the following sentence is a resumé: "All that is in nature is in art; the drama results from a combination of the sublime and grotesque; the drama is the expression of the modern epoch." Among his other works written at this time are his *Marion Delorme*, *The Last Days of a Condemned Criminal*, *Hernani*, and *Le Roi's Amuse*, all of which created great sensations.

The occasion of his writing the *Last Days of a Condemned Criminal*, according to a recent writer, is as follows; "When Hugo saw the assassin of the Duke de Berri taken to the scaffold, his blood ran cold in his veins, and his whole spirit revolted against the horror, and the unforgiving severity of capital punishment. He was, in those days, still an ultra-loyalist, and found the assassin's work hideous, and inexcusable in every sense; but he could not believe in 'a life for a life.'" This made the first impression on him. Some years later he was walking in the square in front of the Hotel de Ville one evening, when he saw the executioner practicing with the guillotine

for an execution to take place on the morrow. The crowd surrounded the brutal officer, who, while he greased the grooves in which the fatal knife was to fall, recounted the terrors of the unhappy prisoner, and the details of his crime. Young Hugo, sick at heart, went home shuddering. The next day he began to write the work named, and finished it in three weeks. It was published early in 1829. As a psychological study it is exceedingly powerful; so strong, that thousands refused to believe that it was the work of one who had never been under the sentence of death. The horrors and despairs, the paralysis, the fantastical dreams, and rude awakenings of the convict, were depicted with a force, yet delicacy, which captivated even those who saw in the book an attempt to derogate from the majesty of the law. There was never a more eloquent protest against capital punishment. When his *Hernani*, which is an attack on the stiff and unnatural style of French dramatic literature, was first played at the Theatre Francais, February 16, 1830, it caused a scene of riotous confusion. The academy went so far as to lay a complaint against his attempted innovations at the foot of the throne. Charles XII. sensibly replied, that in matters of art he was no more than a private person. The play of *Le Roi's Amuse* was written during the insurrection of 1830. The first act was written in four days. As he lived near the Tuilleries, it is said that he was accustomed to walk there, under the trees, and to compose his verses as he walked. One day when hard at work on a monologue, he was interrupted by a riot, which penetrated to his peaceful retreat, and he was compelled to take refuge in a neighboring arcade. The tide of battle followed him, and the poet, forgetting his verses, had to get behind some columns to protect himself from musket balls. This drama was performed at the Theatre Francais in January, 1832, and the day after its production was interdicted by the government.

He continued writing many dramatic pieces of various merit, and after many struggles was admitted into the Academy in 1841. In 1837 Louis Phillippe had made him an officer in

the Legion of Honor, and in 1845 he created him a peer of France. After the Revolution of 1848 he was elected to represent Paris both in the constituent assembly and in the legislative body, in which he manifested strong democratic principles. His progress toward liberality, however, has been constant ever since his earliest manhood, and of late years he has been regarded as a leading champion of the people of all countries, against whatever kind of wrong, and an impressive advocate of universal equality. When Napoleon committed his *coup d'etat* he became one of his greatest enemies, and never became reconciled to his reign. He was banished for life in 1851, and subsequently refused to take advantage of any pardon to return to France till France should become a republic. From 1852 till the downfall of Napoleon, in 1870, he lived in Jersey and Guernsey, whence he issued his most powerful works. His satire, *Napoleon Le Petit*, appeared in 1852, *Les Chatiments* in 1853, and his *Contemplations* in the same year. The first of his ponderous novels, *Notre Dame de Paris*, made a great sensation, and was immediately translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. On April 3, 1862, *Les Miserables* in nine languages, simultaneously in as many countries, and in 1869 *L' Homme qui Rit*. He has since published the *Toilers of the Sea*, and many smaller works, including numerous published letters, addresses, and *notes* which are universally known.

When he returned to Paris after the fall of Napoleon he had a most enthusiastic reception, in which the whole city participated, and the reappearance of the old man, constant to his vows and to liberty all these many years, was the most affecting scene of the whole drama of modern France.

Victor Hugo was an enemy of capital punishment, as he was to all forms of cruelty, and he saved the neck of many an offender. While still a royalist he wrote a letter to an enemy of royalty in danger of his life, and offered him an asylum in his own house, and this trait of his character is said to have so delighted Louis that he said when the letter was brought to

him: "The writer is a noble young man; I will give him the first vacant pension." When, after the insurrection of Blanqui and Barbes, in 1839, the latter was condemned to death, Victor Hugo left the theater where he first learned the news, and wrote four lines to the king, appealing to him "in the name of the tomb and the cradle" (referring to the dead child of the king), to pardon the condemned, which brought from the king the following response: "His pardon is granted; it only remains for me to obtain it." In 1848 he made an eloquent address in the assembly against capital punishment, and voted for its abolition. In 1851, when his eldest son was tried for protesting against a horrible execution, he conducted his son's defense in the course of which he made, perhaps, the most eloquent and thrilling speech against the death penalty ever uttered. "As for this law of blood, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I have fought it all my life—all my life—and so long as there remains a particle of breath in my body I will fight against it with all my power as a writer and with all my deeds and votes as a legislator. I declare it"—here he extended his arm and pointed to the Christ on the crucifix above the judge's bench—"I declare it before that victim of the punishment of death who is there—who sees us and who hears us! I swear it before that gibbet to which, nearly 2,000 years ago, for an eternal lesson to the generations, human law nailed divine law!" In 1859 he raised his voice against the execution of John Brown, asserting that "all notions of justice and injustice would be confounded on the day when the world should see deliverance assassinated by liberty." Shortly after he said, on the same subject, that we should "push back finally into the night that monstrous punishment by death, whose principal glory is that it raised on earth two gibbets, that of Jesus Christ in the old world, and that of John Brown in the new," really Emerson's remark on the death of John Brown, that "henceforth the gallows is made as glorious as the cross."

On the 26th of February, 1885, Victor Hugo's eighty-third birthday was celebrated by the Parisians in a man-

ner resembling an ovation. His kind-heartedness caused him to be loved by all the poor, oppressed and condemned, for whom he ever pleaded, especially for those condemned to death, saving many a head from the guillotine. In literature he will live as France's greatest lyric poet, and as the founder of the "romantic school," as it is known in France, a school discarding the fetters of old-time pedantry, *J'apelle un cochon par son nom. Pourquoi non?* he said in one of his verses, much to the horror of old French purists. Victor Hugo has been the poet of France, victorious or defeated; the poet of the warrior in the fight and of the dying soldier. He has celebrated with a powerful pen the legends of French history, more especially that of Napoleon; in *Les Orientales* he has been the poet of nature's colors; in the *Feuilles d'Autonne* he has sung happiness and true love; in *Les Contemplations* he has been the poet of reveries and youthful grace; in *Les Chatiments* he has been a sort of republican Isaiah, the poet of vengeance; in *Hernani* he has sung grandeur; in *Le Pauvres Gens*, pity; military valor in *Quatre-vingt-treize*, the sacrifice of tenderness in the denouement of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and the smile in *La Coccinelle*; but above all these he has pictured, sung, and immortalized that living, toddling, brilliant, adorable, and adored being and poem, "The Child." Children have played a prominent part in his works. In the midst of his gigantic labors, among the throng of ideas contained in *Les Miserables*, of the haughty Castilian pride of Ruy Blas, of that terrible tragedy *Lucrezia Borgia*, of the grandeur of *Notre Dame*, of the sufferings of *Marion*, of the somber reverie of Charles V., of the martyrdom of Gilliatt, one is moved to tears by his pictures of children, as, for instance, when one reads of the poor Paris gamin Gavroche feeding his brother, or *petite Jeanne*, who is smiling while shells are exploding around the innocent prattler. Victor Hugo was also an artist with his pencil, and has left several interesting sketches in the shape of landscapes. His death is a loss to humanity and will be looked upon as a national misfortune in his country.

Tender-hearted as he was, Victor Hugo was much tried in his lifetime. One of his daughters was drowned with her husband almost under his eyes when she had been hardly married a year; both his sons and his wife were taken from him. He lavished all his love on two grandchildren, and to them many of his later poems are dedicated. *Jeanne* and *Georges* have been immortalized in the verse of their immortal grandfather.

Lord Tennyson has paid the following tribute to the "king of human hearts," as Victor Hugo has been styled:

> Victor in drama, Victor in romance,
> Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
> French of the French, and lord of human tears;
> Child-lover; bard whose fame-lit laurels' glance
> Darkened the wreaths of all that would advance.
> Beyond our strait, there claim to be thy peers;
> Weird Titan, by thy winter weight of years
> As yet unbroken, stormy voice of France!
> Who dost not love our England—so they say;
> I know not. England, France, all man to be
> Will make one people ere man's race be run;
> And I, desiring that diviner day,
> Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
> To younger England in the boy, my son.

Victor Hugo was regarded as a representative Frenchman in the vivacity and versatility of his genius, the epigrammatic brilliancy of his style, and the devotion to an idea in all its practical applications. The one motive which in all his constancy, as well as in all his changes, seemed to actuate him, was a love of liberty—political, religious, and intellectual—and back of this, as its spring, was a love of mankind which transcended all bounds of condition, nationality, faith, or even moral desert. He was by nature a revolutionist, not only in politics, but in society, religion, and literature, and his influence has been great in turning the world into new paths in all these respects. His life has been one of opposition, and he has been suppressed,

proscribed, and exiled perhaps more than any man of the century. Three kings persecuted him, but he lived to see them all dethroned, and he died the most honored and loved man in all France. All France was at Hugo's funeral.

Six orations were delivered under the Arc de Triomphe, in the presence of nearly all the illustrious men of and in France. M. Leroyer, President of the Senate, said Victor Hugo constantly pursued the higher ideal of justice and humanity, and thus exercised an immense influence over the moral feeling of France. M. Floquet said that the ceremony to-day was not a funeral—it was an apotheosis. He hailed Victor Hugo as the immortal apostle who bequeathed to humanity that gospel which could lead the people to the definite conquest of liberty and equality. M. Augier, a member of the Academy, elaborated the fact made evident to-day: "To the sovereign poet France renders sovereign honors." M. Gohlet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, declared that Victor Hugo will remain the highest personification of the nineteenth century, the history of which, in its contradictions, doubts, ideas and aspirations, was best reflected in his works. The character of Victor Hugo was profoundly human, and represented the spirit of toleration and of peace. M. Floquet's oration touched the hearts of his hearers, and was greatly applauded.

MARK TWAIN.

(SAMUEL CLEMENS.)

SINCE the death of poor "Artemus Ward," no man has filled so large a place in the roll of honor as "Mark Twain." All the world has laughed at the quiet, subtle wit of the man who wrote the *Innocents Abroad*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He is now in the full bloom of life, and in the possession of an ample fortune, and of world-wide fame, both of which he has fully earned. His pleasant home at Hartford is the gathering place of literary men, such as George Cable, with whom he has recently entered into a sort of public friendship. Each of these gentlemen reciting from their own works, has given the literary people of our great cities ample opportunity of enjoying many delightful evenings. The events in the life of Mark Twain have not greatly varied from those of the enterprising journalist of America. Some interesting peeps into Mark's early life will be sure to prove entertaining. In an interview held not long ago with his venerable mother many amusing things were elicited.

"Sam was always a good hearted boy," said Mrs. Clemens, "but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and do what we would we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully, and we were convinced that he would never amount to as much in the world as his brothers, because he was not near so steady and sober-minded as they were."

"I suppose, Mrs. Clemens, that your son in his boyhood days somewhat resembled his own 'Tom Sawyer,' and that a

fellow feeling is what made him so kind to the many hair-breadth escapades of that celebrated youth?"

"Ah, no," replied the old lady with a merry twinkle in her eye, "he was more like 'Huckleberry Finn' than 'Tom Sawyer.' Often his father would start him off to school and in a little while would follow him to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the schoolhouse, and Sam would take his position behind that and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to teach Sam anything, because he was determined not to learn. But I never gave up. He was always a great boy for history and could never get tired of that kind of reading, but he hadn't any use for schoolhouses and text-books."

"It must have been a great trial to you."

"Indeed it was," rejoined the mother, "and when Sam's father died, which occurred when Sam was eleven years of age, I thought then, if ever, was the proper time to make a lasting impression on the boy and work a change in him, so I took him by the hand and went with him into the room where the coffin was and in which the father lay, and with it between Sam and me I said to him that here in this presence I had some serious requests to make of him, and that I knew his word once given was never broken. For Sam never told a falsehood. He turned his streaming eyes upon me and cried out, "Oh, mother, I will do anything, anything you ask of me except to go to school; I can't do that!" That was the very request I was going to make. Well, we afterward had a sober talk, and I concluded to let him go into a printing office to learn the trade, as I couldn't have him running wild. He did so, and has gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life. He was about twenty years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. I gave him up then, for I always thought steamboating was a wicked business, and was sure he

would meet bad associates, I asked him if he would promise me on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors, nor swear, and he said, "Yes, mother, I will." He repeated the words after me, with my hand and his clasped on the holy Book, and I believe he always kept that promise. But Sam has a good wife now who would soon bring him back if he was inclined to stray away from the right. He obtained for his brother Henry a place on the same boat as clerk, and soon after Sam left the river, Henry was blown up with the boat by an explosion, and killed."

The dear old lady gave her last reminiscences in a trembling voice and with eyes filled with tears, but in a moment recovered her wonted serenity of expression and told many more incidents and entertaining stories of the then embryo humorist.

"Mark Twain inherited the humor and the talents which have made him famous, from his mother," stated the younger Mrs. Clemens. "He is all 'Lampton,' and resembles her as strongly in person as in mind. Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly and Mrs. Hawkins, in 'Gilded Age,' are direct portraits of his mother."

Mrs. Clemens was Miss Jane Lampton before her marriage, and was a native of Kentucky. Mr. Clemens was of the F. F. V.'s of Virginia. They did not accumulate property, and the father left the family at his death nothing but, in Mark's own words, "a sumptuous stock of pride and a good old name," which, it will be allowed, has proved in this case at least a sufficient inheritance.

We here insert a portion of the inimitable story of the way Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence:

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED HIS FENCE.

[Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.]

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and

a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirits. Thirty yards of board fence, nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewash streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box, discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight, presently—the very boy of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading.

Tom went on whitewashing. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-*yi! you're* a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. But Tom stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it? Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind:

"No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come, now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeared—"

"I'll give you *all* of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material, boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher

for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog,—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice good idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do, and this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, one of the most distinguished among literary celebrities of the Victorian era, was born in the parish of Middlebie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. His father, an honest Scotchman, was upright in all his dealings, and of good repute among his neighbors. Carlyle himself, who always spoke of both his parents with great respect, and of his mother with a warm affection, describes his sire as "a farmer sort of person." Thomas received his first schooling in his native village. Thence he went to Annan parish school, about six miles off. Both his father and mother had their little ambition with regard to their son, whose good abilities they did not fail to discover. Though their family was large—for the historian was one of eight children—the parents managed to spare enough to give their gifted son a university education. Seventy years ago lads went to the Scottish seats of learning at an early age. Carlyle was only fourteen years old when he entered Edinburgh University. At Annan Carlyle had been noted for excellence in mathematics. At Edinburgh he further developed his ability in this direction. But he never became a classical scholar, in the sense of a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the great authors of Greece and Rome. He read a great deal, however, and by the help of a most powerful and retentive memory he laid, during those years at Edinburgh, the foundation of the materials afterward worked up in the wonderful essays with which he astonished the reading and thinking world.

It had been the wish of his parents that the university course should be a preparation for entering the ministry; but already at college Carlyle appears to have doubts as to his vocation for the work. Convinced in this matter, he turned his attention for a time toward being a schoolmaster. For two years he taught mathematics at Annan, and afterward pursued the same employment in Kircaldy. About this time the Edinburgh Encyclopædia was coming out, under the editorship of Sir David Brewster, who, quickly discovering the ability of the persevering young scholar, employed him to write sixteen articles for the work. The majority of these contributions were biographical notices. They give evidence of thoroughness, of careful preparation of his subject, and of the wide and varied range of his reading. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was already the maxim of Thomas Carlyle. About 1823 Carlyle's first book, the Life of Schiller, appeared. He had previously devoted much time to the study of German language and literature, and in Schiller he found a man after his own heart—a true man, impressed with the dignity of his calling; too self-respecting to truckle to dukes and princes, and too plain and simple in his habits to care for wealth. In former days Carlyle had been introduced to a Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, to whose only daughter, Miss Jane Welsh, he had been tutor. Dr. Welsh had been exceedingly anxious that his only child should be solidly educated. He consequently secured the accomplished young schoolmaster as tutor. Grave, quiet, Carlyle found favor alike in the eyes of parents and child; and in 1826, eight years after his first introduction to Miss Welsh, he married her. Never was a man more fortunate in the momentous question of his life. Carlyle could not have made a better choice, or found a helpmate more thoroughly capable of appreciating his genius, and more fitted to aid him with sympathy and counsel, doubling the joys of his career, and smoothing away its griefs by faithful companionship. For forty years the faithful wife stood by Carlyle's side, enjoying the calm evening with him as she had cheered him at his toil

and borne a share of the heat and burden of the day. The end came at last quite unexpectedly. While her husband was absent in Edinburgh, to the rectorship of whose university he had been elected the year before, and whither he had gone to deliver an address to the students, Mrs. Carlyle suddenly died in London, while driving in the park. Carlyle, in his depth of grief, sorrowfully declared that all the brightness was gone out of his life.

Probably the most widely known of Carlyle's works is his History of the French Revolution. Its publication, in 1837, opened up a new era, not only in the life of Carlyle, but in the method and style of writing history. With consummate skill the reader is carried along through the wondrous narrative, as though the events were passing before his eyes; while the eloquent commentator at his side seems to explain to him the cause and the meaning and relative importance of each. One memorable circumstance connected with this splendid literary achievement gives it an additional value, as evincing the indomitable perseverance of the author. The manuscript of the first volume had been completed—with what expenditure of toil and thought those who have perused the completed work can alone imagine—when the author lent the precious volume to his friend, John Stuart Mill, who lent it to another friend, Mrs. Taylor, for perusal, before placing it in the printer's hands. The lady seems to have left the volume about, and an uninquiring housemaid, taking it to be a worthless bundle of paper, used it for lighting fires—and Carlyle had not a copy!

His proceeding on the occasion was characteristic. After recovering from the first shock of the news, he cleared his mind, as it were, by flooding it with fiction, and after weeks of novel reading he sat down manfully and wrote his first volume over again.

Besides his history, he wrote Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, History of Frederick the Great, and several less pretentious books.

In 1881 the merciful summons came for him to that still

country where, as he in fullness of faith and strong belief had declared, "At last we and our beloved ones shall be together again." It was on the 5th of February in that year that this grand British worthy died.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

IN a century hence there will not be a well regulated home in America where the work of Dr. Holland will not exert a quiet influence. The words he spoke and wrote are just the words that can never die.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. He graduated at the Berkshire Medical School at Pittsfield, Mass., and practiced his profession there for three years, removing thence to Springfield, Mass., where he edited a literary journal for a short time. He then went to Vicksburg, Miss., where he was Superintendent of Public Schools for a year, after which he went back to Springfield, Mass., where he became an associate editor on the well known *Republican*, and in 1851 bought an interest in that paper and retained his connection with it for fifteen years. He began his purely literary career in 1855 by publishing a *History of Western Massachusetts*. In 1857 his first novel, *The Bay Path*, was issued. The following year he began the publication of *Letters to Young People* under the pseudonym of *Timothy Titcomb*, a work which lifted him immediately into an assured literary position. During the same year was published his *Bitter Sweet*, which was a very popular volume. In 1859 appeared *Gold Foil;* in 1860 *Miss Gilbert's Career;* in 1861, *Lessons in Life;* in 1863, *Letters to the Joneses;* in 1865, *Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects;* in 1866, *Life of Abraham Lincoln;* in 1877, *Kathrina*. All of these volumes met with much popular favor and a wide sale. In 1868 Dr. Holland went to Europe, and while there, at Geneva, he and Mr. Roswell Smith drew up the plan of *Scribner's Magazine*. In 1870 he, as editor and third owner, began the

publication of that magazine, which was a success from the first, and added largely to the fame and fortune of its editor. His works published after his connection with the magazine named began, were: *The Marble Prophecy*, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, *Garnered Sheaves*, a collection of poems; *Seven Oaks*, a novel. *The Mistress of the Manse*, a poem; and *Nicholas Minturn*, another novel. He died October 12, 1881. Though he has not been ranked among the great authors of the language, Dr. Holland was a charming writer, and the remarkably pure and healthful tone of his writings especially commends them to the young. His poems are very delightful, both because of their sweetness of rhythm and their purity of sentiment. As a man, Dr. Holland was always an eager defender of truth and justice, a friend of the poor and struggling—genial, large-hearted, possessed not only of the Christian virtues, but of those social graces that render a man beloved by his fellows.

We quote one brief poem that is unrivaled of its kind, a poem that shows the gentle heart of the great thinker and writer:

BABY SONG.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years
And he'll never know
Where the summers go.

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!
Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And shipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes!
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tendern ss she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

DIVINES

He who the sword of heaven would bear, should be as holy as severe.—William Shakspeare.

The pulpit is the clergyman's parade; the parish is the field of active service.—Robert Southey.

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—Bishop Hooker.

DEAN STANLEY.

NO GREAT ecclesiastic has won for himself a larger place in the affections of devout Americans than Dean Stanley. He was born in Alderly, in the lovely county of Cheshire, on the 13th of December, 1815. The Dean's father, Dr. Edward Stanley, was Rector of Alderly; and very happy must have been the early years of the future ecclesiastic, spent in the peaceful Rectory and amid the pleasant farm-lands of Cheshire. Rugby School, famous as the best middle-class school in England—known now all the world over, through the romantic pages of Thomas Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days,"—was then under the guidance and government of the celebrated Thomas Arnold, the father of Matthew Arnold, the poet. Here young Stanley began that course of study that culminated in such deep and far-reaching scholarship. He had just passed his twenty-first birthday when events transpired big with importance to the nation, and to the quiet rectory of Alderly. Eighteen hundred and thirty-seven was the starting point of a new era in English history. William IV. died at Windsor Castle on the 18th of June, and was succeeded by his youthful niece, who, ascending the throne of England, inaugurated what will be known in future years as "the Victorian Age." This same year—"Queen's Year," as it was then fondly called—brought a great change to the Stanley family. The Rectory was exchanged for an Episcopal palace, and the Rector of Alderly became Lord Bishop of Norwich, which high office he adorned for twelve years, and then died in 1849, deeply lamented by the Church of which he was so faithful a servant, and by the community in the midst of which he had exercised his sacred

vocation. In this same year, 1837, the future Dean of Westminster was graduating at University College, Oxford, winning year after year more than golden honors. His career was most brilliant. He very soon distinguished himself as the best classic of his year. In 1839 he won the Latin prize. In 1840 he manifested the great skill in the use of the English language that in after years made his works standard examples of purity of style and grace of diction. This year he won the prizes for the best English and for the theological essays. He was this year elected Fellow of University College. For twelve years he was a tutor at Oxford, and in 1845 he was appointed Select Preacher. Honors crowded now upon his path. In the year 1851—the year of the first great exhibition in London—he was appointed to a Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral. In 1865 he was appointed Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, which high place he held and honored till the year 1864, when he was called to the Deanery of Westminster Abbey.

That venerable, stately pile—the nation's chief sepulchre for her mighty dead—had long been the shrine attracting pilgrims from all lands to look upon the resting-place of kings and warriors of old renown, and statesmen and poets of a later age. Here kings and queens were crowned. Here, under the huge, unwieldy coronation chair, lies an unshapely stone, believed still by the credulous to be the identical stone on which the wandering Jacob slept at Bethel, what time the ascending and descending angels crowded his fugitive dreams. This great Cathedral, a perfect dream of architecture, that was chiefly attractive by the dust of the dead that lay silent there, now became the center of a new attractive force. A living voice broke the silence of the sepulchre. The living Dean was mightier than dead Kings! And as days went on, it came to pass that visitors to London were sure to be asked, at some point of their pilgrimage, "Have you seen Westminster Abbey? Have you heard the Dean?" To see the Abbey and hear the Dean were inseparable duties and privileges.

Very pleasantly does the present writer remember some of those Sunday afternoons in the great Abbey. The immense crowds thronging every available space; the marble monuments of the dead becoming a vantage ground for the living; the Poet's Corner thronged with worshipers, and sometimes one felt a sense of sacrilege as, looking downward, we found the bench to which the stately verger appointed us lying athwart the grave of Charles Dickens. The solemn music rolling through the vaulted aisles, the sun shining through "windows richly dight" throwing fitful glories on sculptured bust and marble shrine. The perfect silence of that vast throng, as the Dean, little of stature, white-robed, wearing the crimson sash indicative of his scholarly degree, with velvet cap on his head, rose to pronounce the discourse. The small, compact figure, the features of the face, sharp cut and well defined, the brow broad rather than massive, the clear blue eye that lit up all the face with spiritual meaning, the voice weak but quite distinct. How fresh and pleasant these recollections! And then the sermon, always brief, and always impressive, appealing to the enlightened conscience and judgment of his hearers. Presenting ever some great deep spiritual truth; not in illustration or defense of creeds or articles or confessions of faith, but as the bread of life sent down from the heavens, by which alone the souls of men could be made brave, and wise, and true. The memory of these scenes is sacred and pleasant, tinged now with pensive musings at the thought that that voice is silent here forever.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to give more than the merest outline of the life and work of Dr. Stanley. He has been spoken of as the leader of the Broad Church party. It can scarcely be said with accuracy that there is a Broad Church party at all in England; certainly not in the sense in which we speak of the Evangelicals, or the High Church party. There are men of broad, liberal view, after the style of Dr. Lidden and Dr. Farrar, Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral; but these broad men are not organized into a party.

It would have greatly distressed the Dean to have been regarded as a party leader. It would have rudely brushed the bloom from the sweet sanctity of life to have been regarded as the standard-bearer of a sect, least of all, and last of all, the champion of an ecclesiastical clique. Indeed, one of the ideals he long cherished was of a Comprehensive Church where all creeds should find common ground. A fold big enough to hold all the flocks of the one Great Shepherd. And because of these liberal modes of thought he was hated by the writers of the *Rock*, the organ of the rabid Evangelicals, and scorned by the ultra-ritualists.

The publication by Dean Stanley of the *Life of Thomas Arnold*, in 1844, gave him high rank in the guild of literature. The *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, delivered in Oxford while Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, marked him as a most original commentator of Old Testament history, daring with fearless but reverent tread to investigate and explore the most sacred fields. This fearlessness awoke very severe criticism. But there are not a dozen well-selected clerical libraries in America or England that do not contain *Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church*. The lectures are not orthodox; but they dare to deal in a free spirit with sacred history. They compare history with history. They do not summon profane history—so-called—to bolster up Scripture statement, but they show how widely-diverging streams spring from the same fountains, and, winding each their way, pour themselves at last into the ocean of universal truth. Above all things, this *History of the Jewish Church* has provoked honest thought, and has encouraged free and earnest inquiry. It is not a commentary in which idle clergymen will find theological pabulum served up all ready for them to minister to their flocks. It is a book for the student. It throws him on his own resources. The author points out the fields where the goodly pearls lie; then leaves him to dig out the gems for himself. If Dean Stanley had done no other work, the production of these lectures would have made all Biblical students his debtors.

In 1862 the Dean accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour through Palestine, and the publication of his *Sinai and Palestine* was hailed with delight. The Holy Land became real under the touch of his graphic pen; and from Dan to Beersheba the scenes of old renown became as instinct with life as Paris, or Edinboro' or New York.

But the true influence of this great Ecclesiastic lay not alone in the depth and breadth of his scholarship, nor in any special points of genius; but in the broad, large charity that crowned all his life with strength and beauty. His heart was large enough and his sympathies were wide enough to encompass all men. Dean Stanley very early erased the word "toleration" from his vocabulary, and closed the doors of his heart and mind against the narrowness of which that word was the sign. What right has any man to tolerate his fellow man? As the foundation on which this Republic is built declares that all men are born free and equal, so Dean Stanley, beneath the banner of universal charity, recognized the right of intellect and championed the freedom of thought.

Inspired by this spirit, he welcomed to the Abbey and to his pulpit many a man whose coming there a narrower-minded Dean would have counted sacrilege. He opened its doors to the proscribed Bishop Colenso. He asked the learned Professor Muller to unveil some of the mysteries of the science of language. He invited Chunder Sen, the founder of the Brahmo Somiaje, to tell of the great change that was coming over the religious thoughts of the educated youth of India. We saw the Dean with bowed head at the grave of Dr. Thomas Binney, the most pronounced non-conformist of his day. He was bold enough not to be ashamed of Dissenters. He counted on his list of personal friends such men as Harry Allon, Dr. Joseph Parker, Charles H. Spurgeon, and the venerable Dr. Stoughton, the latter of whom he invited to deliver historical lectures in the nave of the Abbey. He was prominent as the fast friend of Dollinger in the Old Catholic Congress of Cologne in 1872. He obeyed the Apostolic injunction; he

loved the brotherhood, he feared God, he honored the king.

The sympathies of Dean Stanley were with earnest workers in all fields of toil. He appreciated fully the dignity and responsibilities of journalism, and one of the most eloquent speeches we ever heard from his lips was in Willis' rooms, on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the "Newspaper Press Fund." Lord Houghton presided, and the Dean of Westminster proposed the toast, "Prosperity to the Newspaper Press Fund," in a most felicitous speech. He spoke of the great strain of the work which demanded such prompt and quick execution in the gathering of reliable information, and the exhaustive discussion of great questions without time for mature thought. He closed a most masterly oration by depicting the great future of journalism, if only journalism to itself were true.

America never had a truer friend than Dean Stanley. All through her great struggle, his warmest sympathies and able advocacy were on the side of the North. His recent visit to this country made a large place for him in respect and affection of many Americans, and endeared to him a land to which he always looked with kindly, hopeful eyes.

When the sad tidings of the attempted assassination of General Garfield reached England, the Dean was one of the very first to cable a message of sympathy to Mrs. Garfield, and gave orders that prayers should be offered in the Abbey daily for the President's recovery.

It is not very long since his honored wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, died. She was one of the Queen's dearest and most intimate friends. With her departure the light of earth grew dim, and the way was very lonely for the Dean. But patiently he went toiling on, knowing well that for him the heavens were richer, and that the separation could not be very long. The midnight cry came unexpectedly, but the Dean was ready. His lamp was trimmed, his light burning. He was a grave, God-fearing man. He did no great, startling thing upon the earth; but he left behind him a priceless legacy.

C. H. SPURGEON.

ON Thursday, June 19, 1884, the man who took a walk over London Bridge, through Southwark to the famous "Elephant and Castle," witnessed a novel sight. He saw throngs of people streaming from all quarters—from Westminster Bridge, from Old Kent Road, from Peckham Rye, and Clapham. The crowds were dressed in holiday attire, and were evidently bent on some sort of celebration. They all made for one point of interest, and that point was the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in Newington Butts, where for the last twenty-four years, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the most renowned of English preachers, has exercised his ministry. On this 19th of June, Mr. Spurgeon has reached his fiftieth birthday, and he and his friends are keeping the jubilee as only the people of the Tabernacle know how. There will be high festival to-day in that great house of prayer. Five thousand members of the Church of the Tabernacle will be present, a thousand ministers of the Baptist denomination, who have passed through Mr. Spurgeon's college, will join the company; hundreds of boys who are sheltered under the kindly roof of the Stockwell Orphanage, Colporteurs, Sunday-school teachers and scholars, inmates of the Tabernacle almshouses, and others, who count themselves in some way or other, members of Mr. Spurgeon's flock—to the number of 6,000 or 7,000 in all—will gather at the Tabernacle to-day, to do honor to their beloved pastor, and to sing a song of jubilee.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born in the village of Kelvedon, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1834. He was one of a great family of preachers, destined to be the greatest preacher

of them all. His ancestors migrated from the Netherlands to escape the tyranny of the Duke of Alva, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, settling down, part of them in Norfolk and part in Essex, they soon allied themselves with the Puritans, that stern body of men and women who so greatly puzzled good Queen Bess, and whom her imbecile successor, James I., declared he would "tarry out of the land," which thing he managed to do in part, for which America will have occasion for eternal gratitude. In the days of Charles I., Mr. Job Spurgeon was put in prison and kept there, as he says, "a pretty long while," because he, though unordained, dared to preach in a conventicle, contrary to the laws of the land. Mr. Spurgeon's great-grandfather, his grandfather, his father, his brother, himself and his two sons were all preachers. Preaching ran in the blood. The fire burned within them, and when they spake the world was glad to listen. The grandfather of Charles was Rev. James Spurgeon, Congregational minister of Stambourne, in Cambridgeshire, and it would seem that young Charles was the grandfather's pet, for the major portion of the first seven years of the great preacher's life was spent in the parsonage at Stambourne. These years were pretty evenly divided between rambling about the fields, and sitting in his grandfather's study. There can be no doubt that these years had a good deal to do with shaping young Spurgeon's after years. When quite a child he was allowed to read the Scriptures at family worship, and very often the inquisitive lad would ask questions that greatly puzzled the grandfather to answer. He was very anxious to have his grandfather explain what "a bottomless pit" was, but that solemn enigma remained unsolved. Seven years in the grandfather's study was a very suitable beginning for a life that was to be spent, for the most part, in the study and the pulpit.

The Spurgeon family, about this time, removed to Colchester, where young Charles became a very diligent scholar, and subsequently an usher in a public school in that place. The common impression that Mr. Spurgeon was an illiterate

man, is wholly erroneous. He was, from his youth, and always has been, a downright hard student; and, though he makes no claim to very deep or extensive scholarship, his information is more complete and exact, and stretches over a wider range than that of half the men who wear high-sounding titles. Nothing in the world would induce Mr. Spurgeon to wear the title of Doctor of Divinity. He says he thinks that the men who wear these titles, would not wear them unless they were ignorant, and he is sure they would not if they were not vain. He has done much to discountenance the usage of wearing these mere honorary titles among the Christian ministers of England. He tells them, that they of all men, ought not to wear misleading labels round their necks. For himself, he discarded the title "reverend" many years ago.

It was while he was doing good hard work as a student and usher, at Colchester, that his mind became impressed with deep personal religious questions. Mr. Spurgeon comes of the stock of the Puritans, and he himself has evolved out of the stern old pattern of Calvinistic Puritanism—that thought it a sign of a carnal mind to laugh and be merry—the earnest, but genial, Christian gentleman. *Vanity Fair* once said, that he had succeeded in showing "the comic side of repentance." This is what we would call here, a smart saying. Mr. Spurgeon has not done that, but he has done much better. He has succeeded in showing that, of all things, the Christian life should be a glad, pure, happy life. Such his life has ever been, notwithstanding much suffering and care, but he entered into that life through "the straight gate." He passed through a great season of despondency and unrest. He went from church to church seeking rest, and finding none—like a man in a desert digging for water, and bringing only the dry, hot sand. One Sunday evening he heard a Methodist preacher dwelling with great earnestness on the simplicity of the way of salvation. "Look! Look and live," the preacher repeated many times, with deep and tender fervor. This night, Mr. Spurgeon declares, was the turning point of his career. This was the

hour of his conversion, and from henceforth he has walked in the light of the Lord, serving him with all the powers of his heart and mind.

The young convert was an enthusiast—all young converts whose change from darkness to light is so marked and pronounced, are sure to be. But very often the fires of early zeal blaze wonderfully high, and die down wonderfully soon. The fires of Mr. Spurgeon's enthusiasm have been burning with increasing light and heat for these thirty years and more. The young convert began to exhort, and with such power and simplicity, that he was soon in great request all through the villages of Cambridgeshire, and very soon one of the most popular names in that collegiate county, was the name of young Charles Spurgeon, "the boy teacher." Many sage and venerable people were astonished at the depth of experience that Charles manifested. The early years in his grandfather's study, poring over Puritanical books, were having their influence, and, as was said of Portia, so many said of the young divine: "How much more elder art thou than thy years!" The old minister of Stambourne, looking on his favorite grandson, called him "a sprig of divinity," and then, with tears of gratitude, thanked God that the sprig had "such a gracious odor." Mr. Spurgeon's father and grandfather were Congregational ministers, but young Charles, after careful examination of the Word of God, came to the conclusion that baptism by immersion was the only proper mode, and believers the only proper subjects of baptism; he, therefore, joined the Baptists, and was for some time a member of the Baptist church in Cambridge. In the year 1851, at the age of seventeen, Mr. Spurgeon became the pastor of the Baptist church of Waterbeach, a small village about four miles from Cambridge, and here he proved himself to be a most efficient workman; the whole moral condition of the little community was changed for the better, and the little church and its pastor were very happy in the tokens of the Divine favor that crowned their efforts. Here was a green spot in the wilderness; the barren and waste

place soon began to blossom as the very garden of the Lord. All went well for a time, but this life of rural peace and quiet was soon to come to an end.

One day in November, 1853, the mail brought Mr. Spurgeon a request that he would supply the pulpit of the New Park Street Chapel for two Sundays in the ensuing December. This was the next great turning point in the career of the pastor of Waterbeach. The church he was now to serve was one of the oldest and most distinguished churches in the Baptist denomination, though now it was at a very low ebb. It was a church of considerable power in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Spurgeon did not expect to be called to the pastorate; he accepted this invitation with no dream of all that was to follow; he did not know that such a wonderful door swung on so small a hinge. The dismal old chapel of New Park street would hold about 1,250 people, if the people would go, but the people wouldn't go. The locality was a miserable slum, one of the most undesirable of all the localities on the south side of the Thames. There were about 250 people present when Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon from the suggestive text: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Before Mr. Spurgeon had preached a dozen sermons the chapel was crowded, the aisles thronged, and many persons were unable to obtain admission. The little church at Waterbeach parted with their pastor with a sad heart.

The old chapel had to be enlarged early in the year 1854, and while it was being enlarged, Mr. Spurgeon and his people worshiped on Sunday mornings in Exeter Hall. And Exeter Hall was soon as crowded as New Park Street Chapel had been. It was a novel sight. As a rule the Strand was wholly deserted on Sundays—not a shop open, no traffic, no loungers. You might have fired a cannon down the Strand on Sunday morning and nobody would have been hurt. But early in 1854 crowds began to gather by ten o'clock all about the doors of

Exeter Hall, these crowds all anxious to hear the young preacher from the Surrey side. From 5,000 to 6,000 people crowded round the pulpit of Exeter Hall, and these thousands told other thousands, and so the tide of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity rolled on.

One of the most remarkable scenes of this period was witnessed on the 7th of October, 1857, the day set apart as a great fast day in England in humiliating remembrance of the Indian mutiny. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Crystal Palace to 24,000 people, taking for his text these words: "Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it." The collection taken on that occasion on behalf of the Methodist fund amounted to $2,744.

The popular enthusiasm in favor of Mr. Spurgeon grew on every hand, and the great difficulty was to find any place that would hold anything like the crowds who thronged to hear him. It was resolved that a large chapel must be built, as large at least, if not larger, than Exeter Hall. In the meantime a monster music hall had been erected for the Julien concerts, and it was resolved to hire this place, which was capable of seating 10,000 people, for Sunday morning services. The first service was held on the 19th of October. The service had not more than fairly started when some evil disposed person raised a cry of fire. A panic ensued and the result was that in the rush to leave the building eight persons were trampled to death and sixteen severely wounded. The result of this to Mr. Spurgeon was most distressing. He received a shock on that occasion from which he never fully recovered.

The work of the Tabernacle now went on with wonderful success. Mr. Spurgeon went all over England, Ireland, and Scotland preaching, taking half the collections for his new house of worship. He declared he would not preach in the Tabernacle till it was out of debt. He said he wanted plenty of light, plenty of fresh air, and no debt. On the 16th of October, 1859, Sir Samuel Morton Peto laid the foundation of the Tabernacle in Newington Butts, and in May of the following year the magnificent building was opened, free of debt. The Tabernacle is

not a stately shrine, there is nothing ornate or very tasteful in its construction, but for all the ends for which it is designed it is as nearly perfect as anything is under the sun. The Tabernacle will seat 5,500 people. With draw seats and other contrivances there is accommodation for 1,500 more. There are, however, often 8,000 persons present at a service. The cost of the building mounted up to $137,078.55, every cent of which was paid before the first hymn was sung within its spacious walls. From that day to this, for twenty-four years, Mr. Spurgeon has preached twice every Sunday, excluding vacations, and these have been for the most part forced retreats brought on by bodily suffering, to which he has been a martyr for years. There has been no such instance of sustained work in any pulpit in England, and the wonder is that Mr. Spurgeon seems to be as fresh and clear and bright as ever; his friends think of him as only just climbing up to the zenith of his power and usefulness. Any attempt to account for Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful influence over men is about as likely to be answered as if you should ask why the flowers bloom and why the stars shine. They just bloom and shine, and there's an end of it. Mr. Spurgeon has a melodious voice, so have thousands of men; he has a fertile brain, so have thousands of men; he is an apt student of human nature, so are thousands of men; he has a large, sympathetic heart, so have thousands of men. It is not in any of these things that his greatness lies, but in the combination of them all in a rare degree, and these all consecrated to highest ends. The testimony of thousands on thousands is that they do not know what the secret of the power is—they only know the power is there.

It is not generally known that Mr. Spurgeon is one of the most voluminous of authors. If he has slain his thousands by the pulpit he has slain tens of thousands by the press. For half his life—a quarter of a century—he has published a sermon every week. There are not six living preachers who could afford for their reputation's sake to do such a thing. Sometimes as many as 30,000 copies of a single sermon have been

published. His sermons form a library of twenty-five large octavo volumes, containing no less than 1,300 sermons, and these have been translated into almost every civilized tongue.

Besides these works of pastor, preacher and author, Mr. Spurgeon has the care of two large and somewhat novel institutions. His college, the operations of which are conducted in a large and beautiful edifice just west of the Tabernacle, is one of the most favored schemes of usefulness. He has the impression that there is much pioneer work for the church to do, and proceeding on the principle that there are many strong men who only require a little help to fit them for such work, he instituted his college, which he calls the Pastors' College. The students have two years' training under most efficient tutors, and then they are sent forth to do this pioneer work. This college was founded in 1856 on a very small scale; it has now, like all Mr. Spurgeon's work, assumed unexpected proportions.

In the year 1866 Mrs. Hillyard placed a sum of about $100,000 at Mr. Spurgeon's disposal for some charitable purpose, leaving all the details in his hand. Right royally has he carried out his trust. A piece of land at Stockwell, about two miles from the Tabernacle, was purchased, and the Stockwell Orphanage was erected. The gift was so invested that 250 boys might have a home, but their maintenance was cast upon the people of the Tabernacle and other friends. For seventeen years that orphanage has housed and fed and trained 250 orphan boys. It costs exactly $50 a day to keep them, and though there are no collectors, the boys have never been hungry yet.

The financial affairs of the Tabernacle are very wonderful. In 1853 the church which now worships at the Tabernacle was at its lowest ebb. If out of debt, that was all, and its income would not reach more than about $3,000 per annum. Now the Tabernacle has church property free of debt, including Tabernacle, almshouses, orphanage, college, amounting to $276,953.55. In addition to this its endowments amount to $145,031.25. Its income is little short of $70,000 a year.

It would be impossible to close this brief sketch more suitably than by quoting a brief paragraph from Mr. Spurgeon's pen. Writing on his jubilee in the March number of the *Sword and Trowel*, he says: "When all is said and done, the jubilation of our jubilee does not call for any great blowings of trumpets, but rather in the uplifting of hand and heart in prayer to God for further help. 'It may be that we are only in the mid-voyage; may that voyage end in landing our freight in port. In my fiftieth year I take up my personal place as a beggar, and cry: 'Brethren, pray for us?'"

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IT was said some time ago, by one who made some pretensions to waggishness that in any wise redistribution of the sons of men, they should be divided into the saints, the sinners, and the Beechers. Certainly the Beechers have been somewhat numerous in the public life of America. The founder of the family, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, once said that it seemed to him that there were Beechers everywhere; Beechers in heaven and Beechers on earth, but he really hoped he had no need to go any further. The Beecher family was a family of clergymen. William and Edward, George and Thomas, Charles and James, and last and greatest of all, Henry Ward Beecher. It got to be a proverb—"Scratch a Beecher and you find a parson."

No name is better known on this continent than that of Henry Ward Beecher, who was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 24th of June, 1813; he was the eighth child of Lyman and Roxana Foote Beecher. Of all the members of the family he had for a long time the most determined aversion to the work of the ministry, and yet he, of all Dr. Beecher's sons was destined to fill for the best part of two generations the foremost place in the pulpit of America. It is said by his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, that it was largely through the influence of Professor Stowe that he was disposed to think seriously of the ministry as the avocation of his life. During the years 1831, 1832 and 1833, Mr. Beecher taught school at Whitinsville, Mass. His first ministerial work was in Indianapolis. But Mr. Beecher has done the great work of his life in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Indeed, it may be said that Mr. Beecher

and Plymouth Church are identical. And it is no exaggeration to say that the platform of Plymouth Church has been for more than thirty years, one of the greatest thrones of moral power in the world, and Henry Ward Beecher has been the king. In conversation with this most genial of divines I learned that he commenced his public life in the year 1837,—the year of the coronation of Queen Victoria—and through all those years, now nearly half a century, he has been at work guiding and moulding the best thought of America.

It would be superfluous to follow Mr. Beecher step by step through all his illustrious course. In the great conflict that culminated in the civil war he took, as of course might be expected, a strong position on the side of the Union, and against slavery. His words were words of fire; and if he never took his place on the tented field, he still deserves to be regarded as a soldier of the Union, for he did and said things that demanded as much courage as is required to meet the bristling bayonets of the foe.

In the year 1863 Mr. Beecher went to England with the purpose of correcting many of the misrepresentations under which the English people were laboring. A very large portion of the English people, partly from ignorance and prejudice, and partly from interested motives, sided with the South, and things had gone so far, that it was moved in the House of Commons to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Beecher's mission to England was intended to enlighten the people and to battle with their prejudices. And it was a battle. The unreasoning and vulgar opposition that met him, especially in London and Liverpool, proved the depth and bitterness of feeling on the part of Southern sympathizers, and was a compliment to Mr. Beecher, for it isn't every noisy fool who can stir up the temper of John Bull. Mr. Beecher did much to turn the tide, and made for himself thousands of warm, faithful friends.

One of the most pleasant remembrances of Mr. Beecher goes back to the year 1863. Mr. Beecher was then in England. He had made a wonderful speech in the Free Trade Hall in

Manchester, and in response to the request of a number of students for the ministry he visited one of the Manchester Colleges, and so bright and cheery were the words then spoken, and so thoroughly do they partake of the biographical, that I transcribe some of them here. An address had been presented to Mr. Beecher, to which he responded in the following words:

"Although I am pressed for time, I could not deprive myself of the pleasure of meeting you, for I feel a most lively interest in all young men who are preparing themselves for that which I esteem to be the most honorable and by far the happiest work in life—the Christian ministry. My father, you know, was a clergyman before me, and it pleased God to give him eight sons. Every one of them is a minister of the gospel, and their children are—not all, but in numbers, also, becoming clergymen. I can say that I am a Hebrew of the Hebrews. My own ministration has extended now over a period of from twenty-five to thirty years. I was called, having been born and educated in New England, to leave immediately after my graduation at college for the West, where I labored for fifteen years as a settled pastor in the Presbyterian church, for the ministry is interchangeable between the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. In our country, Presbyterians take Congregational churches, and Congregationalists Presbyterian, indifferently. I was called to minister in the Presbyterian church in the West for a period of about fifteen years, studying and preaching in the midst of communities where, from recent settlement and sparseness of population, there was much missionary work to be done. My study was my saddle, for years of my life. After that I was removed to the great metropolis of our country—Brooklyn being really part of the city of New York, separated only by a river. There I have pursued my ministry from that day to this, in a time of agitation unparalleled in the history of our country. I have stated these facts because I wish to bear witness that after this experience, and with the knowledge that I now have, if any office of State, or any office in society of any description, whatever, were proffered me as an honor, or as a place of joy and comfort, I should, without any hesitation, reject them each and all, as being

less than the gospel ministry. To a young man who looks out with some proper diffidence of his own power; who is uncertain whether he shall succeed or not; who has, if he be a cautious man by nature, some provident fears as to support and as to relative position in society, it ought to be something encouraging to hear one as old as I am, and, after so many years of ministration, say that there is nowhere else in the world where the promise of the Saviour is so sure to be fulfilled, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Young gentlemen,—if you seek a settlement for the purpose of forestalling God's providence, and making your own arrangements; if it is an ambitious settlement, if it is a profitable settlement, you put that promise away from you. You make men your almoners and treasurers, not God. But I had rather settle in poverty with God for my treasurer than take the most ambitious position in life with only man to lean upon. He never betrays his promises, and although I have seen days of poverty, days also of abundance, under both circumstances I have the most simple, unfeigned, and child-like faith in this, that if a man will without reserve give himself to the work of God, God will put about him the everlasting arms of his support, and he never, not for an hour, not for a moment, whatever the seeming may be, will be betrayed or forsaken. You may trust God, and you may give yourselves, without a thought for external matters, to the work of the ministration of the Lord Jesus Christ. But this leads me to say that for this work you must love Christ. There are a great many religious people in the world, but I am afraid not many Christians. There are many whose religion is duty; whose religion is worship, or submission, or holy fear and reverence; which are all indispensable auxiliaries. But no man is a Christian who does not love. And it is love, as a very torrid zone in the heart, and love to Christ as distinguished from the Father or the Spirit, that makes a man a Christian. And where one has that heroic inspiration; where more than father, more than mother, more than wife, more than child, more than friends, more than self, he, loving the Lord Jesus Christ, has the witness of it day by day in his own soul, so that all these other relationships derive their odor, their flavor, their light, and their beauty from the reflection of the higher love in him to the Lord Jesus Christ; where it is his

life, so that he can say with the apostle, 'The life which I live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God,'—then it will become easy to do it; otherwise hard. I beseech of you never to neglect a duty; never to cease to cultivate conscience; but I beseech of you do not go into the ministry to be duty-performing ministers. Let me say, without offensive personality, that I do not preach because it is my duty, and I do not work because it is my duty. I both preach and I labor, because I don't know anything on earth that is so pleasant to me. I love it. Every year it pleases my people to give me some four Sabbaths of rest, and the weeks on either side make it a rest of about eight secular weeks. I am always glad to go away and rest, for I am very tired when the hot month of August comes; but I can bear witness that I go back a great deal more glad to my work than ever I went away from it. I have to say again and again, 'After all, vacation is the heaviest month in the year to me.' And yet that season is happy, it is floral, it is full of God in nature; but after all, to stand among my people—to look among those faces that I shall see yet glorified—to know that I bear my Master's heart in my hand, and that I am laboring for the dear Christ, and am to present spotless before the throne of eternal glory those whom He has committed to my charge; to see the evolutions of God's grace in the hearts of men; to trace, to follow, to aid—I know of nothing under the sun that is such fruition and such joy, and such continual peace as that. Why, a man who knows as much as I know about the Christian ministry is a fool if he don't preach. If you consulted but selfish joy, if that were a possible thing, you had better be a minister of Christ's gospel—not a fearing minister, not an anxious minister, not a minister that is always talking and thinking about his 'awful responsibilities.' That is the way a slave should talk, but that is not the way, as a son of God, you should talk. You are children!—not servants—who have been taken into the bosom and confidence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and why should you talk about 'awful responsibilities?' Love and trust are the victorious mottoes of every Christian minister. No evil can befall you; nothing can harm you, if ye be followers of Christ. To go cheerfully, and hoping, and loving, and courageous, and undaunted, always sure that there is a Providence in which you are moving—this is, indeed, to be a free man. And there is nothing that takes away

the fear of man and the fear of human society, and nothing which takes away that fear which is the most troublesome of all, the fear that works through conscience, so much as love. 'Love casts out fear,' and it is not perfected till it does."

Two years ago, this sunny month of June, Mr. Beecher arrived at his seventieth birthday. A great gathering was held in Brooklyn, and from all quarters of the world came messages of love and congratulation to "the old man eloquent." Space will not permit or it would be exceedingly interesting to quote from the kindly words spoken on that occasion.

In the fall of 1884 Mr. Beecher saw fit to take a bold and definite stand against the candidature of the Hon. James G. Blaine. Many of his friends were exceedingly pained. But Mr. Beecher gave what he deemed as sufficient reasons for the course he took. The estrangement of friends resulting from this course of action was not wide-spread, and after the noise of the election was over, most of the offended ones returned to their old Plymouth love.

Mr. Beecher is now delivering a course of most remarkable sermons on evolution, in which he is endeavoring to sustain the theory that evolution rightly understood is in perfect harmony with the heart and teachings of Christianity.

As preacher, as orator, as patriot, the name of Henry Ward Beecher will last as long as America endures.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

AMONGST the most eminent of all the great Ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church, stands the name of the Right-Reverend John McCloskey, D. D. He was born in Brooklyn, Long Island, on the 10th of March, 1810. His parents were both natives of the Emerald Isle, having emigrated, at the end of the last century, from County Derry, Ireland. Brooklyn, at the time of the Cardinal's birth, was a little town of about 4,500 inhabitants. There were very few Catholics in the place, and no Catholic place of worship; but the McCloskeys were faithful to the religion of their fathers. As a boy the subject of this sketch manifested a quiet, retiring disposition. Somewhat delicate in health, he had no taste for the rough play of other boys, but found his delight mainly in studies which were quite advanced for one so young. He was modest withal, and though generally at the head of his class, he did not assume those airs of importance so frequently characteristic of clever and successful students. When but a boy, he had the misfortune to lose his father. Two years later he entered St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg. At this institution he formed the acquaintance of John Hughes, who became famous in after years as one of the most honored Archbishops of the Catholic Church. For seven years John McCloskey continued at St. Mary's College, passing diligently through every part of the extensive curriculum, and graduating with highest honors in the year 1828. After his college course he returned to the home of his mother, who was then living in Westchester County, New York. Up to this point he had formed no definite plans as to his future career. He was naturally of a religious turn of mind, and, after long and careful thought, he resolved

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to devote himself to the sacred duties of the priesthood, this being, as he believed "the will of God concerning him." He then returned to St. Mary's College and passed through a thorough and exhaustive course of theological study in order to prepare himself efficiently for his great work. He was ordained in 1834, by Bishop Dubois. After his ordination, the young priest went to Rome, where he remained two years, attending the lectures of the Gregorian University. He returned to America in 1837, and was appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's. He then was called to the more responsible post of President of St. Joseph's College, Fordham, and after a short service at that institution, he was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of New York in the spring of 1844. Here the happy friendship of college days was renewed, and John Hughes, the sturdy young farmer of former times, and John McCloskey, the timid student, were henceforth to work side by side in the service of the Church of God. On the day of his consecration, Dr. Power paid a gentle tribute to the young priest, who was now entering on a more extensive sphere of labor. "I have known him from boyhood," said that eloquent Divine; "I have seen the youthful bud of genius unfold itself, and I have seen it, also, in full expansion, and I thank God I have been spared to behold it now blessing the House of the Lord." It was now the work of Bishop McCloskey to travel throughout the State of New York as an overseer of the Church of God, cheering and encouraging those who were laboring in obscure places to extend the kingdom of God, and there are many who have grown old in the service of the Church, who delight to tell of those visits, which were as the visits of a ministering angel in the midst of their lonely toil. He was always a messenger of hope, and always an inspirer of courage.

In 1847, when the Diocese of New York was divided, Dr. McCloskey was nominated to the See of Albany; and now called to this new field, the indefatigable toiler devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the building up of the Church, and the education and culture of the young. The churches, the

academies, and kindred institutions of Albany are, to this day, the best records of the work of its first Catholic bishop.

In 1864 the Bishop of Albany was elevated to the Metropolitan See of New York. Coming back to New York, he was coming home. He had been baptized in St. Peter's, and in it he had received his first communion from the hands of the venerable Peter Malon. Here he had been confirmed by Bishop Connally, ordained by Bishop Dubois, and consecrated by Archbishop Hughes. The history of the religious progress of New York is McCloskey's best record. In the spring of 1875 the crowning honor of his life came. He was created a Cardinal of the Church. This honor was humbly accepted, and the whole Catholic Church of America understood and fully appreciated the creation. The whole life of Cardinal McCloskey, which has been one of ceaseless toil, has also been as beautiful as a poem. He has lived the gospel, of which he has been so distinguished an exponent, and so faithful an apostle. His path has been indeed that of the just, shining more and more, through youth and years to the brilliance of old age.

His kind manners and modest bearing, combined with polished scholarship, and a natural and charming eloquence, make him one of the most agreeable of men. It is the hope of all, that His Eminence, one of the truest, most patriotic, and virtuous sons of America, may long be spared to the Catholic Church of the United States. We quote from his own words: "The Catholic Church is the grand repository of truth upon earth—that truth which makes men free. She flourishes best where there is no Cæsar to interfere with the freedom of her actions in her heavenly mission of civilizing and saving mankind. How many things tend to lower our opinion of humanity, corruption, shame, disgrace—the newspapers, seemingly, can find little else of which to speak. Our young people hear of nothing but scandal, and rumors of scandal.

"'On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.'"

On Oct. 10th, 1885, at 12:50 A. M., the kind and gentle spirit of this amiable prelate was wafted to its Maker. Cardinal McCloskey had been ill for some weeks; at one time, Oct. 6th, so critical was his condition that it was deemed necessary to administer the extreme unction, which is the last rite of the Catholic church, the chancellor and vice-chancellor of the diocese, Mgr. T. G. Preston being the administering priest. The last sacrament was received by the dying prelate with a composure and calm resignation characteristic of his life. Directly after the rites had been performed a dispatch was received from Rome, giving the Pope's blessing. The announcement of the Cardinal's illness brought many eminent Catholics to New York, and a great number of priests from other parts of the country called at the residence of their superior. The venerable prelate was suffering from a gradual decline of the vital powers, and the illness was of such a nature that dissolution might take place at any moment, or life might be prolonged for a number of days, although the continued and increasing weakness of the patient gave indication of speedy dissolution. In appearance, as will be seen from the plate taken from life, Cardinal McCloskey was somewhat spare and thin, and apparently frail, but his chest was full, and the tones of his voice clear and far reaching. His gentle disposition, his learning, the soundness of his judgment, and withal, his modesty, even while bearing the highest honors and responsibilities, placed him in the front rank of the illustrious men of this age. His whole life work rested upon a strong and enduring faith, and an abiding consciousness of the continual presence of God.

Piety seemed his own by right of inheritance from the parents whose devotion to the church led them to cross the East River in a row-boat, for the purpose of attending mass Sunday mornings at the old red-brick church on Barclay street in the days when there were no ferries, and but two Catholic churches in the city.

By the death of Cardinal-Archbishop McCloskey, Dr. Corrigan, previously Co-Adjutor Archbishop, becomes Archbishop.

There remains no American Cardinal. Among the numberless eulogies on Cardinal McCloskey, which would fill a volume of itself, we close this sketch of the illustrious prelate by quoting the words of that eminent divine, Rev. H. W. Beecher, in his discourse on "The resurrection and the translation of the spiritual in man to heaven." He said in closing:

"That dear old man that has gone up from among those who loved him leaves behind his cardinalist throne, the purple of his robes, and his tiara. It was well enough that he should have them and the symbols of his authority, but the moment that he emerged into that other life he stood in his spiritual entirety where his temple was his Lord. When he lifts his venerable head there he will be young; young in the presence of his God, and he will remain with those he loved, and with those whom He has consigned to destruction, for he will be there, too. I rejoice in his transmission, as I do in that of all the saints. This is the testimony of a Protestant, remember; you could not make a Catholic out of me any more than you could make an eagle, chained in a barn yard, lay eggs."

MUSICIANS

Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.—AUERBACH.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Music is the only art that can soothe the agitations of the soul.—MARTIN LUTHER.

THEODORE THOMAS.

THEODORE THOMAS is a great leader, indeed, in the world of music he may be said to be enthroned a king. He waves his more than magic wand, and the floodgates of music are thrown wide open, and whole worlds of melody break on the enraptured ear.

Theodore Thomas, the greatest of all orchestral leaders, was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, in the year 1835. His father was an excellent player on the violin, and he was anxious that young Theodore should be able to master that little instrument. Before he was ten years old the boy gave such proof of his skill that he earned the title of "The Boy Violinist." But the work he engaged in was a great charm to him and Theodore soon became a most diligent student of all that pertained to the musical profession. Before he was fifteen years of age he was first violinist in the orchestra which accompanied Jenny Lind on her wonderfully successful tours. He was only ten years of age when he came to America, little dreaming what a future was before him; and how his name would one day be familiar all over this great continent as a household word. Successively a child-violinist, member of an orchestra, one of a string quartette, leader of Italian and German opera companies, violin soloist, and conductor of his orchestra, he has run through the whole gamut of musical practice. By many he is regarded as the "Apostle" of Wagner and the new school, whose music through his instrumentality has become to us "familiar as household words." If this implies a neglect of the old masters, it does him great injustice. A comparison of names on the programmes shows that Beethoven has been oftener presented than Wagner, and Haydn, Mozart,

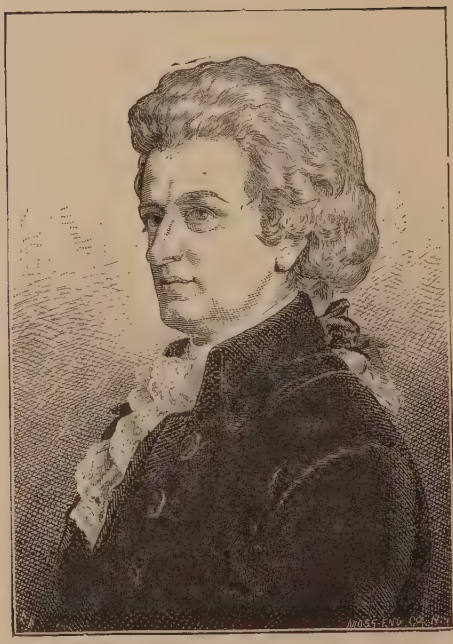
Schubert and Mendelssohn oftener than Liszt, Brahms and Berlioz.

In 1861 Theodore Thomas began the formation of an orchestra that for seventeen years was the pride and boast of New York; and as soon as he felt that he could safely rely on the support of the public in an enterprise that should appeal to the cultivated taste, the famous Symphony Concerts were begun, and these were artistically, his great success. That the orchestra might remain together during the whole year, the famous Summer Night Festivals were instituted in 1866. There, with an orchestra capable of interpreting any work, Mr. Thomas did not seek to enforce a severe class of music, but gave the public dance music, marches, and selections from the popular operas, as well as compositions of a higher order.

Year after year has only added to the sterling fame of this great leader. And it should be recorded to his honor that, however great his popularity is with the public, he is most of all admired by the members of his orchestra, who follow him enthusiastically as a leader, and esteem him highly as a friend. In the festivals at New York, Cincinnati and Chicago in 1882, and in the Summer concerts of 1883, Mr. Thomas added fresh laurels to his already enviable fame. He was for a time Director of the Cincinnati College of Music, but he prefers the more congenial and the much more important work of directing the music of the great cities of America.

Mr. Thomas is not wedded to any particular school, but with a strong leaning to that of Wagner, he has always kept in view the sterling and beautiful compositions of all the great masters, and has played the orchestral music, old and new, against all opposition and misrepresentation.

Much as Mr. Thomas has done to form and educate the musical taste of America, his work is not yet done. America may well be thankful to the little Kingdom of Hanover, for that Kingdom that gave the world the illustrious Handel in the last century has given America Theodore Thomas in the old age of the nineteenth century.



MOZART.

THE face of Mozart is a picture and a poem; the brain of Mozart was a temple where high thoughts sat enthroned, but the heart and soul of Mozart was music. He died all too young, but he lived long enough to make the world his debtor to the last hour of time.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was called "The Father of the Modern School of Music," and of him Hullah said: "No composer has ever combined genius and learning in such perfect proportions; none has ever been able to dignify the lightest and tritest forms by such profound scholarship, and at the moment when he was drawing most largely on the resources of musical science, to appear so natural, so spontaneous, and so thoroughly at his ease." He was born on the 27th of January, 1756, at Salzburg, in Germany. The father of this remarkable man, Leopold Mozart, vice *Kapell-Meister* to the Archbishop of Salzburg, was himself a great lover of music; and it was with great pride, that was surely pardonable, that he discerned what he believed to be the germs of musical genius in his young son and daughter. It is said, that when only an infant, so young that he could scarcely reach up to the keyboard of the rickety, old-fashioned piano, young Wolfgang would amuse himself by picking out simple harmonies. In the year 1762, when the boy was just past his fifth birthday, and his sister was only ten years old, their father took them with him and made professional tours through Munich, Vienna, Paris and London. In London especially they were successful. They had a friend at court in the person of John Christian Bach, who introduced them to the attention of George III. and the English nobility. While

in London young Mozart surprised a party of musicians, his father among the rest, by taking part at sight in a trio for stringed instruments. The progress of this young aspirant for musical honors was most astounding. Before he was seven years of age he performed on the piano, the violin and the organ, and was already laying the foundation for a great reputation as an accurate musical composer. In the records of the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society for the year 1763, a paper appears from the pen of Mr. Daines Barrington, describing the wonderful powers of this young German. He was now summoned from place to place, and played before most of the crowned heads of Europe before he had reached his teens. When twelve years of age he was thoroughly conversant with most of the works of Handel, and had already published six original sonatas. He was now engaged to compose the music for the religious service and for a trumpet concert at the dedication of the Orphan House Church in Vienna, which he did, and conducted the dedicatory concert in person, in the presence of the imperial court.

In 1770 he was appointed Director of the Concerts of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. In this year he visited Italy. Honors crowded thick upon him. If he had been a gray-haired veteran in the world of music, instead of a lad in his teens, he could not have received more enthusiastic welcomes to the fair cities of sunny Italy. Besides the adoration of the multitudes, this boy of thirteen received honors from Papal orders, and diplomas from the Philharmonic societies of Bologne and Verona.

Mozart had long cherished the dream of composing an opera for the theater of Paris, but he was "too proud to pander to the bad taste which reigned in the French capital." He renounced the idea of the opera, and contented himself with playing trifling parts at small concerts. While he was thus fighting fortune in Paris, the organist and *Kappell-Meister* of Salzburg Cathedral both died. The office of organist was offered him, and the post of *Kappell-Meister* was to follow. He

was to be comparatively free to enter into any other engagements that would not absolutely interfere with his Cathedral duties.

A ray of sunshine now fell upon the path of Mozart. His long-cherished desire to compose an opera was fulfilled in an unexpected manner. His opera "Idomeneo" was composed at the request of the Elector of Bavaria. Mozart was now twenty-five, and this opera, which was rapturously received at Munich, inaugurated a new era in the life of the great composer. Holmes, the biographer of Mozart, describes this opera as "the most important of all Mozart's work, in its influence on music." "The score," he says, "is still a picture to the musician. It exhibits consummate knowledge of the theatre, displayed in an opera of the first magnitude and complexity, which unites to a great orchestra the effects of a double chorus on the stage and behind the scenes, and introduces marches, processions and dances in various accompaniments, in the orchestra, behind the scenes, or under the stage. This model opera, in which Mozart rises on the wing from one beauty to another through long acts, was completed within a few weeks, and ever since has defied the musicians to detect in it the slightest negligence of style."

Mozart was now bowing in adoration before the shrine of the fair Constance Weber, to whom he was united in August, 1782. Hogarth says: "This union was the wisest act, as well as the happiest event in his life. She was the sunlight and gladness of all his after-life. Her sympathies with him in his great work were deep and delicate and tender. She shared his great passion for music, cheered his heart when he grew sad, and wept for joy when the world crowned him with honor. The world has no happier union to record than that of Wolfgang Mozart and Constance Weber."

On the 1st of May, 1786, "Le Nozze di Figaro" was performed for the first time, having only taken the marvelous worker six weeks to compose. This was followed by "Don Giovanni," which Spohr says "is the most energetic in char-

acter of all Mozart's operas." Goethe's "Faust" and Mozart's "Don Giovanni" are the great twin "masterpieces of the modern drama and modern music." It seems that Mozart did not prize his masses very highly, yet the world will not willingly let them die. They contain—especially the Twelfth Mass—strains of music "solemn, high and majestical." The "Zauberflote" was Mozart's last opera. But the most pronounced religious effort of his life was his last great work, the "Requiem." Into this last task he threw the grandest passions of a soul already entering into the mystic shades of death. His last thoughts were of his "Requiem." It was finished, as he said, while he had "the taste of death on his tongue." On his death-bed its music charmed him. One day—the last of his earthly sojourn—he gathered some friends around him; they played and he sang alto; the gentle but heart-broken Constance joined the strain. He faltered in his singing and fell into a delirium, and at midnight, December 5, 1791, he died.

Well might Schubert say of him: "O Mozart! Immortal Mozart! How many and what countless images of a brighter world hast thou stamped on our souls!"

Mozart's sun went down while it was yet day. He died at thirty-seven years of age. But there was romance enough for a century crowded into that eventful life. We do not measure a man's life only by the number of years he lives. If we measure Mozart by the work he did, then we must count him amongst the most venerable of men.

ADELINA PATTI.

NOT to know Patti is to proclaim one's-self a stranger almost to civilization, and certainly a stranger to the world of sweet melodies. Since the days of Jenny Lind, no singer has ever captivated the ear and the heart of the world as Patti has done.

An enthusiastic admirer of this great singer said: "There are multitudes of singers, but there is only one Patti." This is very good for praise, but it is scarcely accurate, for the Patti family seem all to have been given to music. Adelina Patti was born at Madrid, on the 19th of February, 1843. Her father, Salvatore Patti, was a Sicilian; her mother was a Roman. Adelina was born in Spain, and trained in America. Little marvel therefore, if Patti should manifest a thoroughly cosmopolitan disposition. Her father had won considerable renown as a singer in most of the chief cities of Italy and Spain; her mother, known as the Signorina Bariti prior to her marriage, was not less famous as a public singer. When Adelina was quite a child the family removed to New York, and here the future queen of song received her first musical training. There were two other daughters of the family. Amelia, the eldest, was a gifted young lady, and succeeded in winning the heart of her first instructor in music. She was married to Maurice Strakosch, who in turn became the musical preceptor of Carlotta and Adelina. Carlotta, the lame sister, developed remarkable musical powers, and has had most flattering tokens of public regard. Her singing was marked by great power and fullness. In the marvelous "Echo Song" she proved herself a perfect master of music in certain parts.

But Adelina was the star destined to outshine all the rest of this gifted musical family. She made her debut on the stage at a very early period and was well received, but it was thought desirable she should withdraw for a period from public work, and in accordance with these wise counsels she devoted some years to the most diligent study of her art. She made what may be called her debut on the 24th of November, 1859, in New York, as *Lucia*, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was eminently successful, beyond the anticipations of her warmest admirers, while those who had counseled her retirement for a season felt more than ever the wisdom of the course they had suggested. Adelina was still young, and the training she had received was none too prolonged or too thorough, for the undreamed of work that lay before her in the future. Patti did not know on that November night in 1859 how all the world would long to hear her sing. She has often expressed herself as thankful for the thorough drilling she received in the years previous to entrance on public life, declaring that if it had not been for this and minute effective culture her career could not have been as successful as it has been.

England had heard of the fame of the young singer, and as everything great and good and wonderful must go to London sooner or later, Patti had to go to London. On the 14th of May, 1861, she appeared at the Royal Italian Opera as *Armina*. She captured London on the first night of her singing; all Belgravia was in a flutter of excitement, and the court ladies found in Patti and her singing a pleasant theme for gossip. In all the chief cities of England there was warm rivalry as to which should first be favored with a visit from this illustrious lady. She sang in Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Liverpool in the autumn of 1861, sustaining in wonderful power such characters as *Lucia*, *Violetta*, *Zerlina*, *Martha* and *Rosina*. Wherever she went she was triumphant, carrying everything before her with royal ease and queenly grace.

From England she went to the Continent of Europe, and

all through the great cities of the Old World, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Madrid, the cities of Germany and other of the smaller cities, her singing won increased fame. From 1861 to the present day Patti has made an annual visit to Covent Garden Theater in London. London could get on without a Lord Mayor's show, or a Guy Fawkes celebration, but London must have Patti every year.

The voice of Mdlle. Patti is of moderate power, but great compass, reaching to F in alto; her execution is brilliant and finished, and she has great charms of person and manner. Her whole bearing is most genial and unaffected. Her *repertoire* is remarkably extensive, comprising nearly thirty characters, chiefly of the Italian school, such as *Lucia*, *Violetta*, *Zerlina*, *Adah*, *Norma*, *Adina*, *Linda*, *Luisa Miller*, *Desdemona*, *Ninetta*, *Semiramide*, *Annetta*, *Juliet*, *Aida*, *Estella*, etc., etc.

Besides these distinctly operatic characters, Patti has done good work in classic music, taking part in the Handel and other great musical festivals. On the 29th of July, 1868, Mdlle. Patti was married to Henri, Marquis de Caux, Equerry to Napoleon III. This gifted lady has been spoken of as the "first singer of the age," and another critic says: "Adelina Patti is one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon to revive not only the hopes of managers but the enthusiasm of the public."

The illustrious diva spends most of her vacations in her beautiful castle in Wales, where she reigns indeed a queen. The latest news concerning her is that she is writing a book, in which she proposes to give a minute and detailed account of her professional career. Such a book would be sure to have a large sale.

ITALO CAMPANINI.

FROM the blacksmith's forge to the front rank of the greatest singers of the age, is no little leap. But the leap was not so much a leap as a steady climbing. Campanini's young career was a translation into life of Longfellow's poem "Excelsior."

Among modern singers Italo Campanini holds an honored and an enviable place. Though still in the prime of early manhood, he has seen more of romance than commonly falls to the lot of mortals. When quite a lad, with the praises of "Bella Liberta" on his lips, he followed the banner of the valiant Garibaldi in the Army of Liberation. In one of those short, sharp battles he was wounded in the face, but he lived to see his Italy "free from mountain to sea." We find him next pursuing the peaceful calling of a young blacksmith, and while working at the forge he developed that robust health that stands him in such good stead in these busy days. His strong, rich voice rang out, keeping time to the merry music of the anvil, and now he is able to bid defiance to those ills that specially beset professional singers who have to travel in all sorts of weather, and subject themselves to the manifold caprices of a treacherous climate.

Young Campanini manifested such skill and taste in his singing that his friends advised him to devote himself to the study of music. After a long period of careful and conscientious study, he made his debut at La Scala, as "Faust," and received quite an ovation. He now became engaged to a traveling opera company, and worked most harmoniously with its members for more than two years. He first came to America with Strakosch, in the Nilsson Company. During that memorable engagement

he appeared in the title role *Lohengrin*, with Nilsson as *Elsa*. Campanini sprang at once into popular favor. With the exception of Parepa, no singer, since the days of Jenny Lind, ever met with such overwhelming success. Campanini is one more of the many illustrations of the value of hard, steady work. No doubt nature has done much for the gifted Italian, but music has never had a more diligent, painstaking student. He has toiled long and patiently, with the ardor of an enthusiast at his chosen work. He never boasts about the work being easy, but he rather takes pride in the fact that he has never failed in the most minute detail through carelessness or neglect, Besides all this, he has a most enormous capacity for work. In one season he sang in operas a hundred times, besides taking part in numberless rehearsals—for Campanini holds to the theory that it is almost impossible to have too many rehearsals. In addition to this, he sang seven times in the *Stabat Mater*, and assisted at a number of concerts in Boston, New York and Cincinnati.

The critics give Campanini credit for being nearly as good an actor as a singer. But above all, his genial, kindly disposition has won for him innumerable friends. There is nothing of the hauteur of the grand professional singer about him. The poorest singer finds in Campanini a gentleman and a friend. He is still in the vigor of his early manhood, and there is doubtless a brilliant future before him. He is amongst the most generous of men, and no good cause appeals to him in vain. He is given to making music in more ways than one.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

COMPARISONS are not often very wise, and it would be very foolish to compare Jenny Lind with Christine Nilsson, and yet it is pleasant to remember that the beautiful land that gave the world Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," had another gift in store. On the 20th of August, 1843, Christine Nilsson was born at Wexio, in the district of Wederslof, Sweden. If she has not rivaled the genius of her illustrious predecessor, she has at least been a most worthy successor. The world ought to be grateful to the land that has given it such men as Gustavus Adolphus and General Bernadotte, and such women as Madame Goldschmidt and Christine Nilsson. This fair singer was the daughter of a small Swedish farmer, who tilled part of the estate of Count Hamilton. From a very early age little Christine revealed a great love of music and a remarkable aptitude for singing. While a mere child she attracted the attention of the Baroness Lenhusen, who herself had won considerable fame as a singer under the name of Valerino. The Baroness did not disdain to give the young singer a series of lessons. She afterward became a pupil of Franz Berwald, the most able music master in Stockholm. In less than six months Christine's voice was heard in the court concerts at Stockholm, much to the delight of the audience. The Baroness Lenhusen was more than ever charmed with her young protege, and she now took her to Paris and placed her under the care of M. Wartel, where her progress was most gratifying to her noble patron, and most flattering to her instructor. She made her début at the Theatre Lyrique on the 27th of October, 1864, as *Violetta* in a French version of "La Traviata." She was then only a little over

nineteen years of age, but she presented before that critical audience "a tall, well-proportioned figure, a noble and finely chiseled countenance, in which two large bright blue eyes now touchingly glance, and now flash with passionate expression." Her voice is full, but of well-controlled power and of exceeding sweetness. Her compass is about two and a half octaves, from G natural to D in alto. The more pathetic parts of the opera suit her mood and style best. *Elsa*, *Margaret* and *Mignon* are her favorite parts. In England she is a great favorite, not only in opera, but in those beautiful passages of the more sacred oratorios. The sweetness of her voice is especially suited to parts of Handel's "Messiah." A few months before his death the late Bishop Wilberforce was at a performance of the "Messiah" in Albert Hall, London. Sims Reeves and Christine Nilsson sang the chief solos. "I may never hear the 'Messiah' again," said the scholarly prelate, "and I never want to hear it again, unless Nilsson sings." This Swedish "Queen of Song" has a large place in the admiration of Americans. She was somewhat reluctant—probably from a dread of *mal-de-mer*—to cross the Atlantic. But Christine has no more genuine friends in the world and few she esteems more highly than the friends she has made in the United States. When she comes to America she says she "feels like coming home." On her first visit she received $3,500 for one night's singing in Boston, and the entire series of concerts increased Miss Nilsson's wealth by the handsome sum of $380,000. On her return to Europe, the noble-hearted lady paid a visit to her native home and scattered benefactions far and wide among her kinspeople and friends, after the fashion of the generous Jenny Lind. Miss Nilsson is in America again, and is, if possible, more popular than ever. Her singing in the chief cities of America during the spring of this present year has been more enthusiastically received than ever.

LEVY.

AMONGST instruments much neglected, but destined to come into more general use, is the cornet. For social festivals and for public worship, the cornet is sure to become increasingly popular.

Away ahead of all other performers on that somewhat difficult instrument, the cornet, stands J. Levy, admitted on all hands to be the "King of Cornetists." It can easily be seen that it requires a man of special physical strength to do justice to an instrument of such peculiar formation as the cornet. A man ought to have wonderful lung power to attempt cornet-playing. In this respect Levy is to be envied, and the charm of his playing is, that he succeeds in sending forth a blast long, and loud, and far-reaching, as easily as though he were only blowing feathers in the air. There is no unpleasant swelling of the veins, no starting of the eyes, no reddening of the face, but all is done without any apparent effort. Paganini was not more perfectly master of the violin, nor Rubinstein of the piano, than Levy is of the cornet. The late J. A. Arbuckle, for many years the cornetist at Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn, made it abundantly clear that the cornet could be used with the best possible effect in public worship, and won great fame as a performer on this instrument, but Levy is acknowledged, both by American and European critics, to be the greatest cornet player of the age. He has won wide fame in England and throughout Europe, and has now returned to his native land, where it is said he intends permanently to reside.

What Paganini was with his one-stringed fiddle, that Levy is with the cornet—its perfect master.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

The stage is a supplement to the pulpit.—BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

They are the abstract and brief chronicle of the time.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

DAVID GARRICK.

THE stage of the last century without David Garrick would have been the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. A brief outline of his career, together with an account of the introduction of the drama into this country, will be appropriate in this place.

In the third month of winter, February, 1716, in the parish of All Saints, was baptized the son of Captain Peter Garrick, David, such a boy, no doubt, as many fond mothers have declared, then and since, to be the sweetest, best little thing that ever was born. No star directed the shepherds of the dramatic flock to seek her cradle, though, as the event proved, he was to be the one bright star to rob the age of all other luminaries, to eclipse by his refulgent genius all other lights.

David, at the age of ten years, was put under the charge of Mr. Hunter, master of the Grammar school, at Tichfield, where hopes were entertained that, by the master's careful attention, the young idea would be primed and fired. But the boy was a sad disappointment, as many bright boys since have been; no evidences of serious thought or of attentive industry were apparent. The boy was a wild, rollicking fellow, overflowing with brisk animal spirits, and Mr. Hunter must soon have had both hands well occupied. Very early the spark that was to brighten into a conflagration was evinced, and in 1727 he made his first appearance as Kit, in the "Recruiting Officer," before an assemblage of friends, who fanned the flames by the most gratified plaudits and encouraging remarks.

In 1735 the boy was taken as a pupil by the then obscure and struggling Dr. Johnson, who had advertised to receive a

few select pupils for training in the classics. David must have had some presentiment of the coming discussion in relation to the dead languages, for certain it was that he manifested no inclination to "cram;" his eagerness and absorbing interest in the drama swallowed up all else.

In 1736, in company with his pupil, Garrick, the start was made. They arrived in London, the doctor with but little of the wherewithal that smooths the path of the beginner in life's struggle, Garrick, with a sufficiency to enable him to procure comfortable quarters, and to make preparation for beginning the study of the law, toward which pursuit he entered at Lincoln's Inn.

In 1737 his father died, leaving him a small competence, with which, shortly afterward, he engaged with his brother Peter in the wine trade. From a mercantile life he soon graduated, aud at once started on the career in which nature intended he should excel. He made his appearance at Ipswich, under the assumed name of Lyddall, coming forward as above in Southern's "Oronoko," a play founded on the novel of that name, by the celebrated Mrs. Alpha Belm, a voluminous writer of the seventeenth century, and a woman who rivaled in license the most "spicy" writers of his day, in the year 1741, after a summer of rest spent in the country, during which time, however, he studiously read and pondered over many a page that was to be made alive by his wonderful insight.

Having given proof of his qualifications, as he thought, and inspired by the laudatory opinions that had followed his previous efforts, he decided to attempt the London boards and directed himself toward that object. Both Fleetwood and Rich, managers of Drury and Covent Garden, respectively declined to make the venture. He finally prevailed upon his friend Gifford to allow of his appearance at his house in Goodman Field, and here it was, on October 19, 1741, that he first made his bow before a London audience; the character chosen was that of Richard III., and a more happy selection for a first

appearance was never made. His success was instantaneous.

Horace Walpole says in one of his letters written at the time: "All the run is now for Garrick, a wine merchant who is turned player at Goodman Field. He plays all parts and is a very good mimic." The poet Gray says, "Did I not tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are gone mad after?" Colley Cibber, the Nestor of the stage, remarks upon his personal appearance: "You should see him. He is the completest little doll of a figure, the prettiest little creature." Garrick's success was the outcome of the most diligent and painstaking study; he left nothing to chance, but labored most assiduously at each one of his parts until every detail and each minute shade of passion was firmly and clearly fixed upon his mind. To a remarkable natural aptitude he added, that, without which the greatest must soon fail, earnestness and directness. Very soon the opposition houses saw their great mistake; they played to empty houses, while the streets that led to the "Fields" were blocked all day long, and excited and tumultuous crowds besieged the doors from early dawn.

After the first season of intoxicating success he was able to make his own terms with the managers, and in 1742 Fleetwood, of Drury Lane, was ready to engage him upon his own terms. Gifford, whose fortune had been so suddenly raised by his happy meeting with Mr. Garrick, after the loss of his star found business falling back into even a worse state than before, and was soon persuaded to give up the house and accept a position in the company with Garrick at Drury Lane.

Goodman Field became the possession of a Mr. William Hallam, a name that at once calls to the mind of the student of the drama in America the earliest efforts made in this country to establish a theater. Hallam made a vain attempt to build up the interest in the old house, but soon discovered the hopelessness of the scheme, and became a bankrupt. After closing up his affairs in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, his busy brain made efforts to discover pastures new and fields untrod. To his far-reaching vision was presented the new

country beyond the sea; he made his thoughts known to his brother, Lewis, and his wife, the one late leading comedian in the Fields, the other leading lady in tragedy and comedy. Their approval was forthcoming, and a plan at once formed of gathering a company of suitable proportions to present a chosen series of plays. This was done, and, as evidence of the careful forethought shown in preparation, the parts were assigned, and each play fully rehearsed before embarking. Among these plays thus prepared may be enumerated, "The Merchant of Venice," "Beaux Stratagem," "Richard III," "Othello," "Jane Shore," and "Hamlet." On the 5th September, 1752, at Williamsburg, Va., the first play ever produced in America by a regular company was performed. The play chosen on this memorable evening was "The Merchant of Venice," followed by the farce of "Lethe." Shakspeare was the first dramatist whose work was presented in action to the American public. The cast, an important item in a first night's performance, we are enabled to give:

Bassanio	Mr. Rigby
Antonio	Mr. Clarkson
Gratiano	Mr. Singleton
Salarino and Duke	Mr. Herbert
Salarino and Gobbo	Mr. Wuinel
Launcelot and Tubal	Mr. Hallam
Shylock	Mr. Malone
Nerissa	Miss Palmer
Jessica (first appearance)	Miss Hallam
Portia	Mrs. Hallam

The servant to Portia was performed by Lewis Hallam, his first appearance upon any stage. His one line that he had to speak this night proved a boundary he could not surmount. When his time came he stood speechless, staring in terrified awe. Finally he burst into tears, and made his exit, amid hootings and irrepressible laughter. He became one of the most successful performers, both in tragedy and comedy.

EDMUND KEAN.

AS a representative name filling up the gap between Garrick and the men of the present day none is more appropriate than the name of Kean, the elder, the Kean whose playing of Macbeth made Lord Byron swoon.

Edmund Kean was born in Castle street, Leicester square, London, November 4, 1787. His father was Aaron Kean, a tailor in a small way of business. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated George Saville Carey, and one of his sisters was a provincial actress who generally played under her mother's maiden name of Carey. His uncle, Moses Kean, was celebrated for his powers of ventriloquism; but he abused his talent so often by playing practical jokes upon his friends, that they at last grew tired of him and refused to acknowledge him. Kean's parents were too poor to allow any idle inmates in their family, and as soon, therefore, as he was able to walk he was placed at Drury Lane Theater in a pantomime, and under the tuition of a posture-master acquired the usual flexibility of body at the cost of health and strength.

The career of Kean was along the lines of difficulty, and he was not denied such inspiration as hostile criticism affords. Here is a specimen of the newspaper criticism of the beginning of this century:

"Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance in 'Hamlet,' and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person has, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavor to procure an engagement at one of the theaters in the metropolis. The

difficulties he has met with, have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theaters of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage; and if his mind were half so well qualified for the conception of *Richard the Third*, which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his *Hamlet*, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakspeare has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward; he shows an unconsciousness that anybody is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of showing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but, as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel house."

Newspapers, then as now, swayed the public mind; but the astonishing thing in the above curious criticism is, that which has always been considered a criterion of good acting is here urged as a plea for condemnation of the performer.

Kean had too much spirit to bow before the coming tempest; accordingly, when he first appeared in "Richard," he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene. For some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly marched to the footlights and addressed the pit with:

"Unmannered dogs, stand ye when I command."

The clamor, of course, increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were de-

ceived, for so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, Kean came forward again, and told them "that the only proof of understanding they had ever given was their proper application of the few words he had just uttered." The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of *Richard* was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favor with the brutal audience.

In 1820 Kean left England for America, embarking on board the Matilda, October 11 of that year, and arriving in New York November 10. He made his *debut* on November 29 as *Richard III.* The theater having been burned in 1819, the company occupied a small temporary house in Anthony street. Curiosity was most strongly excited on the occasion. Many people traveled from Philadelphia to witness his performances, and the receipts, which before his arrival were not $1,000 per week, amounted to more than that sum nightly. He appeared in "Othello," December 1, alternating the principal characters with Cooper, an American tragedian. On the 28th December a public dinner was given him by some gentlemen of New York, at the City Hotel, and he shortly after set out for Philadelphia and Boston. His engagement at the former place was to have terminated on the 31st January, 1821, when he played *Othello;* but on the fall of the curtain he was so loudly called for by the audience that he was compelled to come forward and inquire their pleasure. A voice from the boxes replied, *"A re-engagement;"* and after a few minutes had elapsed the manager announced that though Kean had intended to set off for Boston on the following morning, he had, in compliance with their wishes, renewed his engagement for two nights more. He then played at Boston with success, and again at Philadelphia and New York. Returning to Boston, he for some cause or other abruptly quitted the theater in chagrin, and left the manager to settle matters with the audience the best way he could. This conduct excited a prejudice against him in New York, and proved so strong that he was compelled to depart at once, sailing on the 8th of June, 1821, in the Martha, and landing in Liver-

pool the third week in July. During his stay in America he erected a monument in the churchyard of St. Paul's, in New York, to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, who is there buried. In the year 1814 Kean played at Drury Lane Theater sixty-eight nights. The total receipts amounted to £32,642 12s. 6d., and the largest receipts on one night were upon the representation of *Shylock*, £531 2s., *Richard III.* £655 13s., *Hamlet* £600, *Othello* £673. The total number of persons attending was 166,742. He retained his extravagant habits to the last, and although he never gambled, he was always wanting money, but his eccentricities included his mania for riding in a carriage and four. His last appearance was at Covent Garden, on March 25, 1833, when he played *Othello* to his son Charles' *Iago*. In the third act he fell heavily upon *Iago's* breast and whispered, "Charles, I am dying." He was led from the stage never to return, and died at Richmond May 15, 1833. Although his income had for eighteen years averaged £10,000 per annum, yet a few days before his death he was in danger of arrest for the sum of £100.

HENRY IRVING.

JOHN HENRY BRODRIB, who has assumed the name of Henry Irving, was born near Glastonbury in Somersetshire, in the southwest of England, on the 6th of February, 1838. That he is the most popular of living actors will not be denied; and that popularity is all the more valuable from the fact that it has been won by years of steady, unwearying toil. Irving has been through his whole professional career a diligent student. He has been an enthusiast in his art.

Twenty years have passed away since I first heard Henry Irving. He was not without his admirers in those early days, though I think there were few among his warmest friends who would have predicted for him such remarkable success as he has achieved of late. In some respects Irving was fortunate from the outset. He was fortunate in the time; the market was not crowded with good actors. The old school was gradually thinning. Phelps and Charles Kean were almost the only representatives of the old grand, pompous style. Phelps was playing heavy pieces at Drury Lane. Kean was doing his last grand work at the Princess's. His revival of Henry VIII. was his grand masterpiece. None who ever saw Kean as "Wolsey," supported by his wife, and the gifted Miss Chapman, will ever forget that triumph of scholarly acting. Kean made the part sublime, and when the final crash came, Wolsey was made to look magnificent amid his fallen fortunes. But Kean's work was done. Walter Montgomery's light went out in sad, sudden darkness, G. V. Brooke went down with the ill-fated "London." Henry Irving began his work at a time

when the stage was comparatively clear. There was room and opportunity for a man of power. It was his time. He took it "at the flood," and found his way to fortune. The early years of Irving's stage life were years of hard, honest, unwearying toil. Indeed, the keynote of his history, and the secret of his success may be found in the one word—work! He has toiled for the honor that crowns him to-day, and he holds it by the indisputable right of having earned it. I first heard Henry Irving in Manchester, about twenty years ago. The Haymarket Company were paying their annual visit to the provinces. On this particular occasion, Irving played "Fabian," in "Twelfth Night" to Buckstone's "Sir Toby Belch," with Compton as "Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek." Irving was then quite young. A tall, slim young gentleman, with ample hair; a wide, well developed brow; shaggy eye-brows, from under which peered large, dreamy eyes that now and then flashed with intense emotion. His face, clear-cut and well defined, was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." From the first, Henry Irving gave the impression that he had a passion for his art. He was cultured and scholarly, and gave such conscientious care to the smallest details, that he soon won his way to the respect and confidence of all who heard him. He evidently had a sincere respect for the calling of the actor, and it is not too much to say that he has succeeded in lifting the whole dramatic profession into the larger respect of right-minded, thoughtful people. He has spared neither money nor time, nor labor, to make the stage worthy of the intelligence and culture of the times. But Mr. Irving did not leap into sudden fame. He was the subject of much severe and harsh criticism. He was charged with all sorts of defects, affectation of speech and manner, awkwardness of method, and the like. He was assured that he could never be a great actor, and more than once advised to quit the stage. But Mr. Irving was philosopher enough to judge that the passing mood of the critic often accounted for the tone of criticism. And, further, he was vain enough to conclude that

it was better to be criticised severely than not to be criticised at all. It was in the character of Sir Digby Grant, in the "Two Roses," that Henry Irving laid hold of the heart of London. The mean, but dignified, impecunious old gentleman, the very exemplification of the "poor and proud" spirit, was acted to the life. Irving was the ideal Sir Digby to the very tips of his fingers. From the Vaudeville to the Lyceum was but a step, and there the great actor began his ascent of the ladder of fame. The charming story of "The Polish Jew," by M. M. Eckman Chatrain, had been dramatized under the title of "The Bells," with Mr. Irving cast for the chief part. The play was well mounted. The awful workings of remorse were portrayed with most painful minuteness, while the death scene in the last act was terrible. "The Bells," though by no means a great play, fixed Mr. Irving's place in the front rank of great delineators of the pathos and passion of life. His Charles I. was a triumph in another direction. In a time when the popular feeling was running with the Cromwells, and the Tells, and the Kossuths—the liberators from royal thraldom—rather than with the ill-fated Charles, it was no easy task to invest the character of Charles with all the excellencies that attract popular applause. But Irving's Charles was a magnificent conception. Faithless and ill-advised he may have been, his virtues were so extolled and his sorrows set in such a pathetic light that the severest Puritan—were it even Praise-God-Barebones himself—could scarce forbear a tear as he saw the doomed king bidding Henrietta and their boys farewell. I have heard him in most of his impersonations, and am strongly disposed to think that Richelieu is his masterpiece. He has twice visited America, winning everywhere golden opinions, and amassing large amounts of money. On the eve of his departure for England in the spring of this year, he was tendered a banquet in New York, the Hon. W. M. Evarts presiding. A few of the wise words Henry Irving spoke on that occasion, are here quoted.

Speaking of actors, he said:

"We do not claim to be any better than our fellows in other walks of life. We do not ask the jester in journalism whether his quips and epigrams are always directed by the loftiest morality; nor do we insist on knowing that the odor of sanctity surrounds the private lives of lawyers and military men before we send our sons into law and the army. It is impossible to point out any vocation which is not attended by temptations that prove fatal to many; but you have simply to consider whether a profession has in itself any title to honor, and then—if you are confident of your capacity—to enter it with a resolve to do all that energy and perseverance can accomplish. The immortal part of the stage is its nobler part. Ignoble accidents and interludes come and go, but this lasts on forever. It lives, like the human soul, in the body of humanity—associated with much that is inferior and hampered by many hindrances—but it never sinks into nothingness, and never fails to find new and noble work in creations of permanent and memorable excellence.

"Dramatic art nowadays is more coherent, systematic, and comprehensive than it has sometimes been. And to the student who proposes to fill the place in this system to which his individuality and experience entitle him, and to do his duty faithfully and well, ever striving after greater excellence, and never yielding to the indolence that is often born of popularity—to him, I say, with every confidence, that he will choose a career in which, if it does not lead him to fame, he will be sustained by the honorable exercise of some of the best faculties of the human mind.

"And now I can only thank you for the patience with which you have listened while, in a slight and imperfect way, I have dealt with some of the most important of the actor's responsibilities. I have been an actor for nearly thirty years, and what I have told you is the fruit of my experience, and of an earnest and conscientious belief that the profession, to which I am proud to belong, is worthy of the sympathy and support of all intelligent people."

ELLEN TERRY.

ALL the world agrees that for natural, sprightly, unaffected acting, Ellen Terry stands in the front rank, not excepting even our own Ada Rehan. Henry Irving, always in the most gallant manner, declares his high appreciation of the work of his gifted associate, and it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that next to the loss of Henry Irving himself, the Lyceum Company could least afford to lose Ellen Terry. She has made a name already great, greater by her two visits to America; and whether as Portia, Ophelia, or Beatrice she is most powerful, it is hard to tell. With great kindness the distinguished lady submitted to an interview in which she gave some opinions that our readers will be glad to hear.

The following is the substance of the interview with a reporter, in which Miss Terry so pleasantly expressed herself.

"Having now made a tour of the country and visited all the leading cities and some of the smaller ones, the public would be gratified to learn what your general impressions of America are."

"Such a broad question, is it not? I can only answer it generally. I am unreservedly delighted with everything I have seen."

"Do you find much difference between American and English audiences?"

"No, I do not; they are always kind to me in England. America has been just as kind. I think your audiences are very often quicker in their perceptions generally, and I say this not simply from experience as an actress, but as a spectator at other theaters."

"In what cities, outside of New York and Brooklyn, did you find the audiences most discriminating and critically appreciative?"

"They were discriminating and appreciative everywhere; perhaps most enthusiastic in Boston and Chicago, though what audience could be more cordial and charming than a New York audience?"

"What do you think of Mr. Booth and his methods? In what role do you consider him greatest?"

"Iago. I have not seen him from the front of the house, but I played with him and Mr. Irving in Othello and thought he was fine in both characters, especially so in Iago."

"Have you seen Mary Anderson, and in what character? She has been severely criticised as being cold and passionless in some roles, by some of the English press. Do you think such criticism just?"

"I have only seen her in one delightful character, that of Mary Anderson, in which she was perfectly lovely."

"What are the most striking characteristics of the American people and especially play-goers, as far as you have been able to judge?"

"Their friendship and cleverness.

"In what cities have you been socially entertained, and what do you think of American society?"

"I have been 'socially entertained' in each city I have visited. My only difficulty has been that I could not accept all the kind invitations given me. It was all delightful—delightful."

"Where did you find the prettiest women?"

"The handsomest women in New York; the loveliest girls in Chicago and Baltimore."

"Where the most intellectual?"

"They are all intellectual."

"What has been your personal reception in the various roles you have portrayed? Has it been just and intelligent as viewed from an honest dramatic standpoint of criticism?"

"That which has pleased me best has been the appreciation I have received for what I consider my best little bit of work —Ophelia."

"How do the American theaters and stage appointments compare with those in England?"

"Perfect in front of the footlights; very bad behind the scenes. In England we have reformed all that. We used to have wretched dressing-rooms and poor stage appointments, but the artists are now perfectly cared for—no longer relegated to stuffy, ill-furnished rooms. If England had your auditorium with its own stage, the English theater would be perfect. If you had our stage and its accessories, the American stage would be perfect."

"Is there a future on the stage for the successful production of purely American plays?"

"Why, certainly. Why not?"

"Have you been pleased generally with your American tour?"

"Pleased is not the word—delighted."

"Through the West what plays did you find most favorably received?"

"In the West, the best,—'Hamlet' and 'Much Ado.'"

"Did you find the long distances to be traversed between cities very fatiguing?"

"Yes, I did find it trying, but you must have long journeys in this country, and being long, you do everything to make them pleasant."

"Can you recall any incident of your tour of interest?"

"Where so much has interested me it is impossible to go into details. Niagara, sleigh-riding, tobogganing, ice-yachting, so many things that were new to me, my tour has been full of interest all the time."

"Which cities do you prefer?"

"I *prefer* so many! New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto and Washington."

LOTTA.

ONE of the most enchanting actresses of light comedy is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, who uses "Lotta," the abbreviated form of her Christian name, as her stage title. So-called dramatic critics,—of whom the number is legion, and whose bitterness is suggestive of the "possessed" gentleman of Gadarene in his worst mood—have greatly delighted their little souls in berating and belittling as far as they were able, this versatile little lady. But the critics have very little influence on public opinion, and especially in the case of "Lotta" they have utterly failed. Lotta is a universal favorite, and she deserves to be, for she gives always an evening of pure, clean, unaffected merriment, to which you may take your young people without a moment's hesitation. An evening with "Lotta" in "Bob," may not be an evening devoted to unintelligible worship of the classic muse, but it is a delightful evening nevertheless, as tens of thousands can bear witness.

But "Lotta" shall speak for herself. In an interview held not long ago, she said:

"When I first went on the stage, in the summer of 1858,—twenty years ago, by the way,—I determined to originate an entirely new school of acting. You may laugh, but my first idea was tragedy, and I actually had the part of *Lady Macbeth* committed to memory. The successful lady stars at that time were Lucille Western and Kate Bateman, and I felt that if there was any money to be made, it must be in the same line they were in. On Christmas Day, 1863, I was stopping with a friend in St. Louis, when Lucille Western visited that city and played *East Lynne* at one of the theaters. I went to see her for the first time. At the

conclusion of the performance, I concluded that tragedy or emotional acting was not my forte, for I was ashamed of puny efforts, as witnessed before the mirror in my dressing-case, after having seen what Lucille Western could do in the same line. I was thoroughly disheartened, and sat down and had a real good cry. The friend at whose house I was stopping," continued Lotta, "was a prominent newspaper man, and had a penchant for entertaining members of the theatrical profession. Go there when you would, you were always certain to find some actor at his table. Well, on this Christmas Day I was telling you of, when I came down to tea, my eyes still red with weeping, I found an elderly, good-natured, good-looking gentleman there. I was not a little flurried on his being introduced to me as John Brougham, the celebrated actor and playwriter, for I was not then so well used to meeting celebrities as I am now. I am sure Mr. Brougham must have thought me a little goose, for I had not spoken to him two minutes before the recollection of my disappointment again welled up in my mind, and the tears came to my eyes. I can never forget how he questioned me as to what was the matter, and how kindly and fatherly he wormed out of me my secret.

"'The truth is, dear sis,' said he, after learning the full extent of my affliction, 'you have chosen the wrong branch of the profession. This rage for weeping and wailing will soon run out, and the people will demand a more cheerful performance. Take to the soubrettes, my girl—there is more money in that. What you want, is a hit on something odd and peculiar. Give the people something new. The American people are great for novelty, and will put a fortune into the purse of the one who pleases them.'

"I did not soon forget what he had told me. I am a great girl for action, and when I take anything into my head, instead of dreaming over it, I get energetically to work. But, for the life of me, I couldn't think what school of acting to choose, until one day in Chicago, at a hotel where I was stopping, I came across the counterpart of the mischievous

creature known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Lotta. She was a little miss of ten summers, and as provoking a little imp as was ever born. She was up to all sorts of tricks and comicalities, and yet, in spite of her mischief, one could not help loving her. In a word, she was at once the terror and delight of the house. I saw in an instant where an original character could be found, and began to study the oddities of the little elf. Then I would go to my room and practice what she had done.

"In the farce of *Nan, the Good for Nothing*, there occurs a splendid opportunity for introducing the vagaries of a spoilt, wayward child. How well I succeeded in that farce, and in other kindred plays written especially with the view to introducing these oddities, my career for the last fifteen years will attest. I had no trouble; I swam at once into public favor, partly by good luck, partly by the oddity of the thing, but chiefly by the wisdom and enterprise of good managers, to whom successful stars owe more than they have often the candor to acknowledge."

In the spring of 1884 "Lotta" tried her fortunes in London. At first there were signs of disfavor, and it seemed as though the American favorite was to be a failure. But the brave little lady held on with a good heart, and soon London was at her feet. In the early part of this year she resumed her work in America, and met a most enthusiastic welcome back to her native land.

EDWIN BOOTH.

IT has almost passed into a proverb, that the son of a great and clever man is sure to prove a dullard. If genius runs in the blood, it often skips a generation. But this was not the case in the Booth family. Junius Brutus Booth was himself a great man, but in the person of his fourth son, he gave the world the greatest of all the Booths.

Edwin Booth was born in Baltimore, in Maryland, on the 15th of November, 1833; he is therefore now in the full prime and vigor of years. His father had been for seventeen years devoted to the profession of "the sock and buskin," and was at the height of his fame when Edwin was born. It would seem that acting was more than a mere profession with the elder Booth; it was his delight and joy.

And indeed, no man will ever make a great actor unless acting is with him a perfect passion. Young Booth was born amid circumstances all of which tended in the direction of the stage. While he was quite young, he became his father's companion and assistant dresser, and soon became indispensable to him. Edwin Booth was born to be an actor, but it was in opposition to his father's wishes that he sought to make the stage the scene of his life's work.

His first appearance was in the character of *Tyrrel* in "Richard III.," at the Boston Museum, on the 10th of September, 1849. He subsequently took more prominent work in Providence and Philadelphia. Once, in the city of Washington he played *Titus* to his father's "Brutus;" the author of the play—John Howard Payne—was present, and expressed his great admiration of the manner in which the younger Booth did his work. His first appearance on the metropolitan stage was

in the character of Richard III. He played his part in the National Theater, Chatham street, New York, in 1851. He played Richard on the occasion of his father's benefit, and was called repeatedly before the curtain; the young aspirant was recognized as a man of great and versatile powers.

California was destined to be the scene of Booth's earlier triumphs. Father and son worked on together till October, 1852, when they parted never to meet again. The elder Booth died on the 30th of November, in the same year, and in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He rests beneath a monument in the cemetery at Baltimore, erected by his filial son. From California he journeys on to Australia and the Sandwich Islands. In 1857 Mr. Booth is back amid the scenes of his earlier life, and meets the welcome he so much deserved. On the 7th of July, 1860, he was married to Miss Mary Devlin. Concerning this happy marriage Mr. William Winter, the distinguished dramatic critic and personal friend of Edwin Booth, says:

> "She was a maiden for a man to love,
> She was a woman for a husband's life;
> One that had learned to value far above
> The name of love, the sacred name of wife."

But sorrow was soon to darken so bright a path, and under the snows of Mount Auburn in the early spring of 1863, Booth laid his young wife to rest.

The first visit of Edwin Booth to England was brightened by a series of ovations that any man might well be proud of.

His more recent visits have been equally pleasant, notably that in which he played with Henry Irving at the Lyceum. To enter into any detailed criticism of Mr. Booth as an actor would require the whole volume, and there would be material enough and to spare. But on all hands it is conceded that Mr. Booth's greatest character is that of "Hamlet." Singularly enough, where Mr. Irving comes nearest to a failure is in the character of "Hamlet," but where he is weak Edwin Booth is strong. For a hundred nights in succession Mr. Booth played

"Hamlet" in the critical city of New York, in the year 1869. From that time "Booth" and "Hamlet" have become almost convertible terms. At the close of the engagement referred to above, the friends of the great tragedian presented him with the celebrated "Hamlet Medal."

The medal is made of gold, is oval in form; in the center is the head of Booth as "Hamlet." The motto is: *Palmam qui merwit ferat.* The inscription reads:

— TO —

EDWIN BOOTH,

In commemoration of the unprecedented run of "Hamlet," as enacted by him in New York City for one hundred nights.

The portrait presented in these pages is a most faithful one, and deserves to be studied. The clear, firm glance of the eye, the lips, thin and compressed, ever the sign of eloquence; the whole *tout ensemble* indicates the man of men most suitable for the great task of presenting Shakspeare so as to increase the hearer's reverence for the immortal bard. Edwin Booth is what he is—scholar, gentleman, the first tragedian of his age—as the result of earnest, honest, faithful toil. Long may he live to adorn the profession which already owes so much to him.

MRS. LANGTRY.

IT has often been said that everybody and everything worth seeing or hearing, is sure to come to America sooner or later. From the early days of Charles Dickens till now, lecturers, preachers, authors, actors and actresses; professional people of all kinds have found it pleasant and profitable to visit their cousins across the Atlantic. And if their testimony is to be accepted, they have generally received a hearty and hospitable welcome. Even the colossal Jumbo could not be kept from our shores, and he became in his day as popular as Patti, or Henry Irving, or Oscar Wilde.

It was, however, reserved for Mrs. Langtry to fill an altogether unique place in this department of English attractions. She came to this country in the capacity of a professional beauty, and as such she made a good deal of wealth, and a most remarkable reputation. It was never for one moment as much as hinted that she had the slightest histrionic power. Her warmest friends, her most gushing critics, her most enthusiastic managers, never once preferred the claim that she could act. A good deal was said of the magnificence and cost of her dresses, what fabulous prices had been paid the Parisian dressmaker, Monsieur Worth, how these priceless robes enchanted all beholders. But when the acting was talked of, the singing was very low, and not always very sweet. The youthful critic talked of the poise of her beautiful head, the charm of her complexion and smile, the perfect curves of her shapely arm; and went so far as to quote N. P. Willis, concerning

> "The bounteous wave of such a breast
> As never pencil drew,"

but even he could not be brought to declare that her acting was worth the name of acting.

Mrs. Langtry, born in Jersey, and called by her admirers "The Jersey Lily," was undoubtedly a beautiful woman. It had been her good fortune, or misfortune, to move in what is called in England "the first circles;" she had even attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales and other gentlemen, who are supposed to be most excellent judges in the commodity of beauty. So Mrs. Langtry became what was called, for the first time in the history of the world, and let us hope it will be the last, "a professional beauty." She was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world, which is utterly absurd. You might as well pluck a violet in the spring-time, and say it is the most beautiful violet in all the woods, while at your feet lie a thousand equally rich, and rare, and blue. But Mrs. Langtry became the craze. Photographic artists made fortunes out of her. All the world wanted to see this paragon of beauty, so she was put upon the stage. If she was not worth hearing she was worth seeing. If her acting was not a triumph of art, it put money into her purse, and that, for most of us in this mundane state, is a matter of importance. The temptation to come to America was great. And one thing at least should be said, she did not come to these shores under false pretenses. She came to exhibit herself. It was from first to last a beauty show. Of course it was not a vulgar dime museum show; it was dollars instead of cents to gaze on this illustrious woman. But the difference was mainly in the money, and the vulgarity was there all the same, though covered in rich attire. It was an amusing experience to attend one of these exhibitions, to see the thousands of eager eyes, aided mostly by opera glasses, centred on this one beautiful woman. It was most of all amusing to overhear, as you could scarcely help, the criticisms of the ladies, most of whom thought that a great deal too much had been said about her beauty.

MARY ANDERSON.

SO MANY arrangements were made for the marriage of Mary Anderson, to persons who had no thought of laying their fate and fortunes at her feet, by meddlesome persons who had nothing whatever to do with the matter, that at last Miss Anderson, to save herself from ridicule, descended, Hermione-like, from her classic reticence, and declared, once for all, that she was married! But she further explained that she was married to her art, and beyond the devotion demanded of her by that art she did not propose to indulge. The rumors that came across the Atlantic concerning the noble lords, the gracious dukes, the pious bishops, and the solemn judges who wanted to marry "our Mary," were really very foolish. But the matter was really so serious that Chief-Justice Coleridge had to come out in print and declare that so far from having made any declaration of love, he had not the honor of the lady's acquaintance.

"I am married to my art," said Mary Anderson; and saying this she unconsciously described herself to perfection. That she is devoted, body and soul and spirit, to the profession she has espoused, is well known; and this fact more than any other accounts for her remarkable successes. Nature has done much for her; she has a graceful and winsome form, an eye that at every glance adds deeper meanings to the words she speaks; and though not by any means a genius, she has managed by the absolute consecration of her powers to win a foremost place on the stage of this generation.

Her early years were years of struggle and toil, and if ever a woman deserved credit for making a brave, bold stand against adverse circumstances, that woman is Mary Anderson. What

would have been stumbling-blocks to thousands, Mary Anderson made stepping-stones to honor and fame. And America today, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is justly proud of her gifted daughter.

Her favorite play was "Galatea," and her cold, impassive nature suited the part she was called to present. For the last two years she has been in England, gradually building up a most enviable reputation. She has been the welcome guest at the homes of some of the best people in London, the Right-Hon. W. E. Gladstone among the rest. For a time she had to fight her way against the critics. But the London people understood her better than the critics. Speaking of these critics and Miss Anderson, a London journalist says:

"I regret to say that those critics for whom I have the highest esteem, and in whose judgment I repose the greatest confidence, have not said one word in praise of her art. In private I have heard some of these critics say the harshest and most uncompromising things in condemnation of her acting. In a little one-act play, written especially for Miss Anderson by W. S. Gilbert, under the title of "Tragedy and Comedy," Miss Mary Anderson made her first distinct success at the Lyceum. I was present on her opening night, and I must say that her tragic power in Clarice was a revelation to me. I had greatly admired, and was not wholly unappreciative of, her personal beauty. Her manner of life is modest and self-respecting, and I had been charmed by her successful endeavor to live, in her own home in London, a simple, sweet, and ladylike life. Her acting, heretofore, had seemed to me simply pleasing and not offensive. Her walking, her posing, her elocution, and her bearing, on the stage, were always graceful and artistic. But in 'Galatea' there was no approach to refined perception, delicate shading, or dramatic power; therefore, when she took the character of Clarice, in Mr. Gilbert's one-act play, I was wholly unprepared for the display of varied and well-shaded understanding of her role which characterized her first night. I must say that the curtain fell before an audience most thoroughly surprised and enthusiastic. Miss Anderson's growth in her art during her first London season was very marked, and, indeed, almost prodigious. When

she came to London she was an immature, unperceiving, dull artiste. In London she found an audience wholly unlike those to which she had heretofore played. Traveling on the road, appearing before different audiences every week, and audiences more or less uncritical, is one thing; appearing before a London audience night after night, and week after week, and month after month—an audience highly trained and perhaps hypercritical—is another thing. Miss Anderson was sensible enough soon to perceive this differenee, and to make the most of it. She studied hard, and achieved very marked growth, and to-day she is further along in her art than she could possibly have been had she remained in her own country and in her old professional habits. Among the London public she has intelligent and enthusiastic admirers, and those who prophesy that she has a very illustrious career before her."

What English people complain of is that Miss Anderson lacks heart. Speaking of her "Juliet," the following criticism is offered by one of her greatest admirers:

"I have read all the dramatic criticisms of her Juliet which have come to hand; she had conversed with me very fully upon her reading of that part, upon her methods of setting the play, and of her high ideal of presenting it. After reading the criticisms of the London journals, I am not in the least surprised that they treat her Juliet with praise that is faint, and, therefore, damning. Miss Anderson lacks heart. And, in her profession, it is all she lacks. She has physical grace, beauty, and charm. She has perception and intelligence and information; but in her art, up to now, she has no abandon, no spontaneity, no heavenly or hellish power. She never permits herself to rise or sink out of herself."

That Miss Anderson has borne up under unfortunate influences everybody knows, and it is to her greater honor that she has borne herself so nobly.

Miss Anderson is soon to return to her native land; when she comes she may fairly calculate on the heartiest and most enthusiastic welcome.

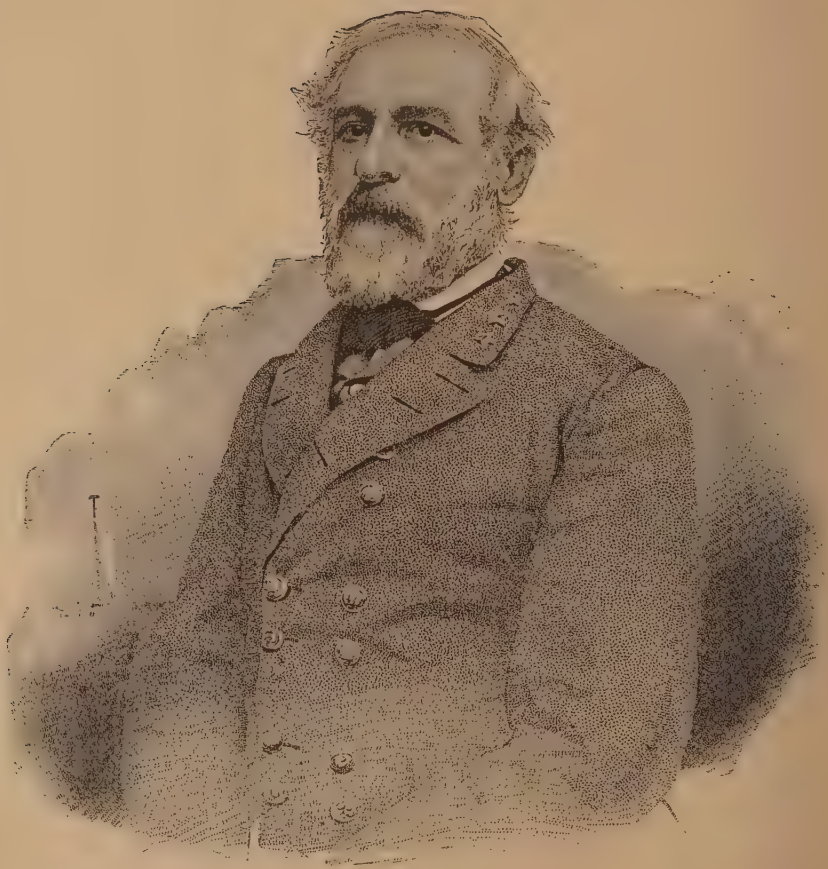
MISCELLANEOUS

Men in general, are but great children.—NAPOLEON I.

In order to do great things it is necessary to live as if one was never to die.—VAUVENARGUES.

The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world.—JOHN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

He is a man who knows how to die for his God and his country; his heart, his lips, his arms are faithful unto death.—ERNST ARNDT.



GENERAL LEE.

THE most distinguished but not the most skillful of the military leaders of the Confederate forces during the late civil war, was Robert E. Lee. He was born at Stafford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on June 19, 1807. He was a son of Colonel Henry Lee of the Revolution, known as "Legion Harry." He became a cadet at West Point in 1825, where he was distinguished for his good behavior, and graduated in 1829, second in his class. During the whole four years of his cadetship he was never reprimanded or received a demerit mark. He entered the corps of engineers, was engaged as assistant engineer, from 1829 until 1834, in the construction of Fortress Monroe. In 1839 he was assistant astronomer in determining the boundary between Ohio and Michigan. In 1838 he was promoted to captain, and when the war with Mexico began, he was appointed chief engineer of the army under General Scott, and was distinguished for important services during the contest. For his gallantry he received successive brevets, the last that of colonel. From 1852 to 1855 he was superintendent of the military academy at West Point. In the latter year he was made Lieutenant-colonel of one of the two new regiments of cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was colonel, Hardee and Thomas majors, and Van Dorn and Kirby Smith captains. All of these officers excepting George H. Thomas, deserted their flag in 1861, and fought against their country. Through his wife, Mary Custis, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and daughter of Washington's adopted son, G. W. P. Custis, he came into possession of the Arlington estate, near the national capital, and the "White House" on the Pamunkey.

In the fall of 1859 Lee was placed in command of United States forces to suppress the invasion of John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, and was soon afterward sent to take command of the Department of Texas. Seduced from his allegiance to the national Government by the champions of the doctrine of State supremacy, he obtained leave of absence in December, 1860, and came home. When, in April, 1861, a Virginia convention issued an ordinance of secession, he resigned his commission, saying: "Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword." Lee at once repaired to Richmond and was appointed major-general of the forces of Virginia. In accepting the position, he said: "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." Circumstances led him to draw his sword in the service of several confederated States whose people were in arms against his country. He was not successful at first, in command in Western Virginia, and he was sent to perform engineering service on the Savannah River. He also acted as military adviser of Jefferson Davis. In June, 1862, he was appointed to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and with that army he fought the national forces until he was compelled to surrender at Appomattox Court-house, April 9, 1865.

The village of Appomattox was the spot chosen by General Lee for his interview with the victor; and there, in a plain building, the house of a farmer named McLean, Grant was met at the threshold by Lee. There was a narrow hall and a bare little parlor, containing a table and two or three chairs. Into this the generals entered, each at first accompanied by a single *aide de camp*, but as many as twenty national officers shortly followed, among whom were Sheridan, Ord, and the members of Grant's own staff. No Confederate entered the room but Lee and Colonel Marshall, his secretary. Outside the two armies waited, their lines stretching away under the bright spring sun for miles. An orchard of peach trees was in full blossom on

one side of the house. The sky was blue and without a cloud. The armies which had fought so bitterly were closer than often before, but no longer in angry contact; and from a mound one could see national and rebel cannon, never again to open on each other. Inside the parlor the two chiefs conversed. The contrast in their costumes was singular. Lee was elaborately dressed. He wore embroidered gauntlets, and a burnished sword, the gift of the State of Virginia, while the uniform of Grant was soiled and worn, and he was without side arms. Colonel Marshall, when asked how it came about that his chief and he were so fine, while the national officers had been unable to keep themselves free from the stains of battle and the road, replied that Sheridan had come upon them suddenly a day or two before, and as they could save but one suit of clothes, each hurriedly selected the best he had. Lee was tall, large in form, fine in person, handsome in feature, grave and dignified in bearing. Grant, as usual, was simple and composed; no elation was visible in his manner or appearance. His voice was calm as ever, and his eye betrayed no emotion. He spoke and acted as plainly as if he were transacting an ordinary matter of business. No one would have suspected that he was about to receive the surrender of an army. They first conversed upon the subject of the Mexican war. Afterward General Lee said: "I asked to see you, General Grant, to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army?" General Grant then named the terms and inquired: "Do I understand, General Lee, that you accept these terms?" "Yes," said Lee; "and if you will put them into writing, I will sign them." Grant then sat down at a little table and wrote. While he was writing, he chanced to look up at Lee, and at that moment noticed the glitter of his sword. The sight suggested an alteration in the terms, and he inserted the provision that officers should be allowed to retain their side-arms, horses and personal property. When the terms were written out, Grant handed the paper to his great antagonist, who seemed touched by their general clemency, and especially by the interpolation

which saved so much to the feelings of a soldier. He said at once that the conditions were magnanimous, and would have a very good effect upon his army. After a short talk the formal papers were signed, and the men who had opposed each other so long, shook hands and parted. On the 12th of April the Army of Northern Virginia laid down its arms, and dispersed, thereby formally closing the war. Not a victorious salute was allowed by General Grant. "The war is over," said he, "and the best sign of rejoicing after victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." In profound silence the Southerners dressed their lines, fixed bayonets, stacked arms, and deposited their accoutrements. Then slowly furling their flags, they laid them down; and many a veteran stooped to kiss the stained and tattered colors, under which he might fight no more. No exultation was manifest on the part of the Northerners, only joy and good feeling that the war between fellow-countrymen was over; that, though worn, and famished, and suffering, the prodigal, even if forced, had yet returned.

After the war General Lee returned to private life. In November, 1865, he accepted the position of president of Washington and Lee College, at Lexington, Va., to which his popularity in the South soon drew nearly 500 students. On the 28th of September, 1870, while apparently in his usual health, General Lee was struck with paralysis and died a fortnight afterward (October 12). His three sons were officers in the Confederate service.

CHINESE GORDON.

IT IS not unworthy of note that this extraordinary man—in many respects the most extraordinary man of our time, and at this moment literally "the cynosure of all eyes"—whose portrait we give to-day, and who has sometimes been termed the English Garibaldi, but whom Sir Evelyn Wood, after meeting him the other day at Cairo, is said to have with more justice termed the modern Bayard, should have started on his new, important, and perilous mission, simultaneously with his entering on another year of his life. Major General Charles George Gordon was born at Woolwich, on the 28th January, 1833, and so has just entered on his fifty-second year. He is of a military stock by his father's side, of a race of merchants and investigators by his mother's. His father—of whom Mr. A. Egmont Hake in his admirable *Story of Chinese Gordon*, just published at a most opportune moment, gives a charming sketch—was Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon of the Royal Artillery. His mother was the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath, himself one of the well-known "Enderby Whalers." When not fifteen, Gordon entered the Royal Academy at Woolwich. He was of a delicate constitution, and did not distinguish himself as a scholar. General Gordon is far from being naturally a strong man, suffers from *angina pectoris*, is of slight figure, and but for his almost ascetic habits, extraordinary activity, and buoyant temper, would probably have succumbed to the extraordinary fatigue he has undergone. In 1852 he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, volunteered for service in the East when the war broke out with Russia, and in

the end of 1854 was with the army before Sebastopol. While in the trenches he was wounded by a stone thrown up by a shot. He received special mention by Sir Harry Jones, as having done work that earned him promotion, and from the French Government he received the Order of the Legion of Honor. At the same time he showed his special engineering skill in a survey he made of the defences of Sebastopol. After being engaged in 1857 and 1858 in determining the Asiatic frontier of Russia and Turkey, Gordon, now Captain, joined the British army before Pekin, was present at its surrender, and for his services was promoted to a major. In February, 1863, there came to him his first opportunity, and that which gained him his immortal *sobriquet* of "Chinese Gordon." In succession to a worthles American adventurer named Burgeoine, and at the request of the now well-known Li-Hung-Chang, he became commander of a force raised by a number of Chinese merchants in Shanghai, to defend it against the Taiping rebels. Space will not permit us to detail his exploits. Suffice it to say, that by May, 1864, he had broken the back of the rebellion, recovered all the great Chinese cities, and shut up the rebels in Nanking, which subsequently fell.

Colonel Gordon returned to England in February, 1865, was appointed Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, and for six years was employed upon the erection of the Thames defences. At the end of 1871 he went out as English Commissioner of the European Commission of the Danube. In September, 1872, he met Nubar Pasha, the then, as now, Egyptian Prime Minister at Constantinople, and was asked if he would take the post which Sir Samuel Baker was to retire from in the following year, of Governor of the tribes which inhabit the Nile Basin. In July, 1873, he told Nubar that he would accept the post if permission to transfer his services were obtained by the Khedive (then Ismail) from the English Government. This form having been gone through, he started at the end of the year for Cairo. His final commission, which was in effect to put down the slave trade in the Nile Basin, was signed by the

Khedive on February 16, 1874, and that year saw the beginning of the second stage in Gordon's career. Till 1879, with a short absence in England, owing to a difference with the Khedive, he remained in the Soudan, his final position being that of Governor General in Khartoum. Colonel Gordon had great difficulties, especially trying to a man of his temper. He had differences with two Khedives, and he had to struggle perpetually against unscrupulous Egyptian officials. But he succeeded in striking a blow at the slave trade in the Soudan, which would probably have been effectual but for the feeble Egyptian administration which followed his departure from Khartoum.

Returning to England in the end of 1879 Colonel Gordon took, "in a moment of weakness," the office of Private Secretary to Lord Ripon, the new Governor-General of India, but on June 3, 1880, he resigned his appointment, and in response to an invitation from his old friend Li-Hung-Chang, he paid a visit to Pekin. Then he virtually decided China against declaring war with Russia, and drew up a memorandum on the subject of the best manner in which, in the event of war, China should utilize her military resources. Returning once more to England he was, in March, 1882, made a Major-General, and in April proceeded from the Mauritius to the Cape to aid the Government in the administration of Basutoland. Owing to a difference with that Government, however, he threw up this post also.

In the end of 1883 General Gordon was asked by the King of the Belgians to undertake a special work for the International Association on the Congo. Returning to England to make the necessary preparations for his departure, he was at the eleventh hour asked, and agreed, to undertake this special mission to the Soudan, of which the country has indicated its approval in the most cordial manner.

With the fall of Gordon begin, perhaps, dark days for England. His bones may be sepulchred in the drifting sands, but, like the Cid in Spanish story, he is a power in death.

THE MAHDI.

"PROPHETS," whether true or false, are by no means rare in Mohammedan countries, but it is seldom that they create so much stir in the world as the mysterious fanatic who believes, and has inspired his followers with the belief, that he possesses a mission to regenerate Islam. Not long ago a personage with similar pretensions appeared in Tripoli, but local circumstances did not come to his aid, as in the case of the Mahdi of the Soudan. It happened that the native mind had become, in a measure, prepared for the appearanee of a Messiah, or prophet, who, according to tradition, had been foretold by Mohammed himself as likely to appear about the year 1300 of the Hegira. The turn of the century, according to this calendar, happened about three years ago almost simultaneously with the appearance of the new saviour of Islam.

Colonel Stewart informs us that the Mahdi was the son of a carpenter and a native of Dongola. In 1852 the father migrated to Shendy, the town on the Nile on the bank opposite Metemmeh, his family consisting of three sons and one daughter, and here a fourth son was born to him. While a boy the future prophet was apprenticed to a boat-builder, but after receiving a beating from his uncle one day, he fled to Khartoum, where he entered a free school kept by a dervish of great sanctity and an alleged descendant of the founder of Islamism.

The Mahdi's time was not wholly occupied with the attractions of the harem. Gradually he acquired a great reputation for holiness, and by and by assembled a number of other dervishes around him, and by his powers and tact succeeded in

uniting the various tribes under his banner. The principles of his teaching are described as "universal equality, universal law and religion, with a community of goods. All who refuse to credit his mission are to be destroyed, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan." It was not until the end of 1881 that Raouf Pasha, the then Governor of the Soudan, had his attention directed to the Mahdi's pretensions. The latter at this time was living at Merabieh, near the island of Abba.

The Mahdi soon afterward showed himself at the head of his followers near Sennaar, finally taking up a position at Jebel Gadir, about 150 miles northwest of Kaka, on the White Nile. Here he was attacked by a body of regulars under Reschid Bey, who was defeated with heavy loss. This success inspired the Prophet and his adherents with fresh courage and ambition. Their ranks rapidly increased, and early in the following spring, the whole province of Kordofan was threatened. Raouf Pasha having been recalled, Abd-el-Kader was appointed to the command at Khartoum, and a more strenuous attempt was made to suppress the new fanatical rising, whose spread began seriously to alarm the Egyptians.

The Egyptians came upon the rebels in a densely wooded country; a zereba or stockade was commenced, and the troops were formed up in hollow square, but they were unable to withstand the furious onslaught of the Arab host, inspired by religious zeal. Naturally, an extraordinary impetus was thus given to the insurrection, and many minor engagements took place, resulting generally in favor of the Mahdi. At Shakka, for instance, on June 20, another Egyptian detachment of 1,000 men was cut to pieces, only a few escaping with their lives. On August 23, Duaim was attacked, but here the rebels were defeated with the loss of 4,500 men. Shortly afterward, the Mahdi took the field in person, and advanced on El Obeid. "On three successive days," it is recorded, "he made desperate assaults on the garrison, but on each occasion he was repulsed with great slaughter. The rebels are said to have had 10,000 men killed, while the Egyptian loss is put down at 288."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries saw in the stately and majestic personage of Daniel O'Connell the mightiest agitator of his age. But in these later years a greater than Daniel O'Connell has arisen to plead before all the world and all the ages, the cause of suffering Ireland. Where Daniel O'Connell was weak, Charles Stewart Parnell is strong.

This later and greater agitator was born at Avondale, in the County of Wicklow, Ireland, in the year 1846; he was the son of a gentleman who was at one time high sheriff for the County Meath. His mother was the daughter of an admiral in the United States navy, and this connection gives additional interest to the story of the young statesman's life. Mr. Parnell's grandfather was the last Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Irish parliament, and bitterly opposed the identification of Irish with British interests in the parliament of the United Kingdom. He was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, England, from whence he graduated. In 1875 he was elected Member of Parliament for Meath, and represented that constituency until the general election of 1880, when he was returned for three constituencies, including the one he had represented so long. He preferred to sit for the city of Cork. Owing to the fact that the harvests of 1877 and 1878 had been very bad and that of 1879 a total failure, Irish discontent rose accordingly, and Mr. Parnell and his fellow Land Leaguers' opportunity of successful agitation had come. Their objects were in brief: 1. A reduction of rents, and refusal to pay if such reductions were refused. 2. A final and entire change in the land laws, peasant proprietorship to be substituted for that of

landlords. Simultaneously with an agitation which in 1880 made Mr. Parnell the supreme Irishman and the virtual ruler of his country, extraordinary means of relief were adopted for the relief of Irish distress, in which both England and the United States took a conspicuous part. In January, 1880, Mr. Parnell visited the United States and created a feeling which crystalized itself in the formation of land league associations that have proved the main financial support of the home organization. He was chosen president of the home rule party in place of Mr. Shaw. Toward the close of 1880 information of seditious conspiracy was applied for by the crown against Mr. Parnell and certain of his association, which resulted in a trial brought to an indeterminate issue, but their virtual acquittal by the non-agreement of the jury. When he took his seat for Cork the young statesman was made leader of the Irish party in the House of Commons. His tactics of obstruction produced a strong feeling against him in England, and under the coercion act, which was thought necessary by Mr. Gladstone's government in order to the restoration of the power of the crown in Ireland, he was, in October, 1881, arrested as a "suspect," and imprisoned in Kilmainham jail. He was released as the result of a letter to the prime minister. The most perplexing question for the new administration of Mr. Gladstone, was the one in connection with Irish affairs. Parliament passed the coercion act for Ireland, March 21, 1881, and this at once led to many arbitrary arrests. Later in the session the Irish land bill passed the House of Commons by a vote of two hundred and twenty to fourteen, the House of Lords agreeing therewith August 16. It was under the former of these acts that Mr. Parnell suffered his second arrest. There had been the most strenuous resistance to the process of eviction which had been attempted against Irish tenants-at-will, and this had resulted ia the practice of "boycotting" such landlords as resorted to this legal step. This new term, which has sprung up in this agitation, signifies a complete and rigid ostracizing of the obnoxious person. Many landlords found themselves with-

out tenants, and were unable to hire the services of any laborers. In some cases the crops perished in the fields because no one could be hired to harvest them; in other cases the harvests were gathered by imported laborers from England, who were guarded while at their labor by armed militia-men.

Mr. Parnell, from his place in the House, February 22, 1883, denied Mr. Forster's accusations against him, and contended that Carey's evidence was unreliable. The Land League, he declared, only supplied money to support the families of prisoners. February 26 Mr. Parnell moved his amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, attacking the executive in Ireland for the administration of the Crimes act. The language of the amendment is very violent. It refers to "unjust executions." In moving the amendment Mr. Parnell said if there had been any reduction in the number of outrages in Ireland it is only because the people are being kept down by the brutal, terrible coercion act, administered in a brutal, terrible way. If the government, after the Phœnix Park murders were committed, had relied on the sympathy of the people, instead of upon a tyrannical act, Ireland would have been pacified. A movement was inaugurated to raise a testimonial for the benefit of Mr. Parnell among his sympathizers in all parts of the world. This, together with the exciting events connected with the trial and punishment of the Phœnix Park murderers, led to the publication of a circular letter from Pope Leo XIII. in May, 1883, to the Catholic bishops in Ireland, deprecating the unhappy disturbances in that country, and prohibiting the clergy from countenancing them, or aiding in raising the fund for Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Parnell's work is by no means done. He has conducted his agitation thus far in such a manner as to command the respect of men who differ very widely from him in their political views. In the downfall of the Gladstone government in this present month of June, 1885, the Irish members saw more than ever the exact measure of their strength.

ROBERT EMMET.

IT would be an exceedingly difficult task to find a name dearer to the hearts of Irishmen than that of Robert Emmet. Hosts of Irishmen have given up their lives in the cause of their country's freedom. But one martyr's memory is specially enshrined in Ireland's heart; one martyr's name has a spell to awaken feelings of glory and pride. The name and the memory are those of Robert Emmet, whose birth took place the 4th of March, 1778, whose light of life was rudely extinguished by the executioner after burning for only five-and-twenty years, and whose name and fame have grown dearer and dearer to Ireland with almost every year of the three-quarters of a century which have passed away since the September afternoon when his head was severed from his body in front of St. Catherine's Church.

But there is an episode in Robert Emmet's brief career which sheds a tender light over his memory, and surrounds it, as it were, with the glamor of romance. Mixed up with his ardent dreams of a great and free future for his land, to be bought at the bloody price the oppressed have oftenest had to pay for liberty, there were softer dreams of his own; dreams of a time when—the dread day of conflict over, the glad hour of his country's new birth arrived—he could turn into the quiet paths of domestic life, there to be blessed by a union with one whom he loved with all the high, pure ardor of his soul, one who returned his love as such love ought to be returned, one in every way fitted to be the mate and other self of such a man as he. The time never came; the romance is at once touching and sad.

It was on Monday, the 19th of September, that Robert

Emmet stood in that too famous spot, to plead to the charge laid against him. Norbury, "the hanging judge," the coldly cruel and unfeeling wretch who made a point of jesting while he sentenced some poor unfortunate to the law's extreme penalty, presided at the trial. Standish O'Grady, attorney-general, led the prosecution. Witnesses were called, whose evidence was enough to establish the indictment, even for a not too willing jury. Emmet declined to go into any defense, and, according to the custom in such cases, the judge's charge should have followed. But Mr. Plunket, for the crown, rose, breaking through usage, and, in a speech of extraordinary bitterness, attacked the prisoner and his principles. When Plunket's speech had come to an end, Norbury charged the jury, who, without quitting the box, brought in the verdict —Guilty.

When asked, according to the forms of law, if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed against him, he made the following speech of vindication, which will hold its place amongst the classics of liberty while the world endures:

My Lords:—What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the migitation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon me.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish,—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate

myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny and not to be suffered to resent or to repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O

ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient. I have but a few more words to say! I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

As Emmet was conducted to his cell, he passed that of a colleague of his, and through the grating he whispered loudly: "I shall be hanged to-morrow." He must have rested but a short time, for early morning found him writing busily. The two objects dearest to his heart still occupied his thoughts—his country and his love. One is moved almost to tears on reading some of these last writings of Emmet, and especially on noting the self-forgetting tact and delicacy with which he sought to turn aside Curran's anger from the devoted Sarah's head. On this last morning of Emmet's life, too, he was informed of the death of his aged mother on the previous day. This was the greatest shock his firmness had yet got, and it required an evident struggle to enable him to master his feelings. When his composure had returned, he simply said, "It is better so."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Missionary and Explorer.

SCOTLAND is not a very extended country but it has given the world unspeakable treasures. Leaving out of all question the heroes of old renown, the last century has seen a crop of magnificent men from the hills and glens of Bonnie Scotland. Robert Burns and his songs, Thomas Chalmers and his sermons, Hugh Miller and his geological researches, Thomas Carlyle and his books, and last but not least, David Livingstone and his double work, so nobly done—the work of missionary and explorer.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1817. All his days from the cottage home in Blantyre to the grave in Westminster Abbey, were days filled with ceaseless toil.

An evening school furnished him with the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of Latin and Greek, and finally, after attending a course of medicine at Glasgow University, and the theological lectures of the late Dr. Wardlaw, professor of theology to the Scotch Independents, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, by whom he was ordained as a medical missionary in 1840. In the summer of that year he landed at Port Natal, in South Africa. Circumstances made him acquainted with the Rev. Robert Moffat, himself a distinguished missionary, and whose daughter he subsequently married. For sixteen years Livingtone proved himself a faithful and zealous servant of the London Missionary Society. The two most important results achieved by him in this period were the discovery of Lake Ngami (August 1, 1849), and his crossing the continent of South Africa, from the Zambesi (or

Leeambye) to the Congo, and thence to Loando, the capital of Angola, which took him about eighteen months (from January, 1853 to June, 1854). In September of the same year he left Loando on his return across the continent, reached Linzanti (in lat. 18° 17′ s., and long. 23° 50′ e.), the capital of the great Makololo tribe, and from thence proceeded along the banks of the Leeambye to Quilimane in the Indian Ocean, which he reached May 20, 1856. He then took ship for England. In the meantime, Lakes Tanganyika, Victoria Nyanza, and Albert Nyanza, had been discovered by Burton, Speke, and Baker, but the true source of the Nile was still a problem. With a view to its solution, Livingstone, in 1866, entered the interior, and nothing was heard of him for two years. The communications received from him afterward describe his discovery of the great water-system of the Chambeze in the elevated region to the south of Tanganyika. It flows first west and then turns northward, forming a succession of lakes, lying to the west of the Tanganyika. To determine its course after it leaves these, whether it joins the Nile, or turns westward and forms the Congo, was the grand task which Livingstone seemed resolved to accomplish or perish. Nothing had been heard of him for some time and the reports of his death were generally accepted. Mr. Stanley, of the *New York Herald*, was sent in search of him and boldly pushed his way from Zanzibar to Ujiji, where in 1871 he found the traveler in great destitution. On parting with Mr. Stanley, Livingstone started on a fresh exploration of the river-system of the Chambeze or Lualaba, convinced that it would turn out to be the head-waters of the Nile.

In May, 1873, Livingstone died at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba. His body was brought to London, and on a beautiful April morning a hundred thousand people thronged the precincts of Westminster Abbey to see the coffin of the great explorer. So the long wanderings ended, and amid the dust of kings and priests and warriors of many generations the humble Scotchman lies at rest.